May 9, 1936

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# Collier's

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE — COLLIER'S
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

**Quentin Reynolds George Creel Roa**

**Peter B. Kyne William MacHarg T.**

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May 9 1936

# *The* VALUGRAPH *shows you why it's*
# THE EASIEST REFRIGERATOR TO OWN

THE Westinghouse
VALUGRAPH
CONCEALED VALU
INTERIOR VALUES
WESTINGHOUSE GOLDEN JUBILEE REFRIGE
The New Standard of Refrigerator Value

**CHECK THESE FEATURES**

**FOR** *Quality*

In design and construction—beautiful streamline styling—welded all-steel cabinets, steel reinforced, rust-resisting throughout and finished with gleaming Porcelain or Dulux—heavy, forged, chrome-finished hardware.

**FOR** *Convenience*

Such time-savers and money-savers as new, improved Eject-o-Cube Tray, beautiful Moonstone Ware Triple Food Saver Set, Adjusto-Shelf, Built-in Porcelain Crisping Pan, Built-in Rust-resisting Utility Basket.

**FOR** *Economy*

Super-sealed Unithermic insulation—Time-Tested Westinghouse Hermetically-sealed Mechanism with forced-draft cooling and Built-in Watchman protection, protected for 5 years against all service expense.

## SEE WHY IT PAYS FOR ITSELF FASTER

● There is no magic, no hocus-pocus, about the Valugraph. It places before your eyes a common sense way of *checking* value from EVERY angle. And here's what you find in the 1936 Golden Jubilee Westinghouse: EXTERIOR values of streamline styling, Porcelain or Dulux finish, all-steel construction . . . INTERIOR values of convenience—the improved Eject-o-Cube Ice Tray, the Adjusto-Shelf, handsome Moonstone Ware accessories including the Triple Food Saver Set . . . HIDDEN values—Unithermic construction, and the time-tested mechanism protected for 5 years against service expense, which, as any Westinghouse owner will tell you, uses less current, freezes faster, and gives extra years of trouble-free operation.

Let the Valugraph help you make your own comparison point by point. See how extra quality, convenience, and economy enable you to pay for the Golden Jubilee Westinghouse from the savings it makes. See it at your nearest Westinghouse dealer—listed in your classified telephone directory under "Refrigerators-Electric." Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Mansfield, Ohio.

WESTINGHOUSE 1886 W 1936 GOLDEN JUBILEE

**Westinghouse** *Golden Jubilee* **REFRIGERATORS**

THE NEW STANDARD OF REFRIGERATOR VALUE

# She Learned in Her Grade School The new technique against "Pink Tooth Brush"

## Ipana and massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

MOTHERS AND FATHERS—you will be glad, in years to come, if you wisely decide today to encourage the practice of Ipana and massage in your own family.

This common-sense rule for dental health is emphasized more and more each year—yes, even in the schools of the country. You hear it from dental authorities—you hear it from nurses and teachers—"Use Ipana with massage to guard sound teeth and healthy gums." And you hear constantly that sober warning—*never ignore "pink tooth brush."*

"Pink tooth brush" is simply a distress signal. When you see it—see your dentist. The chances of your being in for serious gum trouble are comparatively small—*but your dentist should make the decision.* Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender and flabby under our modern soft food diet—gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—and as your dentist will so often advise—gums that will be helped with *Ipana* and *massage.*

For Ipana is designed for a double duty—to care for the gums as well as the teeth. Simply rub a little extra Ipana into your gums, with brush or fingertip, every time you clean your teeth. It starts new circulation—helps to bring back healthy firmness to the gums.

Switch to Ipana *today!* Let Ipana and massage help you to protect sound teeth and firm, healthy gums—help to keep you safe from serious gum troubles.

• Modern schools everywhere are starting children on the road to a lifetime of oral health by teaching them to massage their gums every time they clean their teeth.

**IPANA**
**TOOTH PASTE**

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS Co NEW YORK

**Collier's**
**THE NATIONAL WEEKLY**

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*Associate Editors*

# Next Week

ZUBOF was twenty-two years old. The man with the black beard said to him: "There are a dozen people here under arrest, probably most of them known to you as they come from your home neighborhood. Find out those who are guilty and have them shot. Above all, act quickly."

An executive of the Cheka at twenty-two, sitting in judgment on his former friends! But Zubof hadn't counted on meeting his sweetheart among the accused. Walter Duranty from his intimate knowledge of Russia writes a dramatic story of "Conspirators" in the time of the Terror.

WHY does Italy want Ethiopia? As an outlet for her excess population, say the officials at Rome. Expand or explode! But Italy ranks no higher than fifth in density of population; Belgium, Holland, Great Britain are all more tightly packed. The pressure in Italy can't be as great as all that. Then why fight a costly war in East Africa? The answer is: Raw materials. But the young recruit hasn't heard that answer; he starts out looking for paradise and finds—Ethiopia. W. B. Courtney shows you the disenchantment of the hope-filled young men entering "Blackshirt Heaven."

OF course captains in the Navy have no business having daughters. But when Frances Minturn Howard writes about the "Sailor's Star" it's not the captain's daughter she means, but the captain's daughter's friend. And the junior officers didn't know about her until almost too late.

A MAN rushed into a restaurant and ordered a glass of orange juice. Before it came, he collapsed. Thinking him a drunk, the proprietor had him thrown out. A minute later he was back, fuming. He had been suffering from insulin shock, but what the proprietor had said made him so mad the shock was counteracted. That's just an incident in the life of one of the "Two Million Tightrope Walkers," the diabetics who live by science. Hannah Lees describes them.

IF there is one thing Terry Dorset is profoundly grateful for, it's that Jasper McGovern belted him on the jaw that time in Maine. And that's funny if you stop to think that Terry had spent years getting ready to knock the living daylights out of Jasper. There was a girl in it, of course—two girls, to be exact. And Terry had "Loser's Luck."

BEN AMES WILLIAMS, Bill Cunningham, George Creel, Quentin Reynolds, Sax Rohmer, George Agnew Chamberlain, Freling Foster and others will contribute. We're sorry we can't tell you more.

# This Week

●

May 9, 1936

*Cover by Earl Oliver Hurst*

**PETER B. KYNE**
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**GEORGE CREEL**
*The Young Man Went East.* William Orville Douglas, of the SEC. Page 9

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*Favor for a Friend.* Melodrama on high. Page 12

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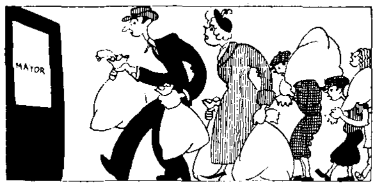
*Don't Drink and Drive.* Page 110

●

# Any Week

WE were just about to drop in on the mayor of St. Paul, poor gentleman, when we ran into a scene that made us think that a firm hand should be employed somewhere—if anyone has one. Quite a crowd had collected at the door of His Honor's office. A large part of that crowd consisted of a gentleman and his wife and twelve children. The family had been on relief ever since the idea was taken over by the government. Even before that St. Paul was providing for them. Well, this gentleman and family had fetched to the mayor's office six large bags of laundry. He said, supported by vigorous nods from his lady, that if the relief people were willing to buy them an electric washing machine and pay for current to operate same, they would take the laundry back home—provided the city would produce a motorcar for the trip. Otherwise, the gentleman said, in loud, determined tones, the washing was up to the mayor. We left. Returning the next day, we saw the laundry still in His Honor's office and the owners there too. We asked the fellow how long he could hold out without fresh linen. "I can stand it as long as they can," he said. "They want me to do the washing myself. Me—head of the house. The government must think I'm a sucker."



WE had to leave St. Paul before the crisis. We don't know who did the washing—the family or the government. But in Milwaukee we ran into a militant group who were making it clear that they weren't going to do another tap of work for the brutal relief administrators until house-slippers were issued to them. We spoke to their leader. "Listen," he said, "it isn't the slippers, it's the principle of the thing. Besides, a guy's feet get tired standing around all day and he needs a change in the evening."

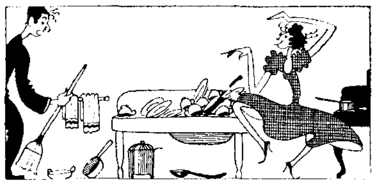
THE news that the Kingdom of Iran had severed diplomatic relations with the United States has just reached Mr. William C. Hoffman of Bellingham, Washington. Mr. Hoffman insists that we demand that Russia, England, France and Belgium guarantee our safety. "Also how about a few sanctions against the big Persian bullies?" says Mr. Hoffman. "If not, here's a chance for the Veterans of Future Wars to earn their bonus."

AND now, says Mr. F. D. Davidson of San Francisco, California, he knows why the railroads are running at a loss. "If," says Mr. Davidson, "you have paid Peter B. Kyne for his story 'Shy Pilot' you should ask him to reimburse you for the price of a map of Nebraska. If he refuses just swipe a Union Pacific timetable. I never realized, and neither did anyone else except Peter, that the Overland Limited, after leaving Chicago, ran right through to Grand Island, stopping there long enough to allow a lady passenger to walk the dog, and then backed up to Omaha where, apparently, it had forgotten to stop and pick up a conductor."

MR. DAVE NESTLE of Baltimore, Maryland, is worried, too. "There's lots of talk," says he, "about a dark horse emerging from the approaching Republican Convention. Maybe, maybe, but if it's anything like that I'll bet it will be a dark weasel."

OUT of his newspaper Mr. Al Gabriel of Toledo, Ohio, clips a tiny ad and sends it to us, saying: "Behind this ad there must lie a heart-wringing story of frustrated rugged individualism due to the absence of family co-operation." The ad: "Little store, going good, beer and wine to take out. Sell on account of family eating up all profit."

THERE is trouble in the home of Mr. O. Delius of Fort Smith, Arkansas. Some time ago Mr. Delius' daughter joined one of the government's folk-dancing classes. Mr. Delius knew nothing about this but he now knows that the gal was a better than fair-to-middling cook before she took up art. "Now," says Mr. Delius, "the sight of a cookstove and dishwashing makes her sick to her stomach and I'm taking a broom handle to her and would take same to whoever ruined her if I knew who it was."



AND Mr. George Connolly of Boston, Massachusetts, is pretty well worked up over Mr. Edgar Hoover's statement that our public enemies are better armed than our police. "If the gangsters have better guns than we have," says he, "it is high time that the government did something about it."

BUT how about government interference in private business?

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# "Oklahoma's Oil Fields are My Office"

## "MY DESK IS AT THE WHEEL OF THIS 1936 PLYMOUTH"

**CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH**
**F. D. CUMMINGS, DISTRICT PROD. SUPT.,**
**SKELLY OIL CO., INC., TULSA, OKLA.**

For 40 years, F. D. Cummings has been getting gas and oil out of the ground. Now a big 1936 Plymouth helps him superintend production at 140 Skelly oil wells.

"The company told me to select a car," says Mr. Cummings, "and I picked Plymouth. I drive about 3,000 miles a month through these oil fields... and Plymouth's comfort and ease of handling are real blessings.

"Hydraulic brakes and a Safety-Steel body made it easy to choose Plymouth. I've never had an accident... and don't intend to."

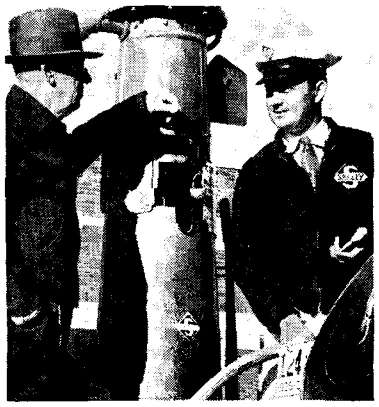
Mr. Cummings praises Plymouth's engineering. "No wonder it's so economical to run!"

You may not do one-third the driving Mr. Cummings does. But you *do* want the safety, comfort, economy and reliability that made him choose a Plymouth.

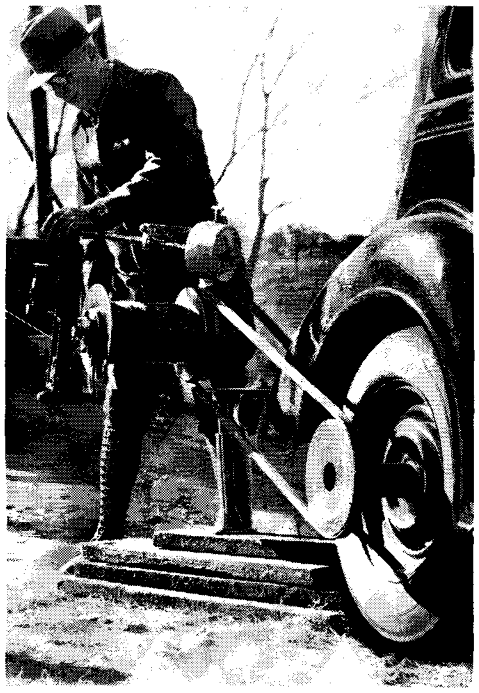
Get out on the road with a new Plymouth ... that will tell you the story. Just ask your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer.

Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corp.

"THERE'S NO VIBRATION... with Floating Power... in a Plymouth."



"IT'S REMARKABLE how easy this Plymouth is on gas, oil and upkeep."



MR. CUMMINGS contrived a pulley for the rear wheel of *his* Plymouth, as picture shows... which reels in the piano-wire line used to plumb oil well depth (several thousand feet).

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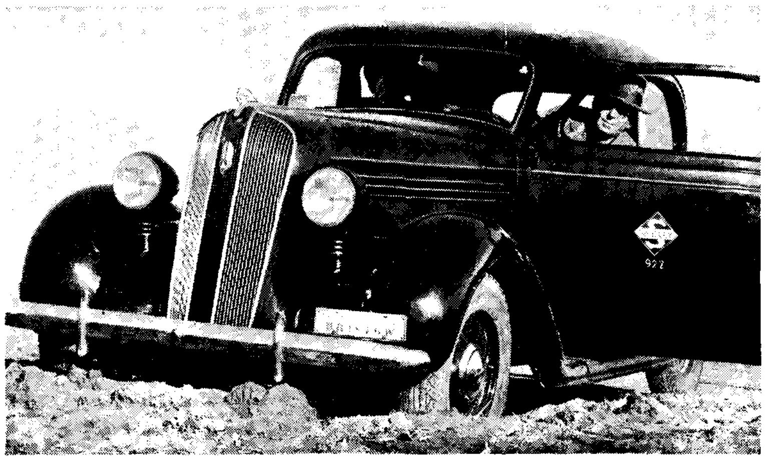
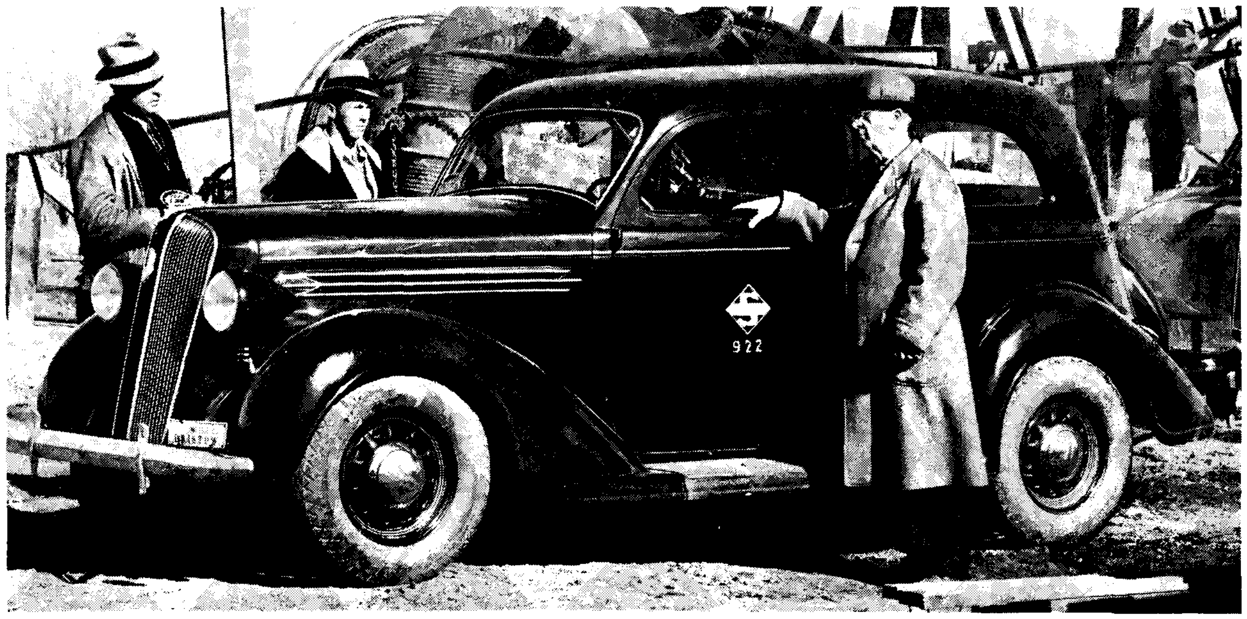


(*Left*) "THIS OIL FIELD COUNTRY certainly makes the man behind the wheel thankful for Plymouth's power, stamina and comfort," Mr. Cummings says. "Plymouth sure stands up!"



AT ONE OF THE 140 WELLS of which Mr. Cummings is production superintendent...with the company-owned 1936 Plymouth he selected. "I always feel safe in Plymouth," he says. "I'm glad its body is Safety-Steel...and the brakes 100% Hydraulic!"

### EASY TO BUY

**"Plymouth is priced with the lowest...and Plymouth terms are as low as the lowest! You can buy a big, new Plymouth for as little as $25 a month with usual down payment... The Commercial Credit Company has made available to all Chrysler, Dodge and De Soto Dealers low finance terms that make Plymouth easy to buy."**

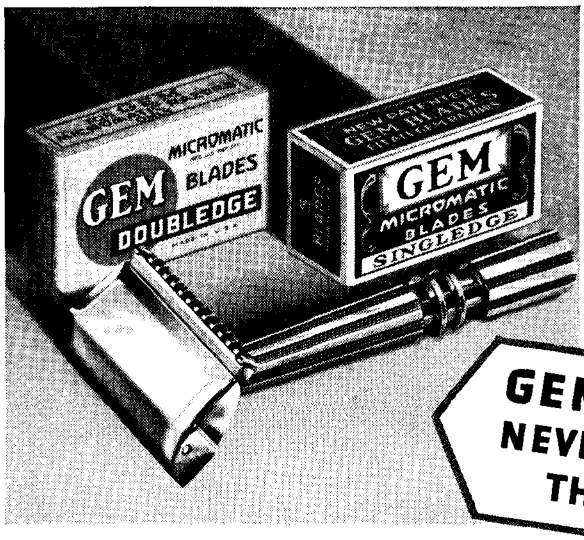
**$510**

**AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT—SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA**

# PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

# NOW you can enjoy

# Effortless SHAVING



**GEM BLADES NEVER IRRITATE THE FACE!**

© A. S. R. C. 1936

HOW would *you* like a shave that seemed to *melt* away your whiskers, no effort, no scraping, no after-irritation? You needn't wish it any longer! It's here!

Treat your chin to Effortless Shaving—made possible by the Gem Micromatic. This razor puts into your own hand the easy, gliding stroke of the master barber. Its beveled top automatically fits every hillock and hollow, at the correct angle, flat against the skin. Instead of *scraping* hairs off mid-way, the Gem Micromatic ripples softly through lathered whiskers to leave you smooth as silk the first time over . . .

Dual-Alignment (Gem patent) 5-point-locks the blade, rigid, so you can safely whisk off your beard with keener edges than were ever before possible. Keener? Gem Blades are made of surgical steel, 50% thicker, stropped 4840 times, under repeated scientific inspection. Only perfect, guaranteed edges can reach you.

If an old-fashioned razor has penalized your face with nicks and scratches, why not now pay yourself the compliment of a Gem Micromatic and enjoy the new luxury of Effortless Shaving? The regular chromium-plated Gem Micromatic Razor, attractively cased with 5 Gem Blades, at all dealers, $1.00.

SKEPTICS PLEASE NOTE:—

This below-cost offer makes it easy to convince yourself. 25¢ and our coupon bring you a test outfit consisting of handsome gold-plated Gem Razor (regularly $1.00) with a single- and a double-edged blade. A quarter's a low price for learning years of comfort!

## SPECIAL OFFER

Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corporation,
Dept. C34, Brooklyn, N. Y.

*Enclosed find 25c for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edged blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1 outfits.*

PRINT NAME ________________

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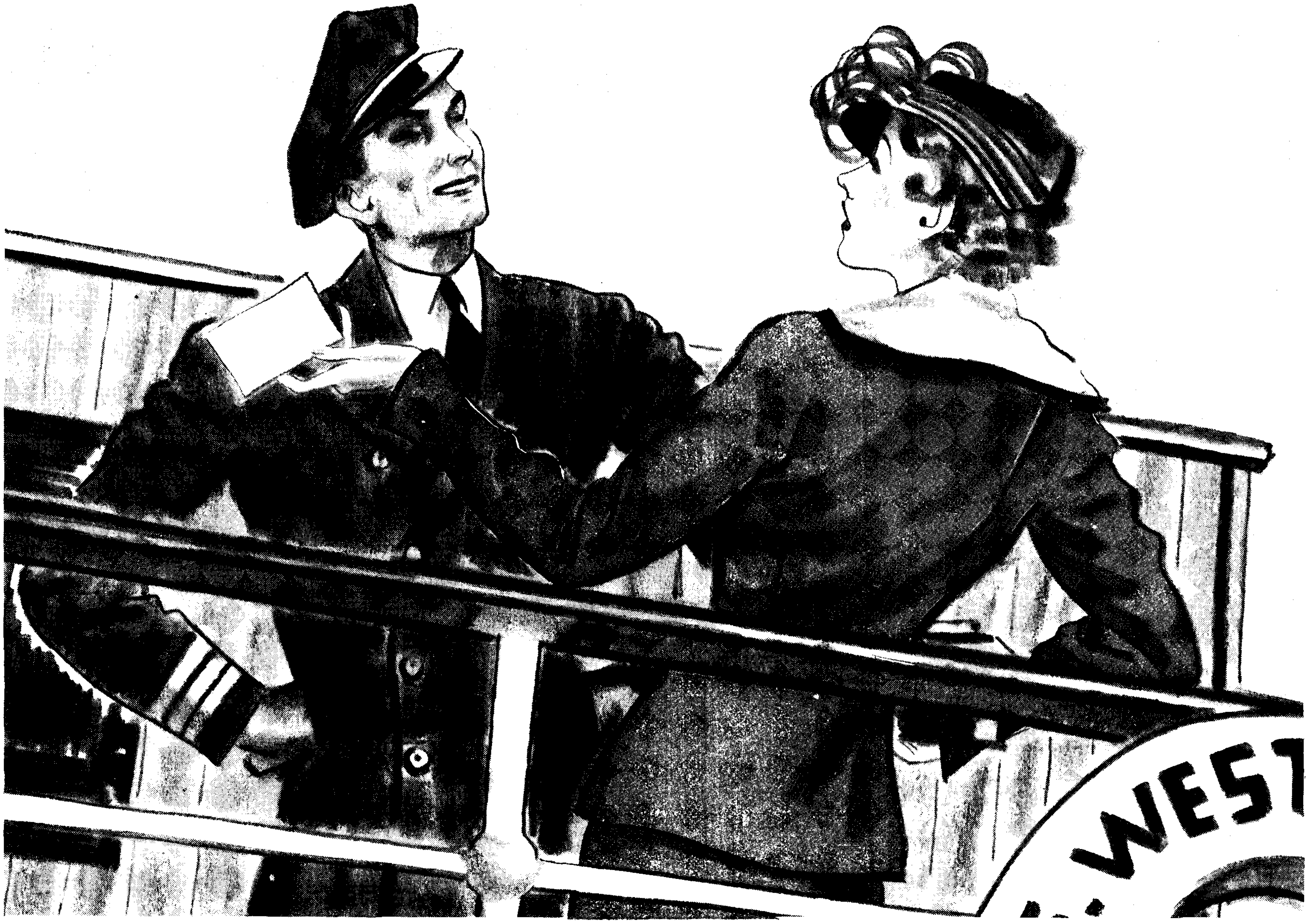
(If you live in Canada, write Mutual Sales Co., 436 Wellington St. W., Toronto, 2, Canada)

# GEM MICROMATIC Razor and Blades



"You're clairvoyant, Mr. Paddon." the girl said. tossing the envelope into the river

# Home is the Sailor

*Upon the wings of calamity there entered into the life of Mr. Paddon a girl. And this, as you will see, made a bad situation—one that was all that any seafaring man could possibly desire*

## By Peter B. Kyne

THE S. S. Western Rover eased into the dock at Portland, Oregon, at a quarter of eight on a December morning; when she had been made fast her master, Dyke, beckoned his chief officer, Mr. Gerald D. Paddon, up on the bridge. "Mr. Paddon," he said, "yesterday I received a radiogram from San Francisco, informing me my wife is dangerously ill. I radioed the owners for permission to leave you in charge here so I can fly down to her, and permission has been granted. You're acting master."

"I hold a master's ticket, sir. Unlimited," Mr. Paddon said, with the justifiable pride of his thirty years. "I'm sorry about Mrs. Dyke."

"We're chartered to the Oriental-Pacific Steamship Company," Captain Dyke resumed. "General cargo to Oriental ports. It's a bare boat charter—that is—the charterers pay for everything, but the owners insisted on retaining their own certificated officers in both deck and engine-room departments. They're afraid of J. P. Comstock, president and general manager of the Oriental-Pacific Line. He's mean."

"Nice of the owners to fix it so this J. P. Comstock cannot fire us, sir."

"Oh, the owners are onto him. He's always got the skids greased for somebody. They say his labor turnover is frightful, and the owners have warned me to handle him with gloves. Inasmuch as I'll not come in contact with him this voyage, I'm warning you."

"My name, sir, is Gerald D. Paddon. The D stands for Diplomacy."

"It stands for Devil, mister, and well I know it. You're not a quick-tempered man, Mr. Paddon, but I notice that gang of Communists in the fo'c'sle know better than to get tough with you. However, if this J. P. Comstock should get tough with you, you're to bow your head and take it on the nose. The owners tell me he's a nervous, irascible man, a driver who has never spared himself and sees no reason why he should spare anybody else. He never trusts anybody to do anything right. The result is he tries to do everything himself—so he works Sundays. He's a bit of a bully.

"Fortunately, he can't fire you, Mr. Paddon, but since his company pays your salary he'll figure that gives him the right to nag you. He has the gimmes and the orders of the owners are to refuse him a dime's worth of service he's not entitled to. But refuse him very respectfully and be sure you're right when you do."

"He will probably," said Mr. Paddon, "refuse to honor any bills the chief or I may contract for the ship. Has he a port superintendent?"

"He's his own port superintendent. You will requisition everything, otherwise the owners will be stuck for it. If he approves your requisition he'll be responsible; of course, since the vessel is under bare boat charter to him he'll operate her on the cheap and refuse to do even a halfway job of keeping her up. I'm going down now to warn the chief." He waved a warning finger under his mate's nose. "Remember, Mr. Paddon, the owners stipulated retention of the certificated officers because they want us to protect their interests as much as possible. At the same time we are not to antagonize J. P. Comstock. Business isn't so easy to find nowadays, and if the Oriental-Pacific Line hadn't chartered the Western Rover she'd probably be laid up this minute; I'd be on half pay and you'd be on the beach. The owners hope nothing will occur to infuriate Comstock and cause him to decline to charter the vessel for another trip."

"I understand perfectly, sir, and shall be guided accordingly."

Mr. Paddon glanced at his watch. It lacked two minutes of eight. Coming upriver he had had the cargo booms swung out of their cradles, the cargo slings rove and the cargo nets piled out on deck; he was all set to start working cargo at eight o'clock. So he ran down on the dock and popped in on a young man in the dock office of the Oriental-Pacific Line. "I'm the chief kicker of the Western Rover," he announced. "What kind of cargo have you got for us and at what ports is it to be discharged?"

HE HAD scarcely made a memorandum of this information when a longshore boss reported to him, with the news he had fifty huskies ready to work cargo.

"Now who the devil ordered your gang?" Mr. Paddon demanded. "Neither the skipper nor myself knew what the cargo consists of and until we knew that, until we knew which cargo was to be loaded first, we couldn't decide how many longshoremen we would need. And we certainly do not need fifty men."

"Mr. Comstock, of the Oriental-Pacific Line, gave the order personally. I was at the hiring hall when he dropped in at seven-thirty and gave a signed order."

Mr. Paddon smiled. So this man, Comstock, was the first man down to his office! And butting in on Mr. Paddon's job. . . . "I can't use you immediately," he told the longshore boss. "However, I may start work in an hour, so I suppose you had better stick around with forty men and dismiss the other ten."

He ran back aboard ship and summoned the second mate, to whom he explained that it would be impossible to work cargo for a little while and why; then he shed his rubber boots, slicker and sou'wester and went ashore again. He caught a taxi on the dock and went uptown to the office of the Oriental-Pacific Line. Here he introduced himself and stated his business to a girl at the information desk and by her was referred to one Mr. Fitzpatrick, the purchasing agent. A boy guided him to Mr. Fitzpatrick's office.

"I'm Mr. Paddon, chief officer of the Western Rover," he announced, and laid upon the latter's desk a yellow requisition form. "I need twelve tarpaulins, twelve foot by twelve foot."

"What for?" Mr. Fitzpatrick demanded suspiciously.

"To protect perishable cargo while it is being loaded. It's raining cats and dogs; this is Oregon, the time is midwinter, and I've heard that raining continuously here is Nature's idea of a pleasant time for all. I wish you'd order those tarps for me immediately and have them sent down to the ship at once. Forty longshoremen are down there sitting on their tails and drawing eighty-five cents an hour for doing it."

"ARE we," Mr. Fitzpatrick wanted to know, "expected to furnish tarpaulins to the Western Rover? I believe that when a vessel is chartered her owners represent that she is well-found and ready for sea. Why is your vessel not equipped with tarpaulins for the protection of perishable cargo?"

"I'll be hanged if I know. All I know is that she hasn't any. If she had I wouldn't be up here asking you to furnish them. The cargo belonged to the Oriental-Pacific Line the moment your man on the dock receipted for it to the truck drivers and you are responsible for it until the moment the steamer's cargo hook is passed in under the cargo net and the stuff starts aboard. Even then the owners of the Western Rover are not responsible for the cargo. The Oriental-Pacific Line is responsible, because it has the Western Rover under charter. And while they have her under charter they have to furnish any new equipment she needs. It's a bare boat charter."

"I'll have to take this matter up with Mr. Comstock," the purchasing agent informed Mr. Paddon.

"Good. I'll wait. Shake a leg, mister. The gay and festive pay roll runs right along in an idle ship."

"Mr. Comstock will be busy with his mail until ten o'clock. He fired the last purchasing agent who disturbed him when he was dictating."

"Then do not disturb him. Send in a note. Tell him the Western Rover is idle, waiting for tarpaulins to protect the perishable cargo from this downpour. He'll understand and get busy. Meanwhile, I'll return to the ship."

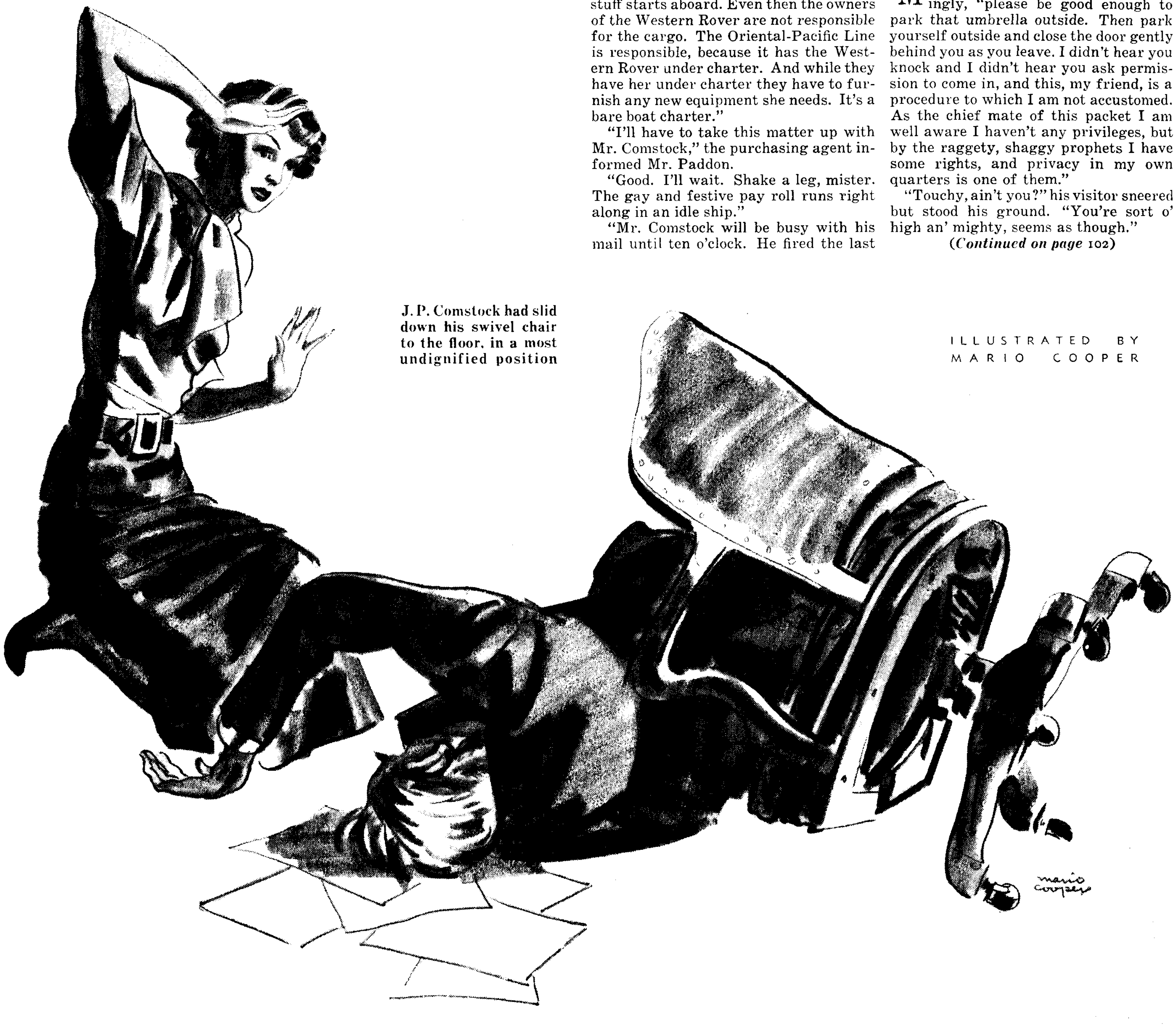
He had gone on watch at four o'clock that morning and he was now, theoretically, off watch, although he realized that as chief mate and acting master he could have no regular hours of labor in port. However, there was nothing to do until the tarps arrived, so he instructed the second to watch for them and as soon as they arrived, the second and the third were to start pouring cargo into all four hatches. Thereafter he went to his quarters, undressed and turned in for a nap, from which, presently, he was aroused by the loud banging of his stateroom door as it opened and collided violently with the corner of the settee. He opened his eyes in time to see a stranger enter uninvited and without knocking. The visitor next leaned a dripping umbrella against the wall, where it could form a puddle on Mr. Paddon's red carpet.

"So," the stranger snarled, "here's where I find you! Taking your ease in bed, if you please!"

"MISTER," said Gerry Paddon soothingly, "please be good enough to park that umbrella outside. Then park yourself outside and close the door gently behind you as you leave. I didn't hear you knock and I didn't hear you ask permission to come in, and this, my friend, is a procedure to which I am not accustomed. As the chief mate of this packet I am well aware I haven't any privileges, but by the raggety, shaggy prophets I have some rights, and privacy in my own quarters is one of them."

"Touchy, ain't you?" his visitor sneered but stood his ground. "You're sort o' high an' mighty, seems as though."

(*Continued on page* 102)



J. P. Comstock had slid down his swivel chair to the floor, in a most undignified position

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

WIDE WORLD

William Orville Douglas, whose appointment, at 37, to the Securities and Exchange Commission is one more proof that you just can't keep a good man down

# The Young Man Went East

## By George Creel

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

IN VIEW of all the talk going around these last few years about how the United States is no longer a land of opportunity, leaving America's youth without a Chinaman's chance to rise and shine, let us consider the case of William Orville Douglas, better known as Bill, now a member of the Securities and Exchange Commission, from which proud eminence he lays down the law for all those who deal in stocks, bonds, debentures and such like. Not a bad finish at thirty-seven, considering that he started several miles back of scratch.

The son of a Presbyterian minister engaged in home missionary work, Bill was not only born without the proverbial silver spoon, but there were lean years when his mouth often had no other company than its own idle teeth. There were plenty of birds in Minnesota and California, but few of them happened to be ravens. After a time of wandering from state to state, the bereaved and penniless mother finally came to rest in the Washington town of Yakima with her three fatherless youngsters.

Had small Bill been at all in touch with modern thought, he would have realized the hopelessness of his case, and settled down on his little hunkers while society wrestled with the problem of him and his family. Utterly ignorant, however, of the fact that the world owes everyone a living, he proceeded to hustle one for himself, and from the time he entered grade school until he came out of high school, the boy gave the astonished inmates of the town a measurable imitation of perpetual motion. Carrying both a morning and afternoon newspaper route, mixed in with a flourishing junk business, he also found time to do pruning and spraying and throughout the summers sweated industriously in harvest fields and orchards.

Doubtless due to his Scotch strain, Bill had a raging thirst for education that would not be denied, and in his eighteenth year he pedaled to Whitman College in Walla Walla, his sole possession, other than an extra shirt, being a secondhand bicycle. The first term's tuition was free, due to the fact that he had been honor man in his high school class, but there remained the problem of eating, and sending money home. He solved it by getting a janitor's job, where he swung a lusty broom and mop for four hours in the early morning and four hours in the late afternoon, his pay being fifteen cents an hour. As for housing, a tent overcame all difficulties. By his fourth year he was a Phi Beta

(*Continued on page* 95)

# Men Out of Work

## By John T. Flynn

DRAWINGS BY D. R. FITZPATRICK

*Can it be that, even in boom times, there's a large number of unemployed in this country for whom no jobs can be found? It's clear now that the answer is yes. What's to be done about them? That's a major problem of government but one that the politicians don't like to say much about. Mr. Flynn discusses it*

FOR the politicians, at this feverish moment, the man-of-the-hour is none other than our old friend—the Man-Without-a-Job.

There is such a lot of him. About ten and a half million, and most of him of age and eligible to vote. And when, next November, the freedman's ballots flutter down on hill and dale and farm and town, for him who'll wear our kingless crown, why this legion of the jobless will be very handy to have around the polling places for somebody.

For the businessman, however, there is another army, far more numerous, about forty million strong—better known as the "employed," who are just as handy to have around the shopping district not just one day in four years, but six days a week. And if the businessman will do a little simple arithmetic he will find out to his surprise that, back in March, 1929, when we were all supposed to be prosperous and happy, there were just about forty-five million at work; and that now there are forty million at work for private business and about five million more on Uncle Sam's relief or works pay rolls. Which means that there are almost as many on somebody's pay rolls now as there were in the days of plenty. There's a fly or two in this stein, of course, but I know more than one businessman who has kept the dividends flowing because he kept this important fact in mind.

These forty million at work for private business are the doughnut. The more than ten million who are not privately employed are the hole in the doughnut. Two years ago the hole was 50 per cent larger than it is today. Now there is more doughnut and less hole. But, of course, the hole is still there, with this difference: that two years ago that hole was a depression problem, while now it is being recognized as a problem of prosperity.

People have begun to ask themselves this question—can it be that prosperity can come back and unemployment linger along with us too? Can it be that, even if a boom develops, there are a large number of jobless people for whom no jobs will come back?

The answer—and it is important—is yes.

One industry may be prosperous, another in a depression. In 1929 the automobile industry was prosperous, the textile industry was depressed. One man has a job. He is prosperous. Another is out of work. He is a little individual depression. The nation may have a very large collection of prosperities—numerous industries doing well. But a few may be in trouble. A year from now we may, perhaps, have forty-five million individual prosperities and five million depressions. We may actually develop a boom in this country and leave five million or more people out of it entirely.

You, Mr. Reader, are a businessman and a citizen. As a businessman, you will do business with the doughnut and not the hole. You will trade with the employed, not the unemployed. You will flourish with the boom and not the depressed fraction left out of it. As a businessman you will keep your eye on that doughnut.

But as a citizen, you have also got to keep your eye on that hole.

This permanent unemployment army constitutes just about the biggest question in this campaign. But singularly enough all of the candidates—Democratic or Republican—keep pretty quiet about it.

As a matter of fact, all other questions are important chiefly because they bear on this one. All the clatter and clamor about the Constitution and the Supreme Court, about the budget, extravagance, government borrowing and inflation and money and gold is buzzing in our ears principally because here are ten million people out of work and no one knows what to do about it. Isn't it about time we found out?

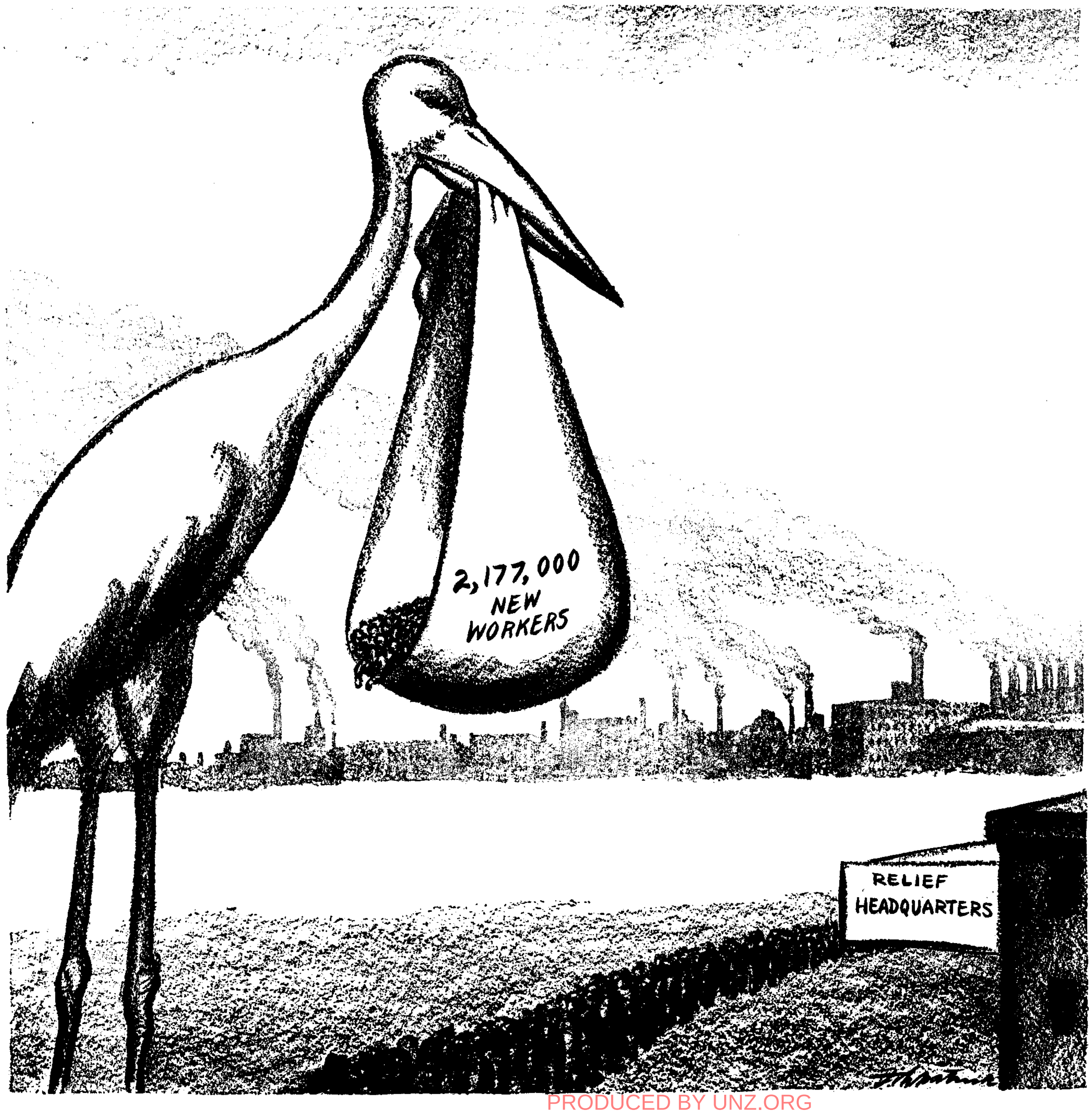
### Some Things We Ought to Know

A good way to begin is to know just where we stand now. There are enough statistics published in newspapers about this to puzzle Einstein. But the facts are really not hard to grasp. How many are really still out of work? How many have we put back to work? How many can we put back? How many will be left unemployed when we have exhausted our efforts? How many will remain in the permanent Not-so-Grand Army of the Republic? How many are on relief? How much is it costing and who is paying the bill?

Well, here is just about the way things stand. The United States, when you look at it, turns out to be a bewilderingly big place. You just can't see around it. If you want to describe it you have got to talk in millions and billions. And nobody knows what a billion is.

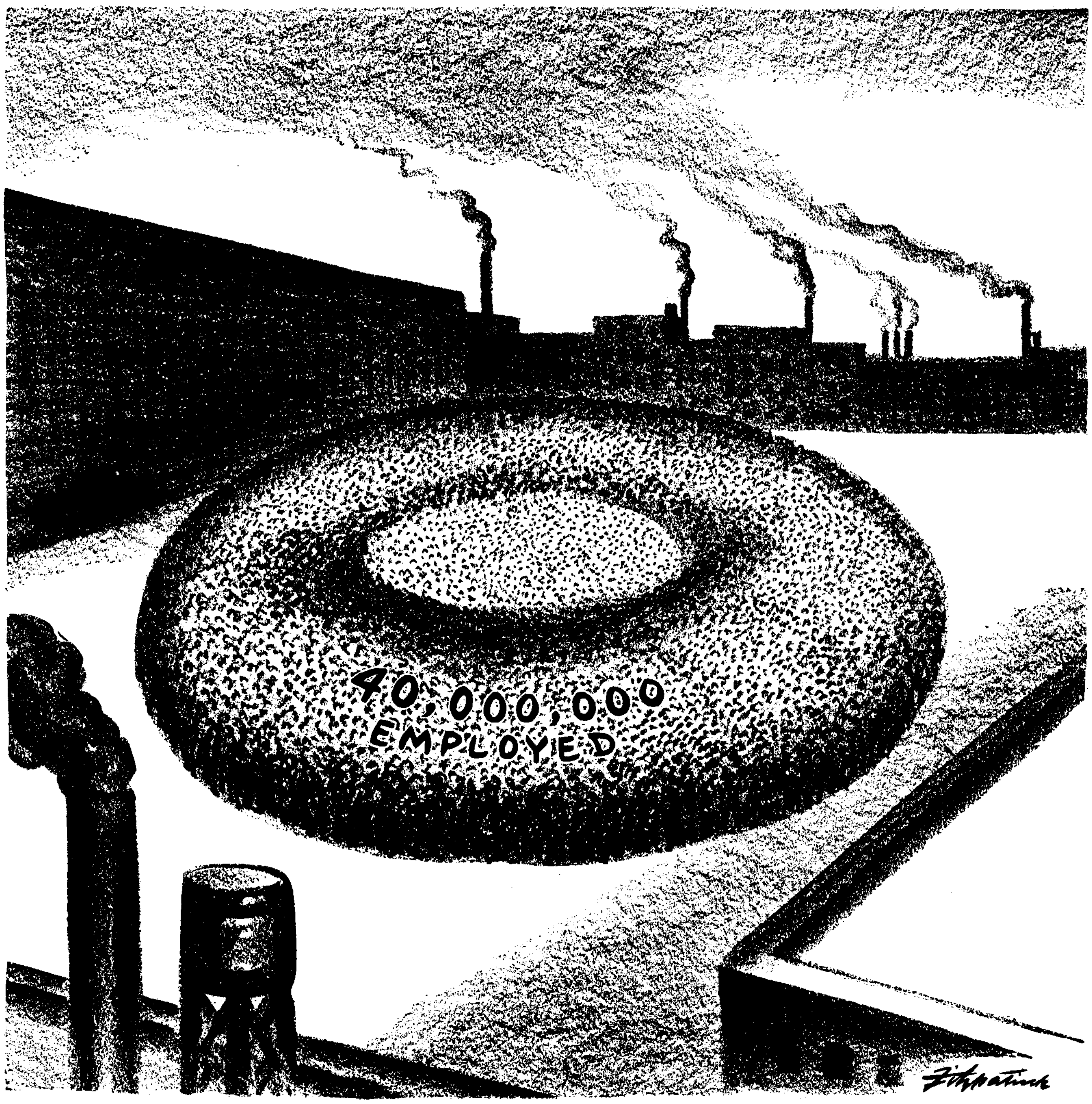
So in order to get a clearer picture of what has happened to these Men-out-of-Work, let's take just a wee little slice of it. In 1929 there were supposed to be over forty-eight million people able to work. Now instead of looking at the whole forty-eight million, let's look at just one hundred of them. Imagine a community with just a hundred workers in it, but which represents in camera precisely what the nation as a whole is. Then imagine all of them employed in one enterprise.

Well, if we look at them in March, 1929, we will see there are 94 of these workers on the inside of this great plant



**The new army of workers who have come of age since 1929 complicate the unemployment problem in 1936**

**We know that the hole is an inevitable part of the doughnut; that unemployment is as much a prosperity problem as one of depression**



and 6 outside not working. So even in the prosperous period of March, 1929, there were six persons out of the hundred who were unemployed. Either they were shiftless, or were too old to work, or had been fired because they were incompetent or the work gave out, or they quit to find some other employment. But one thing seems fairly clear to us now. If we could get back to a stage where 94 of us were working and only 6 were idle, it would be no tremendous burden on the 94 to make some sort of provision for at least some of the six.

### An Unwelcome Foursome

But then came the depression and things began to happen to this community. By March, 1930, there were only 91 working instead of 94 and three more had joined the ranks of the unemployed. The score now stood 91 to 9 in favor of employment.

Then in March, 1932, the score was 77 to 23. But by this time something else had happened. Two people in that town had suddenly become of working age. There were two more now looking for a job. That really means the score now stood at 77 to 25. Instead of just 100 workers, we have 102. And by 1935 we had 104. The population doesn't remain stationary. The number of employables keeps on increasing.

So with this understanding we can follow the history of these eventful years in a simple column of very small figures which will mean something to us. Here it is:

| | Employed | Unemployed | Newcomers |
|---|---|---|---|
| March, 1929 | 94 | 6 | |
| March, 1930 | 91 | 9 | |
| March, 1931 | 85 | 15 | 1 |
| March, 1932 | 77 | 23 | 2 |
| March, 1933 | 72 | 28 | 3 |
| March, 1934 | 80 | 20 | 3 |
| March, 1935 | 79 | 21 | 4 |
| Nov., 1935 | 82 | 18 | 4 |

Now if we will look at this table carefully we will be able to see some interesting facts. First, the storm did its work between March, 1929, and March, 1933.

Of these 100 workers in 1929, 94 were at work and 6 were idle.

But by March, 1933, only 72 were at work. That is, 22 had been let out. So the idle comprised the original 6 unemployed, plus the 22 who were fired.

But there were three more—an addition to the working population which was now, through normal growth, three larger than it was in 1929. So instead of 28 idle, there were 31 idle, because now there were 103 workers instead of 100.

Pickup in employment began in 1933. Contrast the figures:

| | Total Workers | Emplyd. | Unemplyd. | New Workers |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| March, 1933 | 103 | 72 | 28 | 3 |
| Nov., 1935 | 104 | 82 | 18 | 4 |

The New Deal—or something—has put ten back to work in these three years, 10 out of 28 unemployed. But there are still 18 of those 28 idle and four newcomers in the field of industry.

This is one reason why, in spite of putting many back to work, the number of unemployed fails to decrease correspondingly.

It was in March, 1933, that the New Deal stepped in. There have been all sorts of claims for and against it. But in these small figures we can see what has happened, as we can see the temperature on a thermometer.

Here is the story of what happened to those original 100 workers:

| | Employed | Unemployed |
|---|---|---|
| March, 1929 | 94 | 6 |
| March, 1933 | 72 | 28 |
| Nov., 1935 | 82 | 18 |

But there are more than 18 unemployed because there are four more added to the working population since 1929. There are now 22 out of work.

And so the New Deal has put 10 back to work in the last three years. But 22 still remain on the outside of industry. To get back to where we were in 1929 we would have to put, not 22, but 16 more back to work, leaving us with the original 6 idle. That's plenty, but it is not unmanageable.

Unfortunately our little country has more than 100 workers. This is just a picture of what has happened to a representative hundred. But from this we can see what has happened to the nation as a whole. Just translate this little story into the necessary big figures, which ought to be a little easier to grasp now.

Back there in 1929 there were 48,479,000 employables. Of these, 45,619,000 were at work and 2,860,000 were not.

By March, 1933, of these workers, 34,716,000 were at work and 13,763,000 were not.

By November, 1935, the number of these original workers employed was 39,921,000. But there were 8,558,000 idle. This is what we would have today if our working population had stood still. But it has grown in these eventful six and a half years. In that time 2,177,000 possible workers have been added to the population. That is why the number of unemployed has decreased less than employment has increased.

### Gray Hairs for Our Politicians

To get back to where we were in 1929, therefore, we have to find jobs not only for those who were at work then, but also for all of those who have come into the great army of workers since—2,177,000 of them.

This is the great problem of the day. This widespread army of over ten million souls—"dole souls," as someone calls them—are going to put some white strands into the heads of our politicians, however carefree they are.

But where do all these figures about unemployment come from? They are, of course, estimates. But they are based on fairly reliable data. In 1930 the Census Bureau made a nationwide house-to-house census of unemployment. That is the very thing everybody has been demanding now. This census may not have been conducted in sufficient detail, but it gave us a pretty good and reliable figure on the unemployed at that time.

Since that time four agencies have attempted to keep this unemployment figure up to date. They are the American Federation of Labor, the National Industrial Conference Board, the National Research League and Mr. Robert R. Nathan of the United States Department of Commerce.

Now when you get into the field of statistics—particularly unemployment statistics—you can do wonderful things with figures, depending on what you wish to prove. If you want to make unemployment look big you will adopt one method. If you want to make it seem small you will adopt another. You may be perfectly honest, but you may be at the mercy of your own bias.

In keeping this census figure up to date, the statistician has to consider many factors. There is the increase in the population. There is the very question of what you mean by unemployment.

For instance, there can be little doubt as to how much the population has increased since 1930. There is an official figure for that. The increase in population would seem to make an increase in the number of persons looking for jobs. However, one statistician uses the increase in the population as a whole; another uses the increase in that part of the population of working age—which happens to give a different figure.

Then—what is an unemployed person? In 1929 a large number of young people, as soon as they got to working age, went after jobs. In 1936 there are not so many jobs for them. So they stay in school. If the jobs appeared they would rush for them. Meantime, are they to be counted as unemployed? Then a lot of young people, when times got hard and the city jobs disappeared, went back to the farm to Dad. There they remained. They do chores and get shelter and board. If jobs appeared freely again in town they would rush back to get them. But meantime are they unemployed?

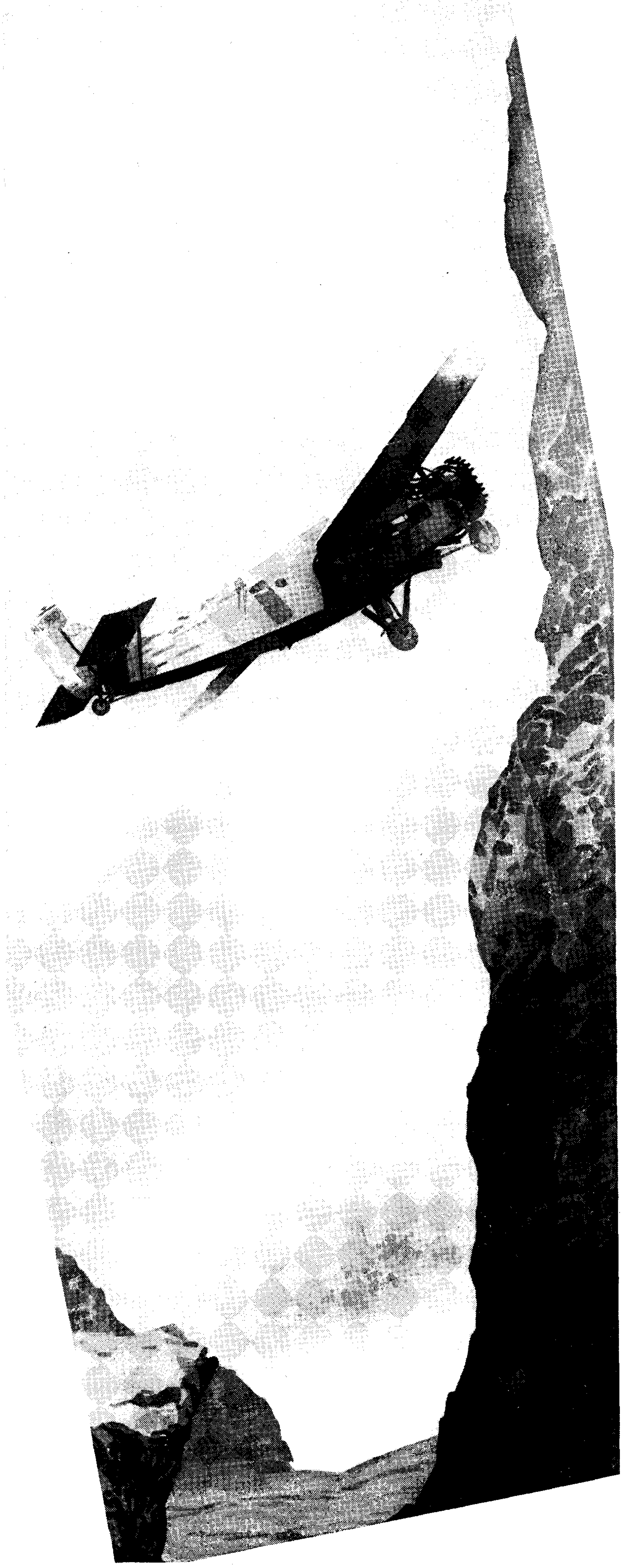
(*Continued on page* 98)

# Favor for a Friend

*You are a crack young air pilot. You are at the stick of a speeding airplane. One of your passengers, observing you with interest, is a gorgeous girl. You would be pleased—but the hero of this story wasn't*

## By Leland Jamieson

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



It took all my strength to stop the turn which would have plunged us into that wall

THIS Aerovias *de* Costa Rica was really a lunatic's dream, as an air line. But I didn't know that when Oscar Toome cabled me that he'd promoted a rich coffee grower into buying some planes and that I had a job waiting. I didn't know about the furious winds in the high mountain passes at ten thousand feet, that could blow you backward at wide-open throttle, or the sea fogs that sometimes smothered that tropical isthmus. I didn't know about the discarded junks they called "air liners" down there. But mainly, I guess, I didn't know about Oscar Toome.

I spent a week on a dirty little tramp banana boat out of New Orleans—being broke and having no other way I could go—and arrived one hellishly hot morning in the little port of Limon. You know Limon? Then you know those low wharfs with their endless, noisy processions of peons loading green bananas into sleek white ships and miserable rust-gutted ones, and you know the walled, narrow streets baking in the blinding hot glare of the sun. And the strange foreign smells that stick in your nostrils. And how I got out of Limon as fast as I possibly could, which was that afternoon, in the creaking wooden coach behind a tiny locomotive that chuffed for endless hours up the endless side of the Cordillera *de* Talmanca range.

The train sighed to a stop at Estacion Atlantique in San José, and I disembarked, wondering if Oscar Toome had received my telegram from Limon. As I walked to the vestibule, I speculated on how he would be. The last time I'd seen him had been in Chicago, where, in spite of his efforts, he'd been a perennial failure. He was a nice guy. He had a good brain, a bit on the sly side, possibly, so that he was quick to grasp opportunity. But, you see, there'd been very few opportunities to grasp, and he'd lost his flying school and had left town a jump ahead of half the bill collectors on Randolph Street. But now he must be doing exceedingly well, for since he'd been here he'd paid those old debts, one at a time.

Evidently he had got my message, for suddenly, descending the steps, I saw him out at the far fringe of the bedlam of taxi drivers who had pressed in around me, every one yelling at the top of incredible lungs, *"Caro! Taxi! Totos* San José!"

He had on a white cloth helmet and enormous goggles pushed up on his forehead. There was none of his old timidity about the way he came through that crowd. A giant, hawk-faced cabman stood in his way, and Oscar snarled:

*"Vamos, hombre! Claro!"*

Before my amazed eyes, the big man moved aside with a mingled look of fear and deference, without a trace of resentment. Oscar pushed forward, his unbelievably crisp, hard voice clearing the path. When he was ten feet away, I could see all of him.

Both my eagerness for this reunion and my amusement at his appearance were lost in the shock. For Oscar was dressed not only in helmet and goggles, but in immaculate cavalry boots and the creamiest of Bedford cord breeches. He had on a brilliant blue blouse, cut like that of a United States Air Corps officer, over which was a pure white leather Sam Browne.

"Hi!" he exclaimed in a ringing, vigorous voice. "Old Charlie Buckley himself! So you got here at last! And high time."

"What's left of me got here," I said, shaking hands.

Then I got a glimpse of his wings. They were fantastic wings, seven inches in spread, plastered across the full width of his left breast. And on them, in big black letters, were the two words: *"Jefe Piloto."*

"Oscar," I asked, "what does that mean?"

"Boss pilot," he said proudly, without cracking a smile.

I GRINNED. I said, "It must be the altitude. I've seen a lot of queer guys in my time, but I never saw an honest-to-God aviator diked out like that! I thought for a minute you were the doorman for the bull ring."

He said, with a dignity he'd never had in the old days, "I've had a similar uniform tailored for you. Costa Ricans appreciate colorful dress. These uniforms give the passengers confidence."

"Yeah," I said, "and just look what they do to the pilots! And listen," I said, "you told me you had cabin planes down here to fly—"

"They are cabin planes."

"Then why the helmet and goggles? Anyway, why wear them here?"

"People notice me. They remember me when they ride on the line. It creates the right kind of impression."

He grabbed my suitcase away from three clawing jitney drivers, and spat out some Spanish like a machine gun ripping up a wooden abutment. We walked through a cleared lane of peons in *sombreros* and *ponchos*, and he said over his shoulder:

"It's a very good thing you got here tonight. You're taking my run to San Isidro tomorrow. There's a *fiesta* in San Isidro tomorrow in my honor, but they'd just as soon make it in your honor instead."

If I'd known what was coming, I would have caught that train right back down the mountains. But I didn't know. I said uneasily:

"Wait a minute, you *jefe piloto.* Somewhere in the Department of Commerce regulations it says pilots have to make a few practice runs over the line they're going to haul passengers on. I don't know this country. I hear there're some mountains in Costa Rica ten or twelve thousand feet high. I'd like to know where they are, because the last time I flew into a mountain—"

"In Costa Rica," Oscar said, charging ahead and exploding Spanish all over the biggest peon in the world and getting away with it, "we aren't interfered with by the Department of Commerce. Nothing's to stop you from taking the run."

"Nothing," I snapped, "except that I'm not going to go!"

He said, "There'll be some fog over the peaks of Cordillera de Bustamante, but there's a pass that I'll tell you about."

I grabbed his arm.

"Listen," I growled, "you may have gone nuts down here in the sun, but passes or no passes, I'm not going tomorrow, and that's that!"

HE CHUCKLED deep down in his throat. "Look, Charlie," he said in a confidential whisper, "you simply gotta do this for me. I'm in a jam, and it'll be practically murder if you don't help me out."

"What is it?" I grumbled. "After seeing you in that rig, I could believe anything."

There was a light of devilment mixed with chagrin in his eyes. "You see, Charlie, I've been doing what they call down here 'playing the bear'—only now it turns out that I'm almost the goat."

I didn't know just what he meant. But there is a tone and look that men use the world over when speaking of women.

I grinned noncommittally, watching his face with a keen relish. "Who is she, Oscar? I never thought I'd find you mixed up with dames. Why, in Chicago—"

"I've learned plenty of things since Chicago," he interrupted. "But as it happens, my trouble isn't over one woman. It's three."

"Three—*you?*" I laughed right out in his face.

He smiled in that new, superior way which I was beginning to find faintly irritating. "Come along," he said. "Only, you keep your mouth shut about taking my run in the morning."

"There's no use mentioning it, when I'm not going to take it."

But he made no reply, lugging my bag down the sidewalk toward the longest, shiniest limousine I'd ever seen in my life. Just as we got to it, a liveried chauffeur jumped out of the front seat and took the bag with respectful alacrity, and Oscar said with just the right tone:

"*Gracias,* Pedro," he said and then something else I didn't understand.

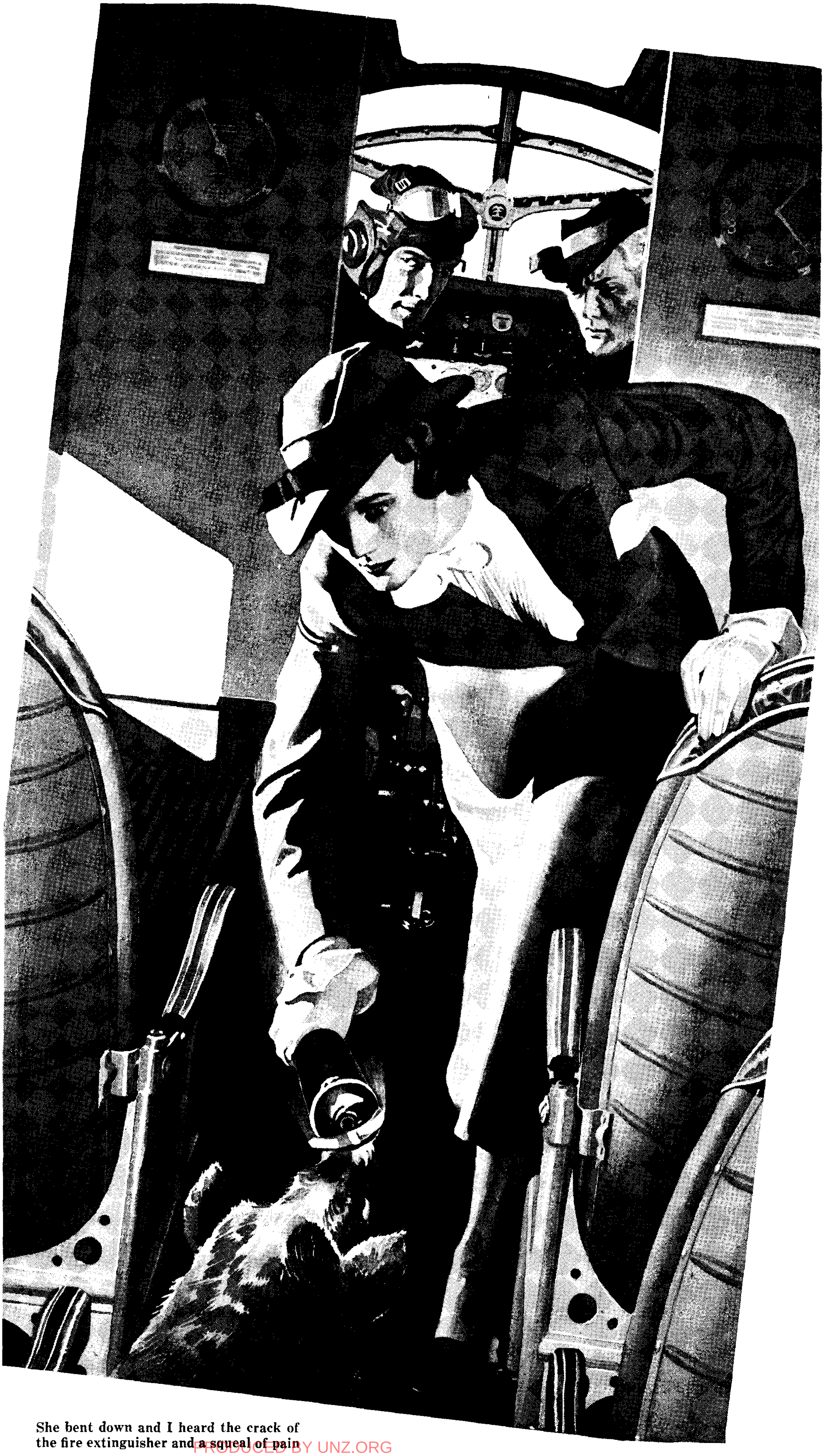
IN THE shadows of the rear seat were two feminine figures. Oscar opened the door and said in a cool, smooth voice that had a kind of liquid inflection as he rolled out the Spanish:

"Señora *y* Señorita Murillo, may I present Señor Charlie Buckley, my new *piloto.* Señor Buckley will stay in San José at *el Sabana* while I fly you to San Isidro tomorrow."

He kicked my shin as he said that. I swore under my breath and then acknowledged the introductions. Out of the shadows of that rear seat came a low, formal reply.

Just then a taxi swung down the street and shone its lights into the car, and I could see the two women clearly. There were no high combs in their hair, or *mantillas* over their heads, as I had expected. The little old lady had on a black silk dress and a little black hat with a very short veil. It was her face that impressed me—the flashing eyes and the strong mouth. There was dominance, power, written all over her—yes, and

(*Continued on page 76*)



**She bent down and I heard the crack of the fire extinguisher and a squeal of pain**

# Under Pressure

## By

## George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

*The Story Thus Far:*

GENERAL DORADO, a bandit leader, takes possession of Cutler Sewell's beautiful Mexican estate, La Barranca, after murdering Cutler's wife and forcing the American to flee for his life with his small daughter, Joyce.

In the small Eastern city of Elsinboro, Cutler, married again and, almost penniless, fights a losing battle to regain his property. When he finally dies, Joyce is twenty. Her stepmother, Irma Sewell, upon whom she is dependent, insists that she marry a wealthy young suitor, whom Joyce does not love; and Helm Blackadder, Mrs. Sewell's closest friend and one of Elsinboro's prominent citizens, also urges her to gain security through matrimony. But Joyce does not yield: an unexpected ten-thousand-dollar check, indemnity for the death of her mother, from the Mexican Ambassador in Washington, gives her her freedom. And, saying nothing to her stepmother, she takes a plane to Mexico City.

Can she regain La Barranca? In Mexico City, Dirk Van Suttart, young second secretary of the American Embassy, informs her that she cannot. But General Zacharias Onelia, Dorado's bitterest enemy, informs her that she can; and presently—accompanied by a squad of soldiers commanded by Sergeant Pancho Buenaventura, a battle-scarred veteran—she finds herself at La Barranca, prepared to take possession of the place by force! . . . Meanwhile, Blackadder, after some clever detective work, has learned of Joyce's whereabouts; which explains a code telegram, from Washington, directing the American Ambassador in Mexico City to accord every courtesy to Miss Joyce Sewell, American. Shortly after Mrs. Sewell and Blackadder announce that they are to be married, Dirk Van Suttart, obedient to his chief's orders, goes on Joyce's trail. . . .

At La Barranca, Joyce witnesses an exciting drama. Aware that he must not, under any circumstances, actually kill Dorado, Buenaventura, resorting to gunplay, convinces the General that he is in great peril. And the General runs away.

Alone, Joyce awaits developments in the *patio*. From a near-by bush a hand reaches out, seizes her ankle. Then a man, a badly wounded man, emerges from the shrubbery and tries to grasp her throat. Frightened speechless for a moment, she succeeds in finding her voice. *"Luz! Luz! Luz!"* she screams.

### V

DIRK followed Arnaldo around the crowded dancing floor, retrieved his overcoat and hat and a moment later the two men sprang into the same car that had rescued Joyce from the same spot four nights before. Adán barked a direction and the tone of his voice was sufficient to send the chauffeur tearing along through one street after another, skidding around corners and ignoring lights until he drew up with a squeal of brakes at an apartment house shrouded in darkness. Adán made short work of getting by the sleepy doorman and led the way up the dimly lighted stairs. On the third floor he stopped at a door, lit a match to examine the name card, then rang the bell with one hand and knocked with the other.

"Who is it?" asked a deep voice presently. "What do you want?"

"It's I, Margarida—Adán Arnaldo. Open the door. Something terrible has happened."

The latch clicked and the door swung back, revealing Margarida Fonseca in a white nightgown buttoned tight at the throat. It was so voluminous it made her appear enormous, and upon catching sight of Dirk a gleam in her eye seemed to indicate she was contemplating throwing both men out. As if to forestall her, Arnaldo kicked the door shut with his heel, backed against it and slipped his hand into his side pocket in an ominous gesture. The dialog which followed, naturally in Spanish, was so rapid Dirk could scarcely follow it.

"What do you want?" asked Margarida.

"Information."

"Take your hand off the gun. Do you think I'm an idiot?"

"Oh, I wouldn't shoot; I'd just tap over and around your brains—harder and harder."

"If I weren't amused I'd scream for help."

"You'd get it all right; the police are downstairs."

"What police?"

"Why do you suppose I'm running around with a *gringo* Secretary of Embassy?" countered Arnaldo. "Don't you know a friend when you see one? Answer my questions and tell the truth or you'll go to jail in a nightgown."

"For what?"

"Abduction of a minor, and whether it's true or not, with an ambassador back of the charge, you know it will take us weeks to get you out."

Margarida heaved her shoulders in a shrug, turned to sink in a strong Morris chair and motioned to the men to be seated. Dirk sat down gingerly, his top hat on his knees. A glance of scorn mingled with detestation from Margarida made him feel like a fool. Arnaldo ignored her invitation but left the door to plant himself before her.

"BE SURE you've made up your mind to tell the truth," he said. "If you don't I'll escort you to jail myself and help to keep you there."

"What is it you wish to know?"

"Where is the girl?"

"What girl?"

"Don't hedge. Your client, the little American who was with you and Onelia at El Tenebroso."

"She's gone to La Barranca."

"What?" gasped Arnaldo. "You're lying! You've actually got the nerve to start out with a lie!"

"I'm not lying at all," said Margarida coolly. "I did everything I could to dissuade her, but she insisted on going."

"What for?"

"La Barranca is undoubtedly her property; I had to admit that much. Since I explained why the courts can do nothing she has gone there to plead with General Dorado to hand it back to her."

"Plead with Dorado!" exclaimed Arnaldo. "You're crazy!"

"Not I," said Margarida quickly, "but the *gringos*, all of them—they're all crazy." She cast a look of venom at Van Suttart. "The girl is at La Barranca—she's been there for hours."

HARRY
MORSE
MEYERS

"I don't believe it!" said Arnaldo. "She told me she never wanted to see Pepe's horror of a face again."

Margarida smiled pityingly. "A wise man believes a woman only once a year," she said, "but he always picks the wrong woman or the wrong time. I'm the one who's telling the truth. The girl is at La Barranca. I swear it!"

Her statement carried conviction and, perceiving that Arnaldo at last believed her, Dirk felt his heart grow heavy and sink lower and lower. "Where is La Barranca?" he asked. "I mean, how do you get there—by what road?"

"The road to Toluca," said Arnaldo out of a half daze. "The *hacienda* is southwest of Toluca. Once you've passed the city all you have to say is La Barranca to the first man you meet and he will be able to put you on the trail."

"Trail?" questioned Dirk. "What do you mean? Could a motorcar make it?"

"Well, we call it a road but to you it would look like a trail. In the dry season a car can just about get through, and this is the dry season."

"How do you know so much about La Barranca, Adán?" asked Margarida curiously.

"For my sins I went to one of Pepe's shooting parties," said Arnaldo, still in a half daze.

"HOW long would it take to drive there?" asked Dirk.

"All the way?"

"Of course."

"Nobody knows, because the answer is never twice the same. You can eat up the fine road from here to Toluca in an hour and a half. After that it's a gamble. With luck you can do it in six hours but a snapped spring or a broken axle might run it up to a week."

Dirk rose. "I'm leaving for Toluca in half an hour," he stated. "What about it, Arnaldo? Any chance of your coming with me?"

"No," said Arnaldo, snapping out of his daze. He turned on Van Suttart. "Sit down." Dirk obeyed. "What do you suppose I've been thinking about? Do you know Dorado? No. Well, I do. We're too late—too late by hours. To make the trip would be a mere sentimental gesture."

Dirk sat for a moment staring at his hat, then he rose again. "I don't see it. I'm going."

"If you take my advice you'll stay home," said Arnaldo, "and save yourself a most unpleasant discovery. You *gringos* are all dreamers. We Latins never insult the past; we know when a thing's done it's done. That's what makes us carefree. We never look back. Whatever was going to happen to your young friend has happened, so wash it out."

"Just the same I'm going," said Dirk.

"To take a fall out of a windmill," asserted Arnaldo impatiently. "Have you any idea what a Mexican *hacienda* is like?"

"No."

"IT'S a fortress. Don't be a fool. If you insist on making a journey to bring back the remains wait until you can take a hearse and a troop of cavalry along with a battery of seventy-fives to help you. If your ambassador can't get them, come to me and I'll see what I can do."

"No," said Dirk. "You don't understand. He gave me a job and if I tried passing the buck back to him he'd be through with me for keeps and I wouldn't blame him. Do you mind dropping me at my place?"

"No; I'll go with you as far as that," said Arnaldo and a moment later they had nodded their farewells to Margarida and were on the way. The short ride took place in silence, each recognizing the stubbornness of the other and realizing there was nothing further to say. Arnaldo held out his hand. "Do you know the Toluca road?"

"Yes," said Dirk; "I've been there on the way to visit the Nevado. Thanks for all you've done, Arnaldo; you've been mighty decent."

"Forget it. Goodby and good luck."

Alone in his house Dirk debated whether to call up Pablo, and decided it would be a waste of time since only he himself could choose what to pack for such a trip. First he changed into whipcord breeches, leggings and stout walking shoes and topped his costume with sweater and a warm tweed jacket. Then he arranged on the bed every article he thought he would need and studied the assortment carefully. Soft shirts, underwear, woolen socks, one lounge suit, slippers, an extra pair of shoes, pajamas, his warmest dressing-gown, toilet articles and a beautifully remodeled Army Springfield with three boxes of ammunition.

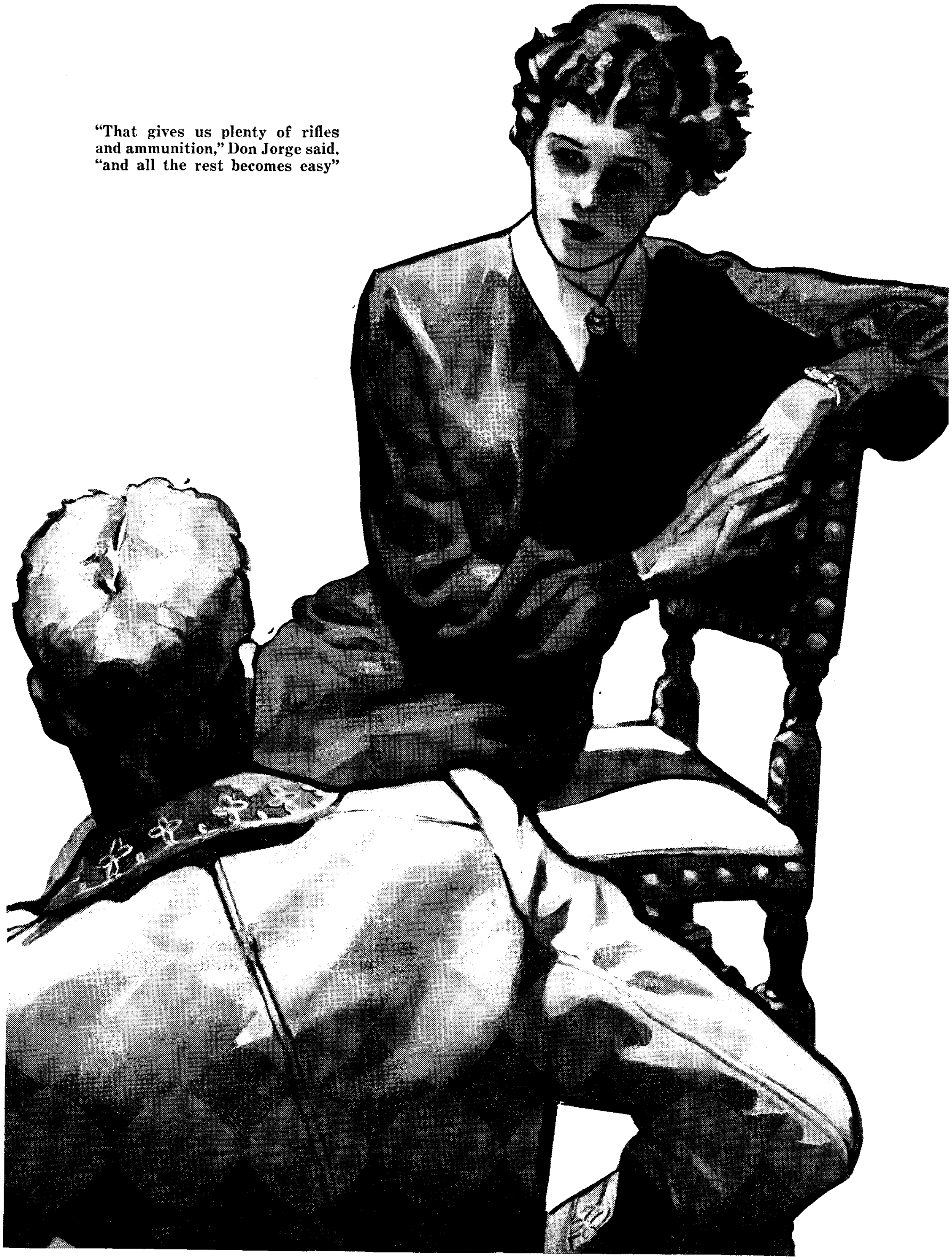
He packed everything except the rifle into a duffel bag. Then he put on overcoat, cap and gloves, all of coonskin, and was ready. Ten minutes later—gas, oil, water and tires checked—he was running along smoothly, giving his engine a chance to warm.

JOYCE stared down in horror at the wreck of a man at her feet. Reason told her since he was mortally wounded she must be stronger than he, yet she was not; all her strength had turned to water. From the waist up he was terribly alive. His right hand was still clamped on her ankle so tightly circulation had almost ceased and with his left he had managed to seize her skirt. Rather than have it dragged off she sank to one knee, straining her head back from the sight of his face.

"Luz!" she cried in a last despairing wail.

A bar clattered on the far side of the patio, a door opened and the figure of a woman stepped forth. She was ageless, as are all peons once the bloom of youth has passed, but strong with the toughness of rawhide. Her leathery face would have been expressionless had it not been for the brilliance of cavernous black eyes. At the moment they were filled with unbelieving wonder, modified only by the thought that thus had a voice called from the heavens to Juan Diego, a lowly Indian, and subsequently lifted him to immortal glory as the founder of the miraculous shrine of Santa Maria de

(Continued on page 91)



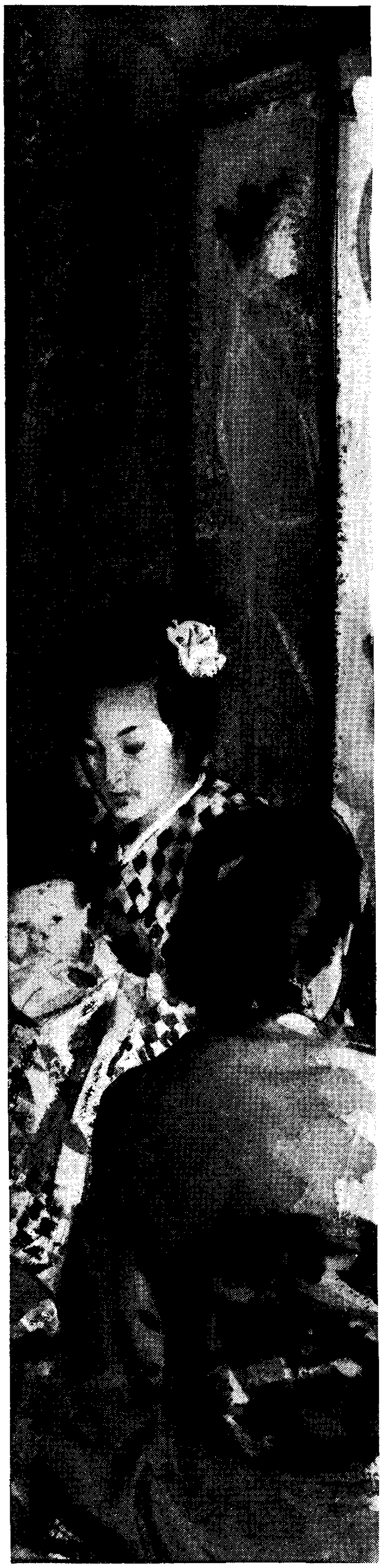
"That gives us plenty of rifles and ammunition," Don Jorge said, "and all the rest becomes easy"

# Gold Lacquer

*Another adventure of young Richard Bartlett, of Massachusetts, who walked the deck of the flagship of the American fleet that opened Japan to the world*

## By Sidney Herschel Small

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM



RICHARD BARTLETT was carried along by waves which surged to meet the backwash of the Japan shore, their crests lined like sea shells, writhing in spirals; the foam half blinded him, so that Agathea, held by his numb right arm, was to his sight as if dead. The sky, after a typhoon, was blank, but seemed to the exhausted swimmer to be dark as the fog of morning; then there had been one shout of "Breakers!" and the new clipper Agathea Bartlett, off her course, foremast ripped out, had crashed on the uncharted spines of the forbidden coast. The same sea had torn her off, broken. What resulted was nightmare.

With his last strength Bartlett strove to hold his wife higher, and the sun found her bright hair and turned it to gold, lustrous as polished lacquer. Pale jellyfish lashed, stung him; fawn-colored seaweed dragged at his free arm; he knew that he was near land, that the backwash was tugging at his legs to pull him and his beloved burden down and out to sea. If Agathea were dead, better to put both arms about her and let the sea have them, that same sea which the clipper was to conquer with a record passage from Boston to China. Somehow he kept swimming, his mouth at the surface, Agathea's head still held high and with the sun gleaming on it.

The fishermen on the shore, naked save for white loin cloths, did not look up until they had rewarded a captive tortoise with sake for ending the storm, until they had praised him for his intercession with the wind gods; then they saw the terrifying metallic gleam. Close as if netted, they huddled together until the priest arrived with the entire excited village; an acolyte banged on a bell, sparks were scattered over the fishermen's heads and they were purified with salt, but even after that the priest was forced to drive them to their boats. What they saw appeared to be a woman's head, heavenly gold, and while it might be the sun goddess, it could also be a terrible sea demon.

AGATHEA, on the warm sand, stirred first. "Richard," she whispered, and an infant, naked save for a charm disk marked with a zodiacal sign, howled in terror at its first glimpse of blue eyes. She could feel his beating pulse, and her own, quick as the pounding of the bell, began to throb; they were both alive because of his stubborn courage, for when the others had clung despairingly to wreckage he had struck out into the fog. He had never waited for anything, except, eight years ago in Canton, for her; American factors were not supposed to marry English girls of family importance, but he had managed it. In Boston were small Richard, Edith; here, beside her and alive, was her husband. Agathea Bartlett said again, with meaning, "Rich—"

About her she saw what Americans had seen only on fans, lacquers, porcelains, brought to Canton by Japanese ships; English, French, Danish, American vessels were prohibited from entering any Japanese port. There were naked coolies, blue-jacketed lac-gatherers, merchants with pen and ink pouch, mendicants with begging bowl and bell, wives in brown, violet, gray, the pale kimonos of maids, gay sasnes about their middles, and coral combs in their hair; there was the priest in cinnabar red, and an old, old man who played on a flute, as if not impressed by these humans with white skins and blue eyes.

Rich, at last, said huskily, "It was a long way," and their hands met; it was amazing that such simple contact said everything which needed to be told; that he loved her, so increasingly, was not amazing to Rich at all. "I have always wished to visit Japan," he said, and, shakily, they both laughed, all save the priest and the old man with the flute. "A friendly people," said Rich hopefully. The tales about the Japanese were very different; ships had been driven from their harbors with loss of life and equipment; there had been wrecks on the coast, with none of the crews ever seen again. Action had been promised at the merchants' demand, by the President. "They have never seen anything like us before," Richard Bartlett said, sitting up.

THE crowd moved to allow a Japanese to approach; there was no friendliness in his bright yellowish eyes, nor welcome on the thin lips. His hair was arranged in a feminine manner, looped about his ears, drawn forward in a queue over the shaven middle of his skull. The district lord wore broad trousers, like divided skirts, over which his silk, crest-embroidered coat hung; two sheathed swords were thrust through his belt, with daggers, blades exposed, fastened beside each longer weapon. "Why were they not left to die in the sea?" he asked in a harsh, dry voice.

As if addressing the daimyo, but really to Agathea, Rich said, "I will insist we be sent to China." The Japanese lord, for the first time in his life, had been spoken to by an inferior without permission to speak having been granted; Rich saw the flashing arc which was the daimyo's sword, and then the flat of the blade struck him on the head. He fell forward, to lie in the sand, motionless, while Agathea was surrounded.

When Bartlett knew anything again, he was alone, behind wooden bars. Beyond his cage were houses with black and white tiled roofs with wires stretched across to keep off ill-omened crows, with oiled-paper sliding windows—really walls which, when open, showed the life within. Curious wares were displayed in the latticed shops; mother-of-pearl, lacquers, branches of coral, heaps of quilts, always red, but of damask or crepe or velvet, scarlet lobsters, orange *dai-dai*, rice cakes in five colors, baskets of shining round fish, blue-red-green porcelains. Higher, there was a gateway with horizontal, winglike beams, and near it a rock pool in which whiskered carp waited for dragonflies. Crows exchanged sinister signals from the pines, or made ebony streaks through bamboo. He was in Japan, in that land dreaded by seamen, a land which had defied every attempt to explore it, to trade—and Agathea, already, had been torn from him.

He lurched up, called her name, wrenched at the bars so viciously that the cage shook, and passing natives, observing his bared teeth, agreed that the daimyo Shinagawa was correct in saying that men with white skins were animals. The moment of unreasoning rage passed; there was rice in a bowl, and a pot of salted green tea; Rich drained the bitter contents. Soberly, he dropped the pot; several of the sharpest pieces went into his pocket. The bars were of wood. . . .

WHEN evening came, the villagers strolled to the temple, the sleeves of the women like the slow wings of gulls; inside, they prayed that the workers in lacquer would not sicken and die. Long lanterns were lighted before the shops, hanging from lacquered poles finer than ever brought to China; the returning devotees clapped their hands at the reflections in the pool and then went on to examine the man in the cage, where only this morning a mangy tiger had been kept; a tiger now dead, killed by Shinagawa with one stroke of his sword in order to make room for this newer beast.

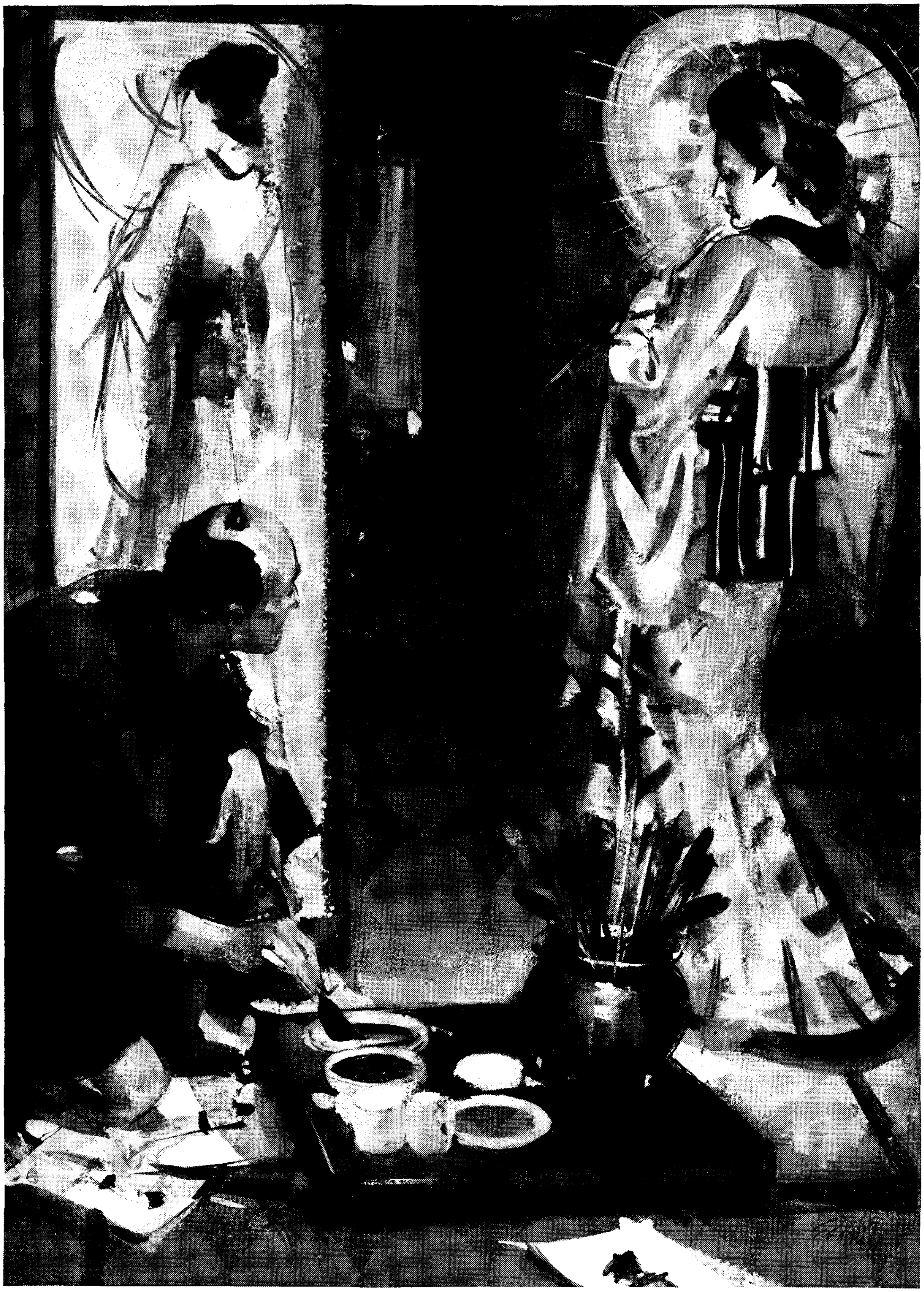
Rich heard the chattering of the women; he was to them a caged monkey; he avoided so much as an upward glance until a question, "What have they done to you, Rich?" snapped his head toward the audience. Lantern light showed him Agathea, in a kimono, her hair strangely dressed, with a coral and silver comb in it, as if she were already a part of a Japanese household. He was gray of face, white at the cheekbones; his clenched hands as they rested on the cage floor were white at the knuckles. She said, to give him courage, "To me they have been kind."

He said, "Ah," and the word ached in her ears.

She tried desperately to reassure him. "I was taken to a room filled with steam and placed in a tub of water. A manservant was set to scrubbing my back; the women did find my alarm amusing, since it is the customary thing. There was food. After, I saw their children, and informed them, by pointing, that mine are far away." Her voice faltered, but only for an instant. "I must accompany them everywhere, even to their temple, but I am certain I am not to be injured."

Injured? She was too lovely, too much a woman; Rich was glad that his ejaculation had not told her his fears. "The bars of my cage are wooden," he said softly. He must, Agathea pleaded, exercise care; before she could say more, a woman took her by the arm and she was led away. "It will not be for long," Rich called after her.

The daimyo was the reason why the women hurried off; Rich saw that the lord looked after them, or, worse, after Agathea. Armed retainers put salt in their mouths before entering the cage; a lantern was held before the white man's face, and by its light Rich was himself able to observe how unfriendly the daimyo must be. The wild notion came to him that he might seize the Japanese and with him as a shield batter his way out; the idea, with Agathea captive, was senseless. He must bide his time, plan; what could hold an animal need not necessarily hold him. Quilts



He had seen her, seen an artist painting her likeness on a lacquer screen

were thrown down and he was left alone. Not until he began to work with his bits of porcelain where bar met floor did he realize that the daimyo had come to leave men to watch him, and while the sound might have been only a gnawing rat, the retainers came silently to examine what it was. After that, Rich knew real, terrible despair. To keep him company through the night he heard the mournful wailing of the old man's flute, weird, melancholy, minor.

Day by day, the village life flowed past him, but he saw no more of Agathea than the sight of her bright hair as she walked with the women. As summer heightened, the lac-gatherers went to the forest to slash the trees, scrape away the yellowish-brown sap and bring it to the purifiers; it was ground in tubs to crush the grain, pressed through hemp cloth, thinned with camphor. Inferior sap was heated in the sun, and, at night, over fires, with naked men stirring the pots. The coloring of the lac began with cinnabar, iron, bronze, gold powder, purple plum juice, silver dust, gardenia fruit; the walls of the houses were wetted, and, in the damp interiors, the first coating of lacquer was applied to canvas already pasted to the objects, allowed slowly to dry.

Agathea saw far more of this art which Japan had learned from China and improved upon in hardness, luster, fanciful beauty; her days passed more rapidly. She saw the repeated painting and polishing of undercoats, the rubbing with magnolia charcoal until chests, scarf-boxes, headrests, bowls, were mirrorlike and, when breathed on, the moisture vanished at once. On some, fine particles of pure gold were sprinkled; others, olive, rat-gray, coppery maroon, chestnut brown, would be ornamented with sheaves of wheat, tigers, tree peonies, serrated waves with the sun on them, done with coat on coat of lacquer brushed on with delicate pencils which were made of human hair.

She was given less and less time to watch; she learned to hold her sleeves exactly so as she poured tea, to bow thusly, to place three flowers in a flat dish, to pluck at a three-stringed instrument and produce metallic sounds, all of the virtues proper in a woman; it was not until she found Shinagawa standing critically behind her that she realized the possible reason for her training. Her hands, then, as she folded a piece of silk, trembled, and the silk creased incorrectly.

"SHE is very clumsy," the daimyo said to one of his companions. "If it were not that a month is too long to refrain from women, I would not take so much trouble with her." He turned to one of the other men. "Do you still desire to put her likeness on lacquer?" The artist nodded.

Rich's thoughts, in his cage, centered on Agathea until they well-nigh drove him mad. He had promised escape for them both; he had not yet reached the time when he must hurl himself against the bars, but the long days, the longer nights, were becoming intolerable. The bell for night prayers. Laughter. Voices. The damnable tootling of the flute. How long had it been? What did they think at home, or in Canton, where, as head of Bartlett and Company, he had been a person of importance? He thought of the factory there, the flag in front, the goods in the go-down; had the seizing of Hong Kong, Shanghai, added to the distrust of the Japanese, who had, long before, even managed to defeat Kublai Khan and his thousand ships when the Mongol attempted to conquer the island? As he lay on his quilts he began to dream of tall ships standing off the harbor, of landing men; he heard, as he lay with closed eyes, the imaginary blowing of a bugle. . . .

It was, again, the wail of the flute. If he listened one moment more, he would drive himself mad. He leaped to his feet, began to bellow a song to get the sound from his ears, a song to which the Agathea Bartlett had lifted her sails: "Oh, the mate got drunk and he went below—" and the lilting tune fitted with the words of a song Agathea herself sang to the babies: "Fiddle-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee, the fly has married the bumblebee . . ." Agathea! Agathea! To add to his sweating agony, the flute began a diabolical imitation, over and over, endless, of the tune: "Oh, the mate got drunk and he went below—" and then, falteringly, while Rich's skin began to prickle, the notes of the flute went on, correctly, past the lines Bartlett had shouted. . . .

EYES glared at him through the bars. "I was—the—the mate!" the flute player whispered; his voice, cracked and hoarse, shook, and his face, brown as a Japanese's, worked horribly. Rich's own words stuck like cotton in his throat, and when he held out his hand the other shuffled off, rubbing a chin from which all hair had been plucked.

It was a full week before the old man, drawn to the cage each night as if by a magnet, was able to talk, and even then there were intervals when he could only finger his flute; how he had learned to play on it he did not know.

"I remember when I was in th' cage," Mathew Pratt whispered, while Rich watched to see that none observed them. "Not before. No. It was in 'Twenty-nine. Aye. I was let out when I became mad? Aye. It must have been so. A lord killed a man for bringin' me water. I recall that."

It was he who brought news of Agathea, that she was with the women of an artist's household; through an open panel Pratt had seen her, seen an artist painting her features on a lacquer screen. All gold-like she was, Pratt said;

(Continued on page 39)

# The Gimme Woman

## By Roark Bradford

*Bugaboo Jones and Iron Man learn about women—again. A turbulent episode of life and love aboard the John D. Grace*

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

BUGABOO JONES had a thing on his mind. And that wasn't right. Behind the big roustabout lay three whole days in New Orleans, with pay day in his pockets and food and fun back of town until he had worn himself out making pleasure. Before him stretched fifteen days of steamboating up and down the Mississippi River, on the John D. Grace. That was nothing for him to worry about. There was just enough work to keep him feeling good, and enough change of scenery to keep him from getting the all-overs. And after that there would be New Orleans again and more fun.

"Iron Man," Bugaboo observed to his companion, "dey tells me Old Kaing Solomon had hisse'f a thousand head er women."

Staring gloomily at nothing, Iron Man was sitting hunched forward, his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands. He did not even raise his eyes when Bugaboo spoke.

"Nine hund'ed and ninety-nine," Iron Man corrected with complete indifference. "And his songs was a thousand and nine."

"Great day in de mawnin'!" exclaimed Bugaboo. "He had a song for ev'y woman and den some left over, hunh?"

"Kaing Solomon was a man outn de world," Iron Man explained indifferently.

"And you ain't jest sayin' hit!" Bugaboo's admiration, for the moment, overcame his worry.

"A woman named de Queen er Sheba," Iron Man warmed to his subject slightly, "wawked a solid thousand miles jest to speak wid him."

"Is dat a fack?" asked Bugaboo. "What did she speak about when she got dar?"

Iron Man raised his head and offered Bugaboo a scowl of disgust. "What do any woman speak about?" he demanded. "'Gimme dis and gimme dat. What you gonter buy me, honey? You knows I don't love nobody but you. Buy me a pair er shoes, daddy.' Dat kind er tawk."

"Hunh," grunted Bugaboo, disappointed. "What did Old Kaing Solomon said?"

"He say, 'Go 'head, woman. I ain't got time to tawk wid you.' Dat's cause he was so smart."

BUGABOO grinned his mounting admiration for King Solomon. Then a new thought came to his mind.

"Boy, you tawks like a preacher," he accused.

"I preached some, one time," Iron Man admitted. "Up at Luxora. But I felled f'm grace, and quit."

"Grace who?"

"Grace nobody. De lady's name was Mawreen. Grace is what you falls f'm when de lady's husband gits after you wid a gun."

"Aw," said Bugaboo. "Did he shoot you?"

Iron Man shook his head. "Not me," he said. "By de time he found his gun where I and dis lady had done hid it, I was over 'cross de river at Tamm's Landin', drivin' a log team for de Mingle Box."

They were silent for half an hour. Iron Man took his harmonica from his overalls pocket and began to breathe nostalgic chords through it. Bugaboo sat mentally passive, hoping that the disordered facts would arrange themselves in some sensible sequence in his sluggish brain. King Solomon, with his many women, had ever been the big roustabout's ideal man, and if King Solomon had ever been snubbed by a woman, Bugaboo had never heard of it.

"Iron Man," Bugaboo asked, "did you notice dat lady come on de boat to maid for de white lady wid de little chile?"

"I ain't blind," Iron Man told him.

"Well, she 'bout de downright purtiest high I ever seed."

"Well?"

"Well, right after us pulled out f'm N'Awlins," Bugaboo went on, "I wandered up on de texas whar she was sunnin' her good-lookin' se'f, and told her dat. I say to her, I say, 'Lady, you's a pain! Le's I and you speak some.'"

"And what did she said?" Iron Man wanted to know.

BUGABOO shook his head. "Wid her mouf she didn't said a word. But wid her eyes! Man, dat lady gimme de dirtiest look I ever had in my life! And den she strutted off like I wa'n't even in de world."

"Maybe she got herse'f a man already," Iron Man suggested.

"Not on de boat," Bugaboo pointed out.

"Maybe she got one she love so good she gonter try to be true at him."

Bugaboo disagreed with that theory. "Naw," he said, "she ain't fat enough for dat kind er stuff. I tell you, dat gal is de best-lookin' lady I ever see."

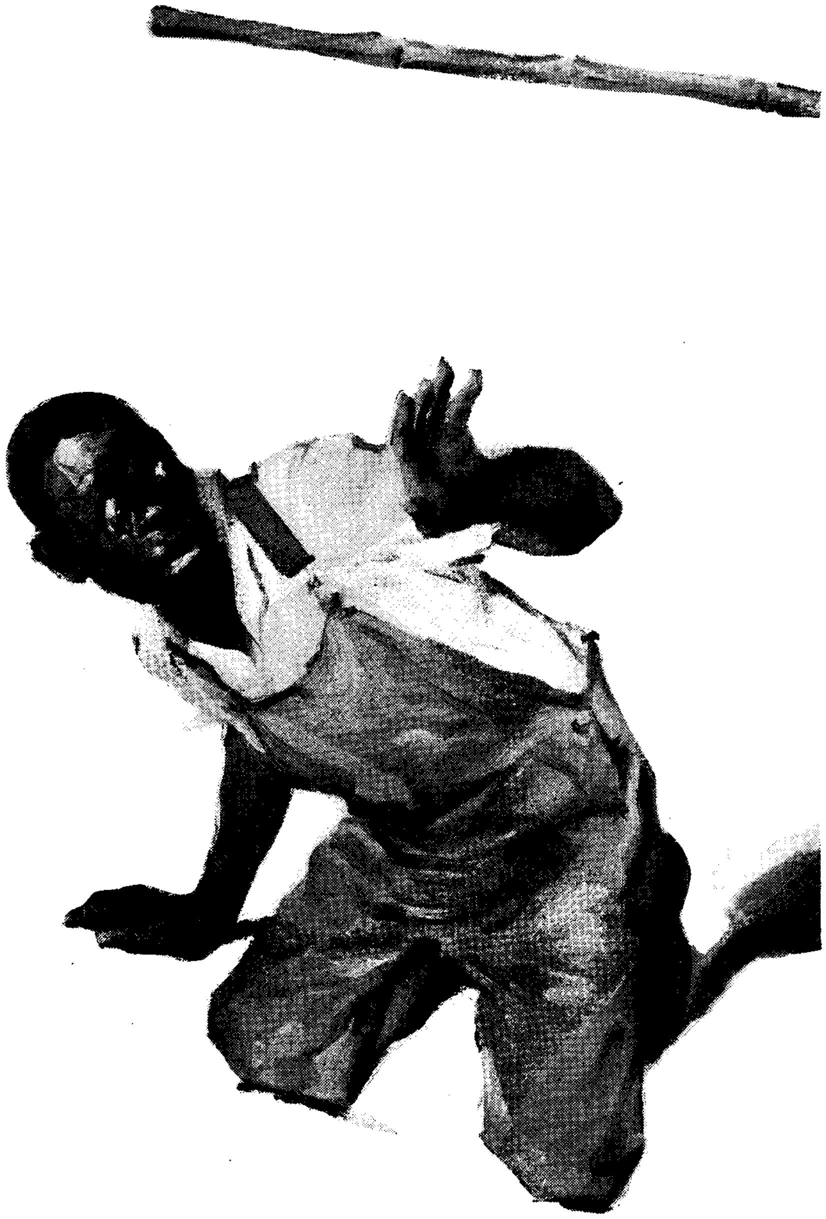
Iron Man assumed the role of a master instructing a novice. "Whyn't you make her jealous?" he offered. "Ain't nothin' kin make a woman love you good like gettin' her all jealoused up about some yuther woman."

"Dat de way Old Kaing Solomon worked hit?" Bugaboo asked.

"He never missed," declared Iron Man. "He c'd git a lady so jealous she'd spend her last dime for love powders, tryin' to git friendly wid him."

Bugaboo left it at that for the present. His brain required plenty of time to work, even when he put his mind hard to the task, and Bugaboo ever was a man to let his brain ramble along in its own way, unhurried and unharassed by any outside influence.

Night came, and the landing at Reserve was made. Two thousand sacks of sugar were toted aboard the steamboat by the roustabouts, and after that Bugaboo was too tired and sleepy to worry about love.



The breakfast bell rang just before the Baton Rouge landing, and what with eating food and piling freight on the forward deck to be unloaded, Bugaboo found little time to contemplate the good-looking nursemaid on the upper deck.

But as the boat nosed into the bank at Baton Rouge, the bluebirds in his heart awoke and sang. May Bell was the cause of that. She was the regular maid on the boat and Bugaboo stayed as far away from her as he could. It wasn't that Bugaboo disliked May Bell, exactly. The trouble was, she lived on the steamboat whether it was at a landing or in the river, and she had a persistent way of hanging onto Bugaboo every time he gave her the slightest encouragement. Bugaboo liked his women to be easy to get away from, and it was hard work getting away from a woman who rode on the same boat with you, trip after trip.

"Heigh-ho, Bugaboo!" May Bell called just as the stageplank was being lowered. "Git me a stalk er sugar cane when you gits on de bank, will you?"

"Who gonter git yo' sugar when I'm gone?" Bugaboo growled.

"You ain't goin' nowhars, you big monkey," May Bell taunted. "You'll be wawkin' up and down dat gangplank when you gits so old somebody'll have to push you in a wheel chair."

IT WAS a pretty good retort for May Bell, Bugaboo decided, and he favored her with a grin over his shoulder. And that was what caused the stream of pure love to flood his heart again. For, standing beside the regular steamboat maid, was the personal nurse for the white lady's child. Bugaboo's heart thumped against his ribs.

"Hey, sugar-foots," he called to her.

"You lookin' mighty handsome, standin' up dar."

The nursemaid looked down her nose and turning to May Bell she asked, loud enough for Bugaboo to hear: "Who is dat pusson speakin' at me?"

Bugaboo was crushed. Women did not talk about him like that. They were ever happy to exchange smart talk with him. He studied and studied about it but the answer would not come.

After a while when there was a pause in the work, Bugaboo confided in Iron Man.

"Use yo' brains," Iron Man advised.

"I done used 'em so much," Bugaboo replied sadly, "to dey's pyore sweatin'."

Iron Man shrugged indifferently.

"What you reckon Old Kaing Solomon would do, efn a lady done him like dat?" Bugaboo inquired desperately.

Iron Man thought a while. "Make de lady jealous, I reckon," he concluded.

"How would he go about doin' dat?"

"WELL," Iron Man speculated, "de fust thing he might do, he might go git May Bell dat stalk er sugar cane she beggin' for."

Bugaboo frowned. "You know May Bell plague de fire outn me, even when I don't treat her nice."

"All right," Iron Man gave up, "efn you knows mo' about hit den Kaing Solomon—"

"Den what must I do when I gits de cane?"

Iron Man was disgusted. "Fool! Who's cou'tin' at dis lady, me or you?"

Bugaboo walked away grumbling. "I'll git her mo' sugar cane den she kin handle."

In a few minutes he came back with a dozen juicy stalks. May Bell and the nursemaid were on the after texas deck. Bugaboo stepped up to May Bell, ignoring the nursemaid entirely, and said: "Wrop yo' jaws around some er dis stuff, baby, and I bet hit'll taste sour in yo' sweet mouf."

May Bell giggled delightedly. "Go 'head, you two-way tawker," she said. "How you know my mouf is so sweet."

"Any gal wid a big mouf like yo'n is bound to be sweet," Bugaboo said chivalrously.

"Aw, you big old handsome dog," May Bell told him. Then fairly oozing pride, and trying to make it appear as an afterthought, she introduced Bugaboo to the snooty maid. "Sheba," May Bell said, "I want you to meet up wid my high partic'lar, hyar. Bugaboo, dis lady's name is Sheba. I wants you to meet up wid her, too."

Sheba made an indefinite smirk to acknowledge the introduction. Bugaboo beamed upon her with his most gracious smile.

"Well," he said, "hit was a lady name er de Queen er Sheba wawked a solid thousand miles, jest to make some tawk wid Old Kaing Solomon, one time."

"You ain't Old Kaing Solomon," Sheba stated flatly.

"And neither you," Bugaboo retorted, "ain't no Queen."

Sheba lifted her chin haughtily and grunted contemptuously.

"And after she wawked dat thousand miles," Bugaboo continued pleasantly, "old Kaing Solomon told her to take hit on back, cause he didn't like her style."

"I ain't used to mens tawkin' at me like dat," Sheba declared hotly.

"You jest ain't used to mens," Bugaboo told her. "Dat's yo' trouble."

SHEBA stomped off. Bugaboo grinned and turned confidentially to May Bell: "Dat lady mad as a wet hen, ain't she?"

"She ain't mad," May Bell confided. "She jest jealous cause you likes me 'stid er her."

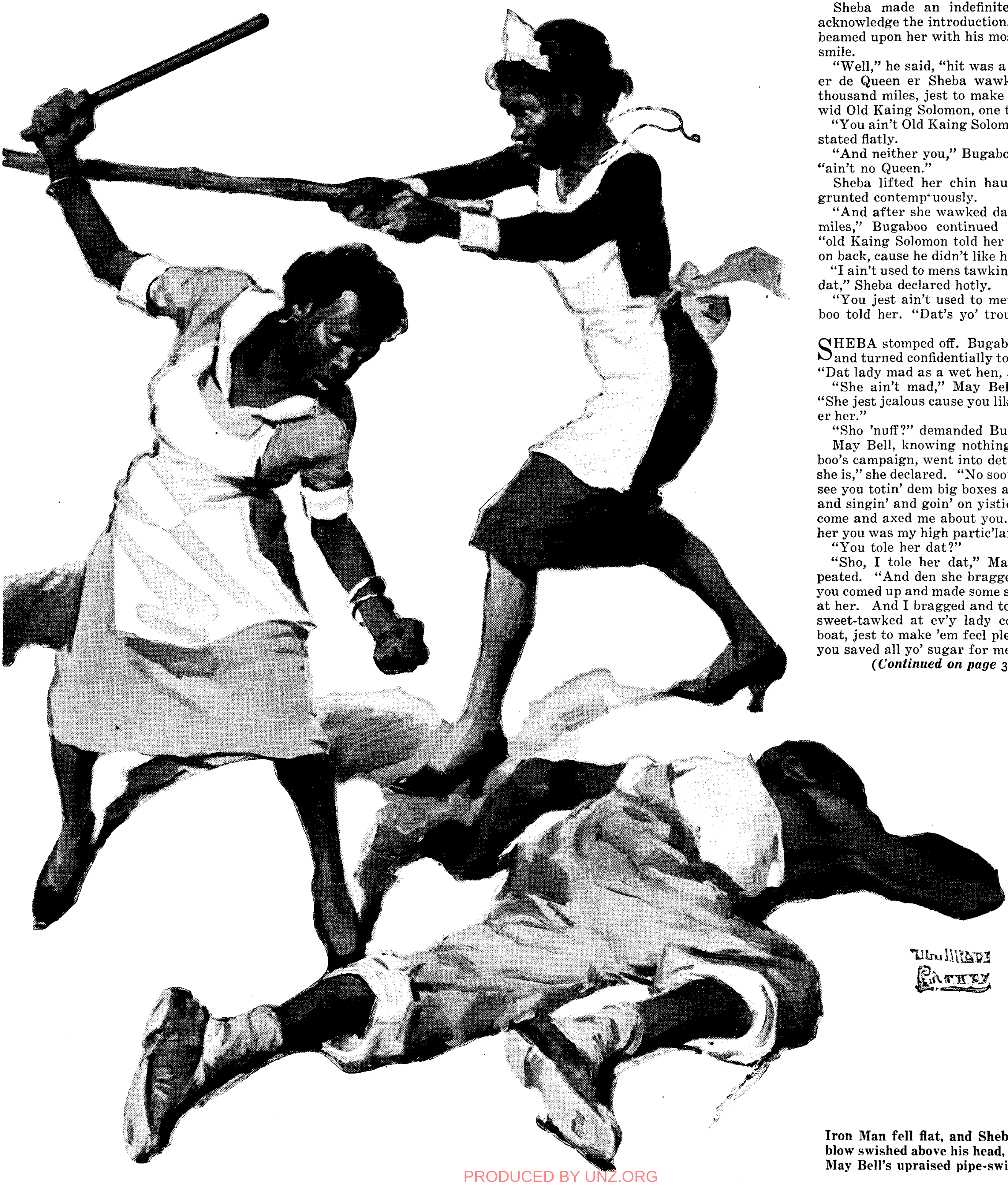
"Sho 'nuff?" demanded Bugaboo.

May Bell, knowing nothing of Bugaboo's campaign, went into details. "Sho, she is," she declared. "No sooner did she see you totin' dem big boxes and dancin' and singin' and goin' on yistiddy, to she come and axed me about you. So I tole her you was my high partic'lar."

"You tole her dat?"

"Sho, I tole her dat," May Bell repeated. "And den she bragged and say you comed up and made some sweet tawk at her. And I bragged and tole her you sweet-tawked at ev'y lady come on de boat, jest to make 'em feel pleasant, but you saved all yo' sugar for me."

(Continued on page 35)



Iron Man fell flat, and Sheba's second blow swished above his head, landing on May Bell's upraised pipe-swinging arm

# Some Like it Wild

*For those who have rolled along all the roads, gaped at all the sights, seen all the national parks, there still are the national forests—151 of them, and you can have a home in any one of them, or, if you like it rough, just go pioneering*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN KABEL

## By Jim Marshall

ONE hundred years ago this summer, two American girls pushed a handcart 250 miles up one side of the Rocky Mountains and let it down 250 miles on the western slope. Both brides, they were dressed in the heavy, voluminous styles of the 1830's. Then, even more so than now, the high country gave the impression of being hastily, and even recklessly, constructed from oddments and spare parts left over from wilder sections of the globe. There were no roads or maps; no highway restaurants or direction signs.

It was the first time wheels ever had rolled over the Rockies and everybody said it couldn't be done. Especially by two eastern girls who had led sheltered lives and took their exercise periods by handing tea and cakes around drawing-rooms. But Narcissa Prentiss Whitman of Rushville, and Eliza Hart Spalding of Trenton, missionaries' brides, went ahead and did it. They were the first women pioneers on the Overland Route and their arrival in Fort Boise, Idaho, created a sensation.

So did the handcart.

As the years passed, thousands of women followed the trail afoot, but of late hiking has gone out of style. For one thing, you had to get off the paving and into the wild and untracked sections, which were a bit mussy. For another, it was fairly simple to get lost a couple of miles off the road—and in the mountain country they hunt for lost people only three days. After that, the lost people are presumed to be—and usually are—dead.

### Back to the Forest Trails

But today, with tourist tides setting westward once more, and highways, parks and standard "sights" becoming more and more congested, there is a reviving interest in the trails—thousands of miles of which are being discovered for the first time. It is easy, today, for any man or woman, however citified, to hike through the national forests—in a business suit or an afternoon frock, if they feel that way about it.

Although most Americans don't realize it, more than one-tenth of the country belongs to them in fee simple, to do pretty much as they like in. Divided up, it would give every grownup about five acres. Put together in one chunk it would make eight New York States or almost one Texas.

This huge area is divided up into federal and state forests and the great bulk of it lies west of the Mississippi in ten mountain and coast states. About a quarter of Idaho, for example, doesn't belong to Idaho at all, but to everybody in the country. You could put Maine down into the national forest reserves in Idaho and lose it. The whole of West Virginia could be hidden in Oregon's public forests.

There are 151 of these national playgrounds altogether. In them are scores of snowcapped peaks, thousands of lakes and streams and more miles of roads and trails than the forest service knows about, so rapidly have they grown in the past few years. It is possible, today, to travel for hundreds of miles over well-marked trails without ever seeing a highway, smelling gasoline fumes or coming suddenly upon a Hotte Dogge Stande.

All this may suggest a new idea in vacations, especially for people who want to Get Away from It All and see new things and find out how it feels to be away from manicures, shoeshining parlors, permanent waves and ice-cold pop for a few days.

The average city vacationist, of course, wonders if he'd get lost in a forest wilderness, tossed over hundreds of square miles of up-and-down country. And how do you get food and where do you sleep? Can you hunt and fish? Do you need a pack train?

What's all this you hear about no smoking in the forests? Suppose a man found a spot beside a waterfall or in a mountain meadow and wanted to build himself a summer home: How about it? Where do you get all the dope? And how do you get, by car, train, plane or bus, to the forests, in the first place?

Well, answering these questions as they come: You can't get lost if you stay on the trail, and it's hard to get off it, because there are familiar green-and-white signs, with the fir tree on them, every so often. You get food and sleeping quarters at forest camps, kept tidy by rangers. Hunting and fishing depend on local conditions, and the rangers will tell you yes or no and where. Most places, you don't need a pack train. Some areas are sometimes closed to smoking—depends on the weather. . . .

If you plan a forest vacation, or if you just figure you'd like a day or two on the trails during a motor trip, the first thing to do is decide which forest district you're likely to be in. Have a look at the map, and then write to the District Forester nearest your chosen stamping ground. These district foresters are located in Missoula, Montana; Denver, Colorado; Albuquerque, New Mexico; Ogden, Utah; San Francisco, California; Portland, Oregon; Washington, D. C., and Juneau, Alaska. Ask what you want to know and you'll get the information and maps, promptly and courteously.

Each forest is divided into sections and for each section there is a folder or booklet, with a good detail map showing ranger stations, stores, lookout towers, roads, trails and fish and game localities. Since there are thousands of these booklets, let's take a typical one and see what it contains. It's for the White River and Naches Pass ranger districts in the Snoqualmie National Forest on the slopes of Mount Rainier, Washington State. It is used merely as an example.

### You Can't Go Wrong

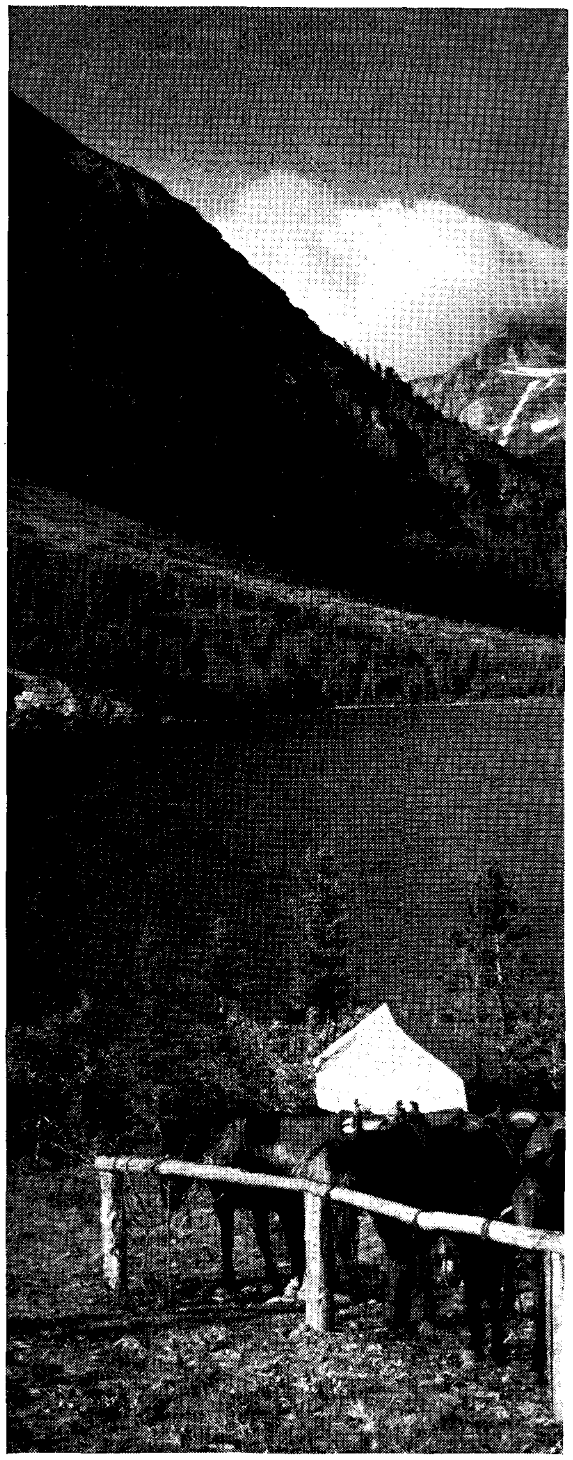
First, the booklet tells you just where the area is and how to get to it on the highway. It gives a description of the district and tells what's interesting. In this particular district it's mountain scenery, rushing rivers, historical associations and a chance to study botany, if you like that. All sorts of growing things, from the evergreen of the rain forests to the sagebrush of the desert, are included.

There is a complete mileage table, showing distances from the nearest cities to the various forest camps and stations. You can't go wrong getting to the place.

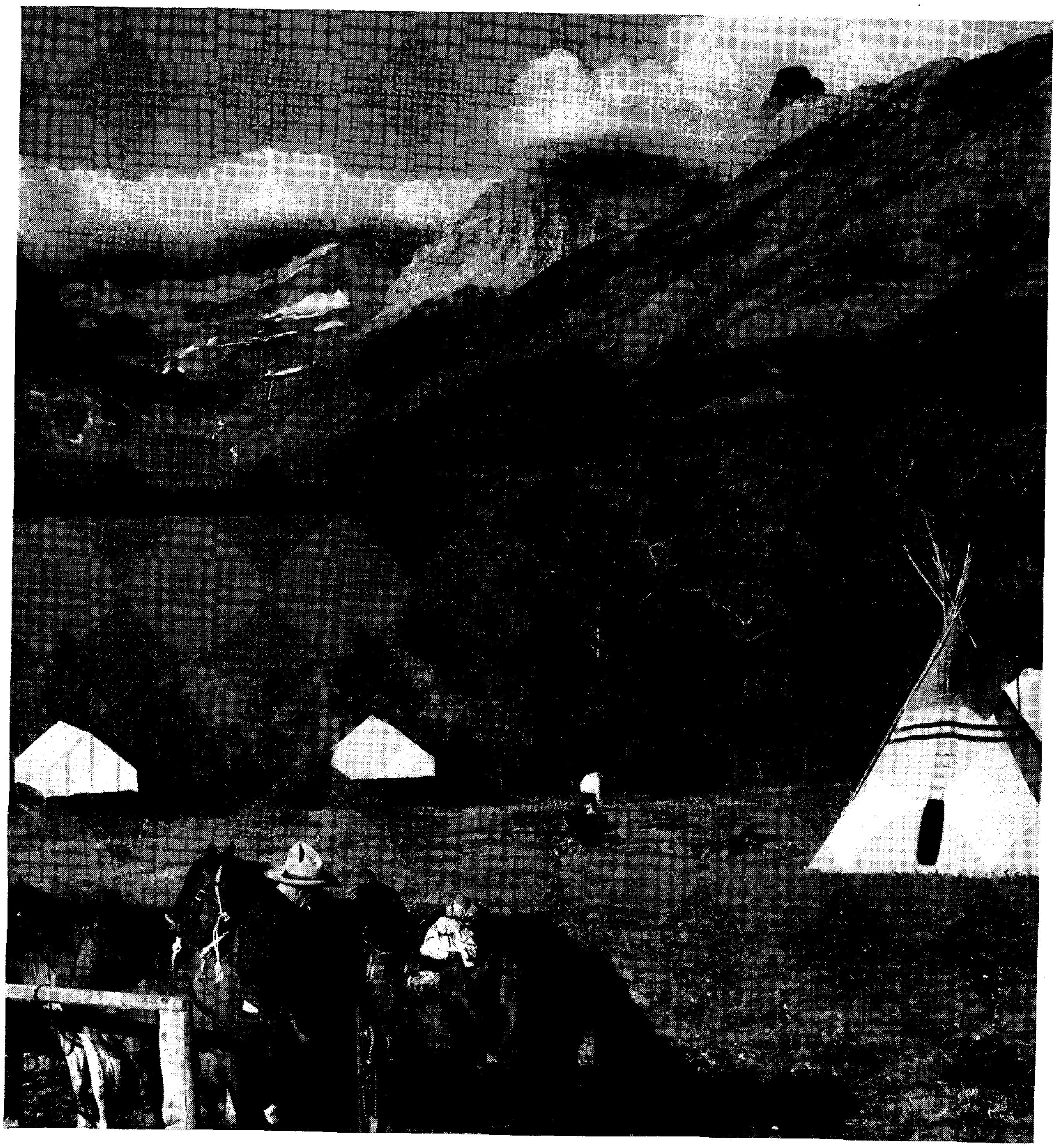
The forest service has developed free camping spots where fire permits aren't necessary. Several of the main camping areas—in this and every forest—have free community kitchens, picnic spots and sanitary arrangements. In this district there are about twenty such places, with such romantic names as Thunder Bridge, Hell's Crossing, Pleasant Valley and Boulder Cave.

About three hundred city folks from near-by towns have summer homes in this district—there are thousands of them in other forests. Like one? Sure, you can have one: It's your forest. A lease for a few acres costs fifteen dollars a year, no taxes. The ranger will show you the choice spots if you ask him. The service will even provide plans for your cottage and show you where to get suitable logs to build it; help develop your water supply and sanitary arrangements. The service will see, too, that you get good neighbors and that the place doesn't become slummy. No one will be allowed to spoil the place with architectural atrocities or "improvements" that don't fit in, either.

Well, you've chosen your forest, got your booklets and maps, and



**California's Giant Redwoods are an impressive item in the catalog of free thrills for the off-the-trail vacationer**



Crosby Lake, in Glacier National Park, is only one of the rugged beauty spots that are open to all American visitors

found your way along the highway to the ranger station at the entrance to the reserve. Here you see the tree-bearing green shield that you'll become familiar with as the trademark of the forest service. Register at the station and ask all the questions you want. The lads are willing and they know their business. They will tell you of the best camping spots, let you pore over large-scale maps, tell you how the trails are, where the fish are biting and where you can get a glimpse of bear or some deer.

Probably they'll ask, too, if you have an axe, a shovel and a gallon water container. You have to have these, in some areas, for your own protection. There's a catch in the axe and shovel stuff, though. At first, the rules merely said that travelers had to carry them in fire areas. Being a resourceful people, a lot of Americans got by with a toy tomahawk and the sort of shovel little Emily uses to make mud pies with.

So now the regulations call for a 26-inch axe and a 36-inch shovel with an eight-inch blade. Don't balk at that axe for camping, either—it's a lot safer than a small hand axe, with which you can cut a nice chunk out of your kneecap at a timberline camp thirteen miles from the highway.

## Leave it to the Forest Service

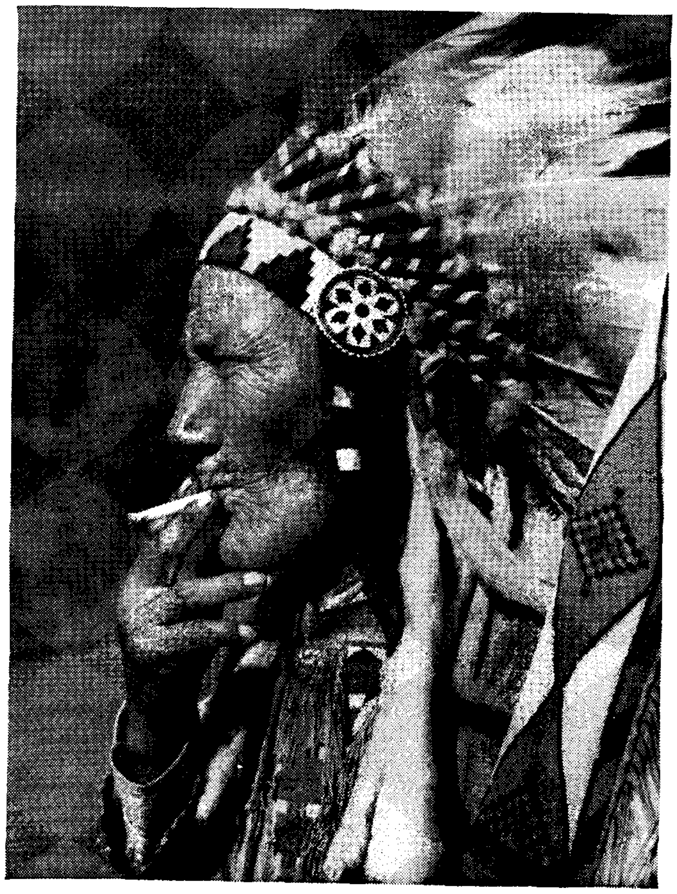
Anyway, from the ranger station you drive your car into the camping site, outspan and snug down for the night. Next morning, the booklet or the ranger will tell you about hiking trips, picnic spots, hidden lakes and the best way up the nearest peaks. He'll also tell you about smoking, too. And campfires. If you turn over a campfire to another party of tourists, get their names and addresses, he'll advise. You wouldn't think of that, maybe—but if the folks coming after you are careless and let their fire get into the timber, it gives you a grand alibi. And they're harsh, out West, on fire-spreaders.

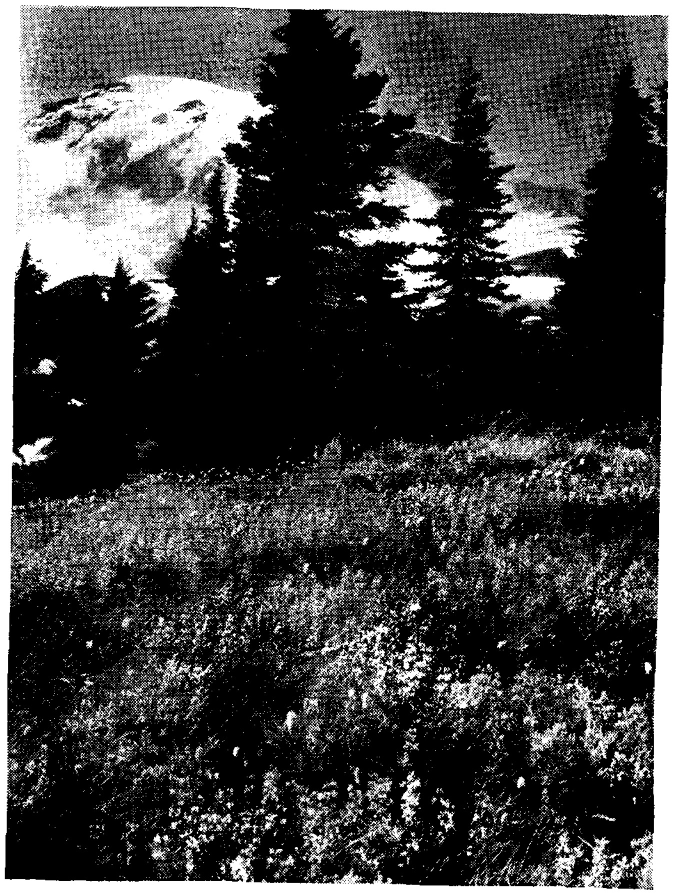
Probably, in the district you're exploring, there'll be from a dozen to fifteen camp sites, from five to ten miles away from the highway. There's one on a mountain top, the booklet shows, with "an overnight shelter, fireplace and good spring water." You'll have to pack blankets and food—and don't forget your fire permit. . . . But, didn't you always want to see a sunrise from a mountain peak?

At another camp site, there'll be good bass fishing, a bathing beach, wading spots for the kids, picnic grounds—but no drinking water. Take along the water can, or bag. Maybe if it weren't for the forest service, you'd be caught waterless, or drink bad water and suffer for it for a long time. Stay with the service, heed its advice, and you're all right—and it won't bother you, either, if you want to be left alone.

As you go along a forest trail, perhaps you'll see a tiny white dot at the top of a peak. That's a forest fire lookout station. Grand views up there—but maybe, you think, the fire lookout doesn't want to be bothered. . . . Sure, he likes visitors. Climb on up and see the country, spread out like a map below. Five thousand, six thousand feet up. Take it easy. The trail's good and you don't have to be back at the office today. Climbing, tramp fifteen minutes and

(*Continued on page* 83)



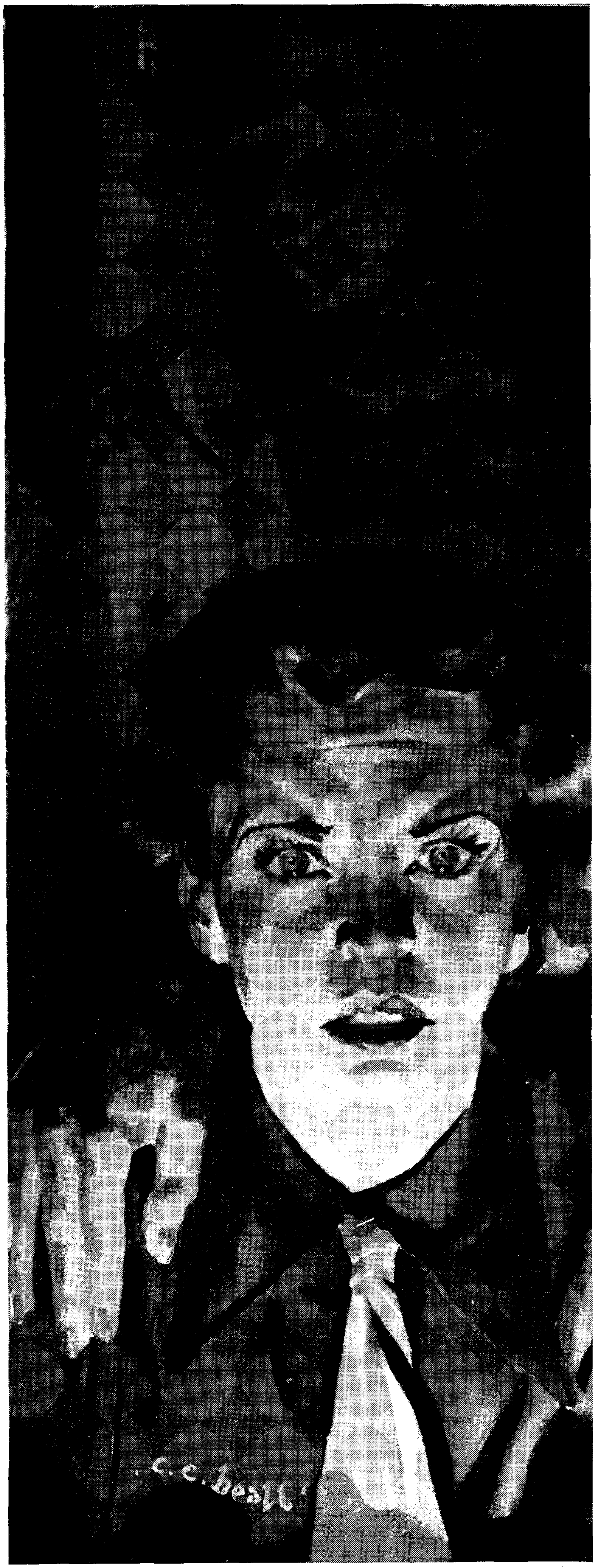


A chief of the Blackfeet tribe, and an idyllic spot in Glacier National Park in Montana

# The Invisible President

## By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



Moya had not spoken for more than an hour. Her lips were parched, her eyes burning; she quivered as he held her against him

*The Story Thus Far:*

WITH the intention of seizing the reins of government in America, Dr. Fu Manchu, most dangerous of all the world's criminals, establishes his headquarters high up in a great New York skyscraper. Among his aides are: Lola Dumas and Moya Adair, both talented and beautiful; Sam Pak, a wise old Chinaman; and Paul Salvaletti, who, if all goes well, is to be pushed into the presidential seat in Washington.

Hesitating at nothing, the "Doctor" eliminates Harvey Bragg, one of the presidential candidates, by murdering him; and he kills, or tries to kill, everyone who stands in his way. The public knows nothing of his activities. Two men, however, are trailing him: Sir Denis Nayland Smith, of Scotland Yard, and Captain Mark Hepburn, an American. Unknown to him, Hepburn has succeeded in winning the love of Moya Adair, who is serving the master criminal unwillingly.

With bits of evidence collected here and there, Smith and Hepburn trap Fu Manchu in Chinatown. But the Doctor, an amazingly resourceful man, makes his escape. Aware that he makes his headquarters in an uptown building, the two operatives resolve to find that building. And find it they do—not, however, until Fu Manchu has almost succeeded in bringing about Smith's death by hypnotizing Hepburn and "suggesting" that he kill his friend.

Together, Smith and Hepburn search the huge edifice where, they are certain, the man they want is hiding. At the very summit, they find Fu Manchu's secret suite—it is empty, their quarry has flown!

They feel sure, though, that the Oriental cannot be far away; and, searching for him, they find him—in a near-by room, from which he addresses them through a window made of bullet-proof glass. He informs them that the next President of the United States will be—*Paul Salvaletti.* He informs them that he is on the verge of setting up his empire, and that of Si-Fan, a notorious secret society which covers the entire globe, here in America. Then: "I am placing a small apparatus on the floor of this room. It will explode in about one hundred and twenty seconds; it will destroy the entire tower. Goodby."

He steps back from the window, disappears. Near Hepburn and Smith is a lightning conductor—it is their one chance for escape. Hepburn points to it. "God help us!" Smith whispers. "*Will it bear a man's weight?*"

### XI

"THE history of America," said the abbot of The Holy Thorn, "has acquired several surprising chapters since our last meeting, Sir Denis."

Nayland Smith, standing at the window of the abbot's high-set study, staring out at a sun-bathed prospect, turned slightly and nodded. Every detail of his former visit had recurred in his memory. And at this hour, while the fate of the United States hung in the balance, he was really no nearer to success than on the night when first he had entered this room! His brier pipe was fuming like a furnace. Abbot Donegal lighted another cigarette. . . .

The explosion at the Stratton Building in New York was already ancient history. Amid the feverish excitement now sweeping the country, a piece of news must be sensational indeed to survive for longer than forty-eight hours.

Fragments of the dome had fallen at almost incredible distances from the scene of the explosion. The huge building had rocked upon its foundations, great gaps appearing in the masonry. The firemen, faced with a number of problems unique in their experience, had worked like demons. The total loss was difficult to compute, but, miraculously, there had been few serious casualties.

Their descent of the dome by means of the lightning conductor was a thing to haunt a man's dreams; but Smith and Hepburn had accomplished it. Then had come that race along the narrow parapet to the window of the office occupied by the police party; finally, a wild dash down the stairs—for the elevator could not accommodate all. . . .

The mystery of the origin of the explosion had not been publicly explained to this day.

"Those amazing financial resources controlled by Salvaletti," said the abbot, "have enabled him to make heavy inroads. He has stolen many of my converts: The Brotherhood of National Equality has suffered. My poor friend Orwin Prescott, as you know, has set out upon a world cruise. This most damnable campaign, this secret poisoning, unlike anything the world has known since the days of the Borgias, has wrecked that fine career. The other victims are countless. I doubt, Sir Denis, if even you know their number."

"ON SEVERAL occasions," Smith replied grimly, "I have narrowly escaped being added to their number. You also, Dom Patrick, have had an unpleasant experience, of which I need not remind you. Your reference on the radio last night to certain secret stirrings in the Asiatic colonies throughout the states created a profound sensation. It resulted in my presence here today. . . ." He rested his hands on the table, looking into the upraised eyes of the abbot. "Only because you have been silent have you remained immune so long."

"That silence had to be broken," said the priest sternly.

"I should have preferred that you awaited the word from me," said Nayland Smith, standing upright and beginning to pace the floor. "I have insufficient men at my disposal for the work of protection they are called upon to do. Washington, you know as well as I, is an armed camp. The country is in a state of feverish unrest, unparalleled even in war time. Big names, now, are deserting to the enemy!"

"I am painfully aware of the fact, Sir Denis," the abbot replied sadly. "But I am informed that the circumstances under which some of these desertions took place have been peculiar."

He stared in an odd way at Nayland Smith.

"Your information is correct! Cruel forms of coercion have been employed in many instances. And the purpose of my visit is this—" he paused before the desk at which the abbot was seated: "You intimated that you intended to touch upon this phase of the campaign in your next address on Wednesday night. You implied that other revelations were to follow. As a result of those words, Dom Patrick Donegal, your life at this moment is in grave danger. I ask you as man to man—how much do you know? What do you intend to say?"

The abbot, his chin resting on an upraised hand, stared unseeingly before him. He resembled the figure of some medieval monk, who out of the reluctant ether sought to conjure up the Great Secret. Nayland Smith watched him silently.

He had real respect for Patrick Donegal, and despite the slightness of their acquaintance, something resembling

(Continued on page 60)

# The Same

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# International Trucks

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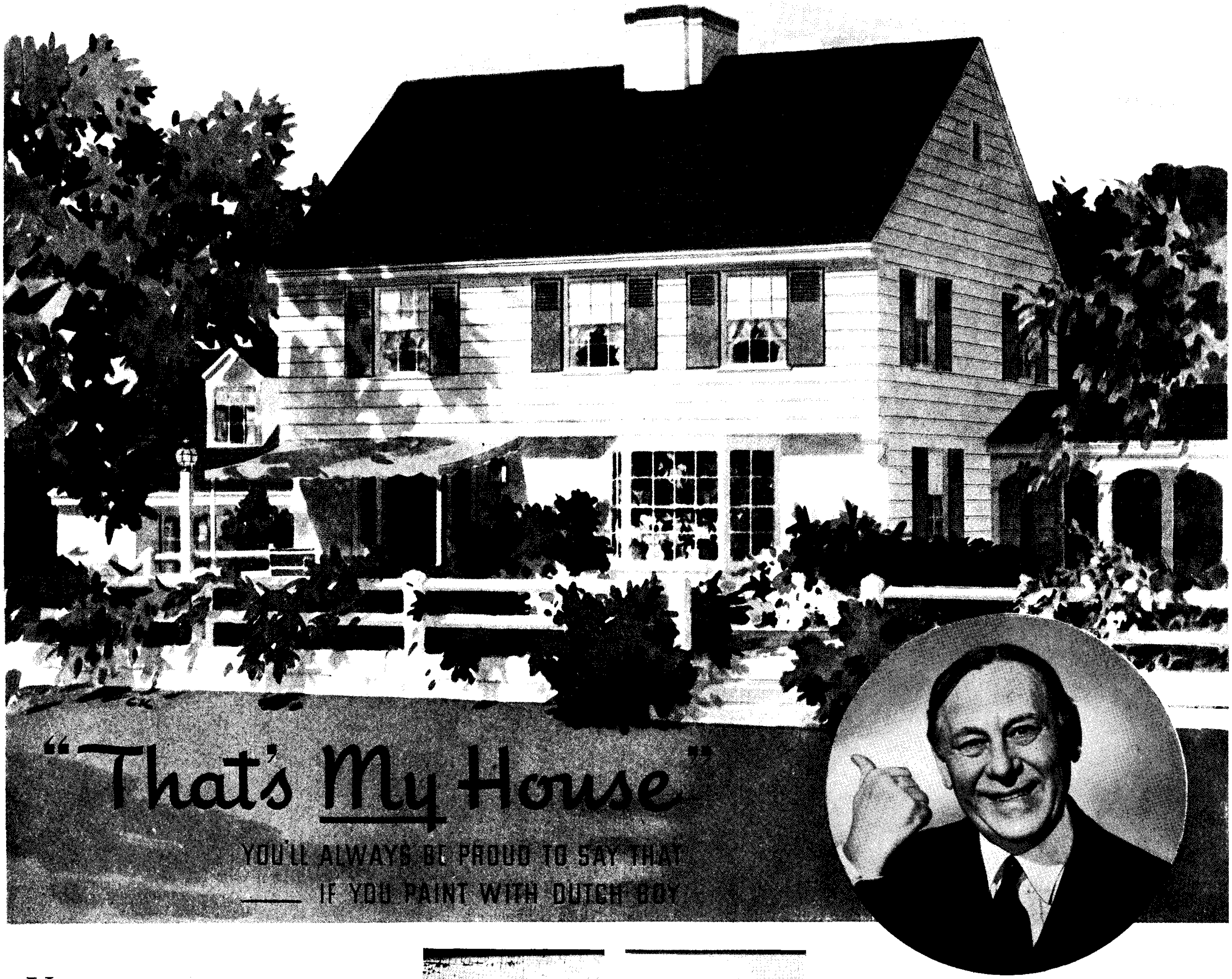
INTERNATIONAL

Illustration: *International Dual-Drive Six-Wheel Truck, Model C-55-F, maximum carrying capacity 23,000 lbs. International Six-Wheelers, Dual-Drive and Trailing-Axle, range from 11,400 lbs. up. Wheelbase lengths 168 to 244 in., permitting bodies for a wide variety of application.*

INTERNATIONAL

**INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS**


"That's My House"
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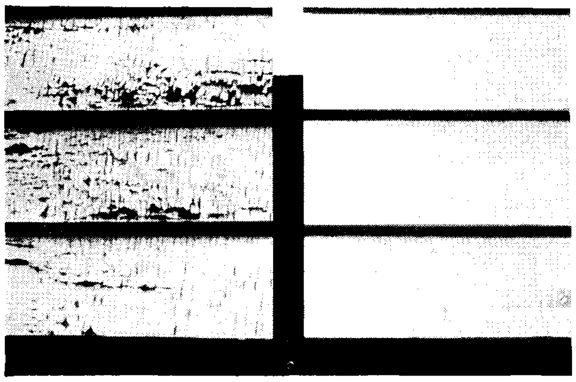
And, then, when the time comes to repaint and you figure out what Dutch Boy costs per year, you've cause for pride again. You've spent less — much less — than the neighbor who used "cheap" paint, only to be humiliated by seeing it quickly disfigure his house and disgusted by having to do the job over so soon.

The photographs in the center tell a typical story of the difference between "cheap" paint and Dutch Boy. Your painter knows this difference. By experience. The durability of Dutch Boy always backs up his reputation. Then, too, he can mix it to suit the requirements of your particular job and tint it to the exact color you specify. No one knows paint like a painter.



**"CHEAP" PAINT**

*After a few months. A short life and a sad one. Now the surface must be repainted. But first the old paint must be burned off and then an extra coat — a new priming coat — applied. All this is expense the owner never figured on.*

**DUTCH BOY**

*After several years. Same location as "cheap" paint job. Look at the difference in condition. No cracking and scaling here. When repaint time does come, no burning and scraping and no new priming coat will be needed.*

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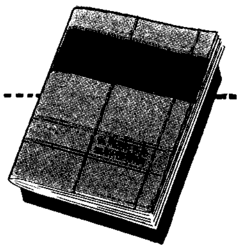

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## Dutch Boy White Lead

GOOD PAINT'S OTHER NAME

# The Oxford Manner

## By T. R. Ybarra

With a pleased smile, Mr. Eden leaves Berlin after a series of conferences with Reichsfuehrer Hitler

The world's affairs wait as Mr. Eden dashes from the League Building in Geneva for a tennis game

THERE is a sudden flutter in the long, bare corridor of the League of Nations building, on the shore of Geneva's gray and misty lake. Photographers, a moment ago chatting carelessly outside the entrance, poise their cameras. Journalists from a score of countries form in eager groups around the top of the steep stairway which leads up to the corridor from the big entrance hall below. Even the damsel in charge of the news counter, most matter-of-fact of Swiss businesswomen, looks up inquisitively. And the bartender, for whom the League's home team of celebrities, as well as all celebrities from out of town, are an old, old story, pauses in the mixing of one of the many cocktails of his invention.

No such thrill ran through the building a few minutes ago when Monsieur Pierre-Etienne Flandin, French Foreign Minister—bulky, broad and smiling—labored up the stairway; nor when his side partner, Monsieur Paul Boncour, France's permanent delegate to the League, poked through the door his leonine head and silvery mane; nor when delegates and officials of varying degrees of importance put in their first appearance of the day. But now it is different.

Journalists step forward aggressively. Delegates and officials put on their best history-in-the-making expressions. Cameras click in chorus. For, you see, Mr. Anthony Eden has arrived. Britain's youthful Foreign Secretary, archchampion of League sanctions against Italy, archenemy of Benito Mussolini's dreams of Mediterranean expansion and Abyssinian conquest, pet of the world's idealists and butt of the world's cynics, is coming up the stairs.

Smiling pleasantly, with a slight touch of embarrassment—a model of sartorial elegance, with trousers faultlessly creased and shoes flawlessly polished—tall and rangy, with a stoop of the shoulders more appropriate to a man in his sixties than to one in his thirties—moving with a sort of angular grace and a curious side-to-side gait—the youngest British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs since that youthful prodigy of a century ago, William Pitt, walks rapidly past cameramen and newspapermen, delegates and officials and casual visitors, to disappear into the room where the thorny question of anti-Italian sanctions is again scheduled for discussion. As the door closes behind him there is a buzz of excited comment.

"Beautiful!" sighs a susceptible female.

"Fashion plate!" growls a hard-boiled male.

Photographers again chat carelessly. Journalists unfold morning papers. The damsel at the news counter unpacks a batch of fresh magazines. The bartender pours and mixes and shakes. Quiet settles on the bare corridor and the steep stairway and the big entrance hall.

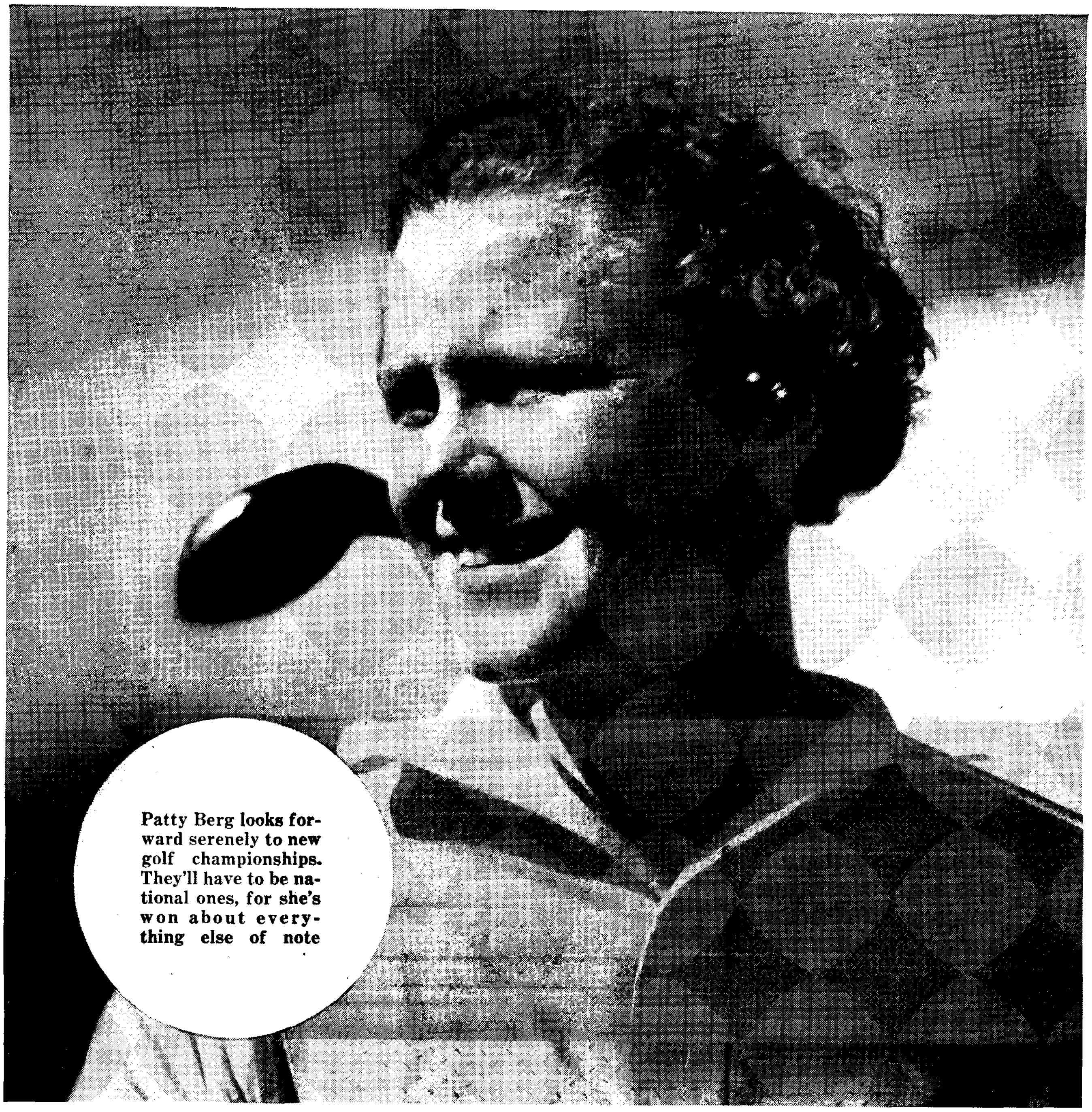
After a while Monsieur Pierre-Etienne Flandin emerges from the council room—bulky, broad and worried. He is followed by Paul Boncour, giving to some everyday remark the gesticulatory trappings of a formal oration. He is almost ignored. Then, suddenly, journalistic shock troops hurriedly form once more.

(*Continued on page* 46)

# So She Took Up Golf

## By Quentin Reynolds

*"Nice girls don't play football," Poppa Berg told his daughter. So he gave her some golf clubs. That was five years ago. Today at eighteen Patty Berg is golf's newest and most attractive sensation. But to her golf's still just a game*



**Patty Berg looks forward serenely to new golf championships. They'll have to be national ones, for she's won about everything else of note**

PATTY was going great and so was her father but I never thought that Tuxedo would last until the last hole. Tuxedo is a small white dog and he was being carried around by Poppa Berg. On the sixth hole Patty tried boldly for a long putt and as the ball went along the green with agonizing slowness Poppa Berg gripped the little dog hard in his excitement. The ball dropped and Poppa Berg, sighing audibly with relief, released the dog.

This was during the final round of the Miami Biltmore Woman's Golf Championship and Patty Berg, golf's latest, youngest and most attractive sensation, was having a hard tussle with Marion Miley of Lexington, Kentucky. The final was a 36-hole affair and Patty came through all right to win 4 and 3. When she sank her last putt she smiled and she looked as fresh and as relaxed as when she had started the long trip. Poppa Berg, who follows all of her matches, was staggering with exhaustion and little Tuxedo looked as though he had been put through a wringing machine.

When the match was finished Poppa Berg sank into a chair and mopped his perspiring brow. He put the little dog on the ground and the pup wobbled away, looking for Patty. He seemed to sense that Patty had won and that he had done his part in helping. When she gathered him up and pressed her freckled face close to him he forgot the ordeal of the 36 holes and beamed proudly.

The golfing triumvirate of Patty Berg, Poppa Berg and Tuxedo has marched serenely through all opposition this year and the golfing experts are now tagging Patty as the greatest woman golfing prospect to appear in years. Patty seems to have all the earmarks of a real champion and when she does hit the top, as she may well do this September when the Woman's National Championship is held, she will be a welcome addition to the family of champions.

Meet Patricia Jane Berg—you might as well, because from now on you'll be hearing a great deal about her. She is an eighteen-year-old, freckled-faced kid, but Gene Sarazen says, "She is the boldest woman putter I have ever seen in my life." She has a cute snub nose and she has red hair but Johnny Revolta says, "When she hits a ball she knows where it is going. Her whole game is well-rounded and she hasn't a single weakness. She plays with the confidence and finesse of an experienced professional."

### She's Got What It Takes

Patty is a tomboy who only lately and reluctantly relinquished playing football and baseball with the boys, but O. B. Keeler, one of the most astute golfing writers in our land, says, "She has the greatest competitive temperament I have ever seen in any athlete. She has what Bobby Jones had and she has what Gene Tunney had and she has only been playing golf three years."

When Patricia Jane Berg was thirteen years old she was the darnedest tomboy Minneapolis ever saw. She played halfback on a boys' football team and night after night she'd come home to dinner with her dresses mud-caked and torn.

"A fine thing," her father, Herman L. Berg, would snort, but he couldn't help but be proud of this sturdy youngster who held her own in boys' games. She played shortstop on a boys' baseball team too, and he liked that better, for Poppa Berg had been a ballplayer himself.

"She had a great arm, too," he says proudly when you ask him about those days. "She threw strikes to the first baseman every time."

Finally Mrs. Berg called a halt. Patty didn't have a whole dress to her name or, do you say, to her back? As fast as she bought new dresses for Patty just as fast would Patty ruin them.

"Make her take up some game that isn't so hard on clothes," Mrs. Berg urged her husband, as mothers have urged since time immemorial.

"I used to play a game called golf," Poppa Berg mused. "Whatever became of my clubs?"

"They're down in the cellar where they've been for years," she told him.

He investigated and found four rusty old clubs. He took a saw and cut eight or nine inches off the length of each and gave them to Patty. Would she try golf? Sure, she'd try golf. She'd try any game once. Golf seemed kind of a sissy game but she'd give it a whirl.

Within three months she was playing in the nineties. Within three months such experienced professionals as Willie Kidd and Jim Pringle were staring at this youngster in astonishment and teaching her a few things. Their golf-wise eyes saw something in her game that lesser golfers might have missed. They saw a fundamental soundness, a sure certain grasp of the way to do things, a deftness in putting that can never be acquired but that you must have to begin with if you are to attain golfing greatness.

### A Natural Bent for Sports

They knew that she was that rarity—a natural athlete. Now and then one comes along so gifted that experience and perfection of technique are not necessary to ultimate success. Patty Berg is such a one. She just has a natural aptitude for sport—any sport. Why, two years ago they held the National Amateur speed skating championships in Minneapolis and just for the fun of it Patty entered. She had never had a pair of speed skates on in her life. But she practiced a few days and finished second in the finals. She seemed to know things instinctively which other youngsters had to learn.

This was true in golf. The chief fault of young golfers, even young golfers who have built their game well, is to tighten up on the putting green in tournament play. There are thousands

(Continued on page 86)

# *STARTING causes 3/4 of your engine's wear*

## The result of today's "stop-and-go" driving . . .
## but now a new oil CHECKS THIS WEAR

YOU step on the starter 10 times a day . . . 3,500 times a year (business cars are started 15,000 times). *Instantly* over 100 metal parts rub together!

If your engine is cold—and the oil is too thick (like molasses)—it cannot flow quickly enough to reach all these moving parts.

**As a result, your engine often runs comparatively "dry" for a few seconds. This starting period, say automotive engineers, causes approximately 75% of engine wear.**

Is it any wonder that motors lose their quiet, new-car "purr". . . that hundreds of thousands of cars each year need new piston rings? Re-bored cylinders? New bearings? And other repairs costing from $10 to $100?

This is why leading motor car manufacturers urge the use of *faster-flowing* lubricating oils. "But," they warn, "these oils must not *break down* under the heat of steady running."

And so, at a cost of over $3,000,000, Shell has developed a new oil—an oil *especially made* for today's "stop-and-go" driving.

* * *

The new Golden Shell Motor Oil is FAST-FLOWING and yet TOUGH . . . so that it lubricates quickly in starting, yet under high heat Golden Shell holds its body and resists breaking down into sludge and carbon.

**Detroit automotive engineers . . . leading oil technicians . . . and professors in large American universities, assert that the process behind the new Golden Shell Motor Oil is the most important advance in oil refining during the last 25 years.**

Start protecting your engine with Golden Shell *today*. Now ready at over 30,000 neighborly Shell stations from coast to coast.

# Shock-Proof Lady

## By Margaret Case Harriman

*The more the girls want to take off the more Mrs. Bert Schnurer, plump and motherly, aids and abets them. Meet one of the chief instigators of any of those scanty beach suits you'll be wearing this year*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

Left: The young lady wears a two-piece beach suit that stops short in the middle

Below: Waiting in the showroom to model a little bare-backed, front-button dress

ALONG about June the cops on the beaches begin to get cold beads on their foreheads. This is the season when inevitably a young lady will start walking down from the bathhouse dressed in something which to a cop can look like nothing but original sin.

If the cop is a nice kindly officer, he'll say:

"Lady . . . *Please;* go back and get something on."

If it's a tough cop, hardened by other summers, he'll say:

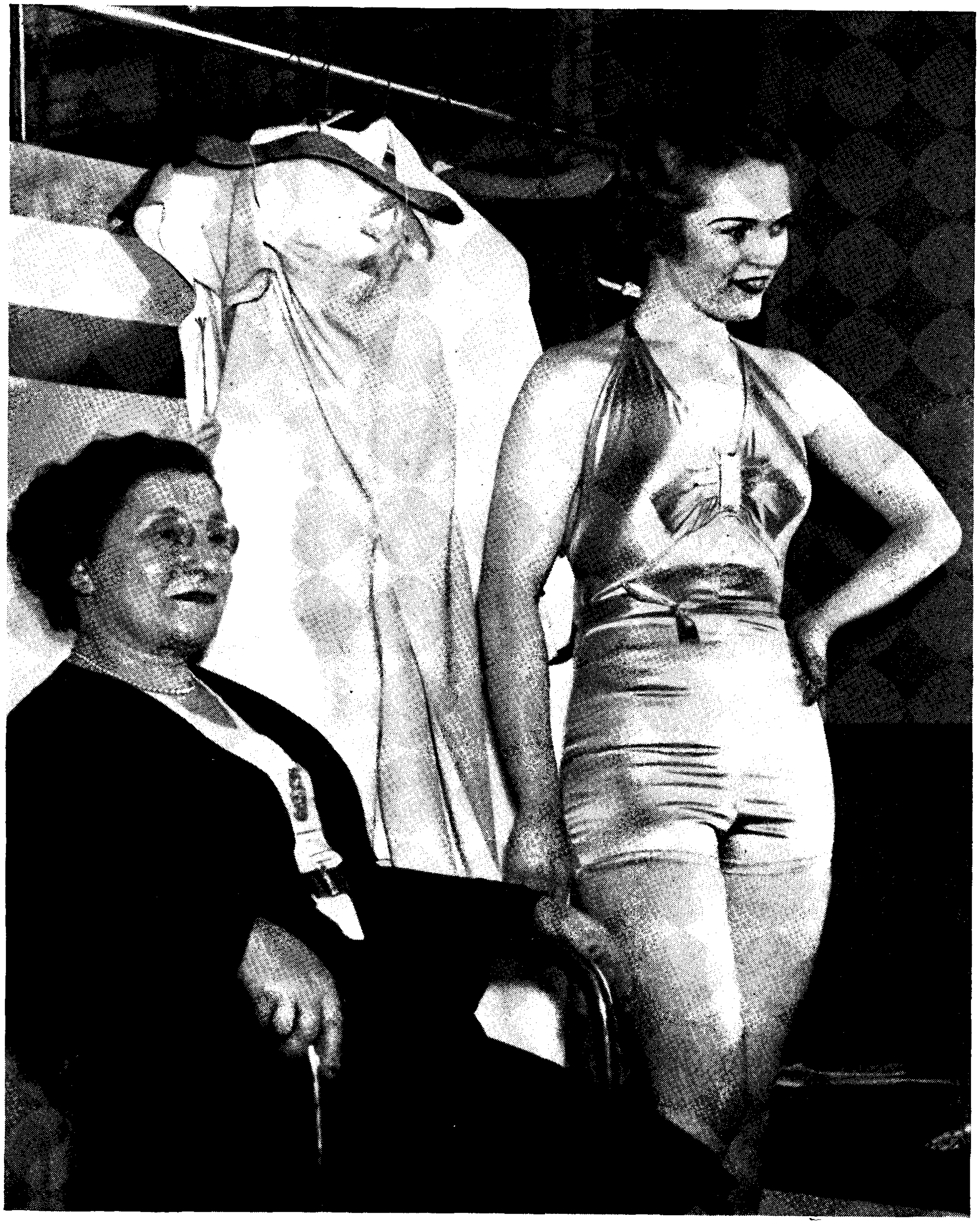
"*You* . . . What's the idea? Where d'ye think you are? You want to get run in?"

The steady progress of the bathing suit from the days of ruffles and long bloomers has been a source of despair to these moral guardians. As a matter of fact one of the women responsible for it is, in appearance, a little like a policeman's idea of Mother Machree.

She is Mrs. Bert Schnurer, designer and manufacturer of bathing suits, a plump and benign lady with graying hair and steel-rimmed glasses, who wears a knitted jacket when she putters around her workroom on drafty days, and whose life is oddly dedicated to persuading other women to take off as many clothes in public as possible.

No new notion for a bathing suit is too daring for Mrs. Schnurer to consider. Every summer she goes abroad for six weeks to make the tour of spectacular European resorts from Deauville to Cannes and, sitting or strolling among the crowds—a mousy little figure with quick eyes—she looks over each brief and possibly outrageous number that appears on the beaches. She has an open mind, an uncanny eye for what will please the American public and a gift for producing it at prices which women are willing to pay. The bright, exacting image of the average American woman—a creature whose needs are sometimes whimsical—seldom leaves her mind. For instance, her most recent success, the culotte, was originally made with its divided skirt cut straight up and down and closely fitting—a silhouette which Mrs. Schnurer saw might be unfortunate for the armies of women whose shapes were less than perfect below the waistline in back. She changed the legs to a circular cut, concealing all possible

(*Continued on page* 96)



Mrs. Bert Schnurer sits proudly beside one of her prize winners of the season, the satin lastex bathing suit—a slick bit of flattery

# A laxative is not enough . . . you must COMBAT ACIDITY, too

JANE, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. MY LAXATIVE WORKED, YET I STILL FEEL ALL IN. WHILE YOU . . .
I TOOK SAL HEPATICA, MY DEAR. IT'S NOT ONLY A LAXATIVE BUT IT HELPS CORRECT ACIDITY. I FEEL GREAT!

# Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

HERE'S something you should know.

Constipation often swings your system toward an unhealthy, unsafe acidity. And though ordinary laxatives may rid your intestines of the wastes that have accumulated, they do nothing to correct acidity.

Your headaches . . . dullness . . . linger. You have a constipation hangover.

But try Sal Hepatica. This mineral salt laxative not only flushes out the intestinal tract—quickly, gently, thoroughly—but it combats acidity, too. Sal Hepatica brings about a definite alkaline (anti-acid) reaction, to help your system return to its normal alkaline reserve.

No wonder you soon feel better—more in tune with the world. No wonder millions of people are turning to Sal Hepatica for *"the smile of health"!* Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today.

* * *

**TUNE IN! Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight."** One full hour of music, drama, amateurs, sparkling fun. Every Wednesday night, over NBC Network, Coast to Coast.

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Effervescent
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THE MINERAL SALT LAXATIVE THAT ALSO COMBATS ACIDITY

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Still no Bite!

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**Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.**

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HALF AND HALF

*The Safe Pipe-Tobacco*

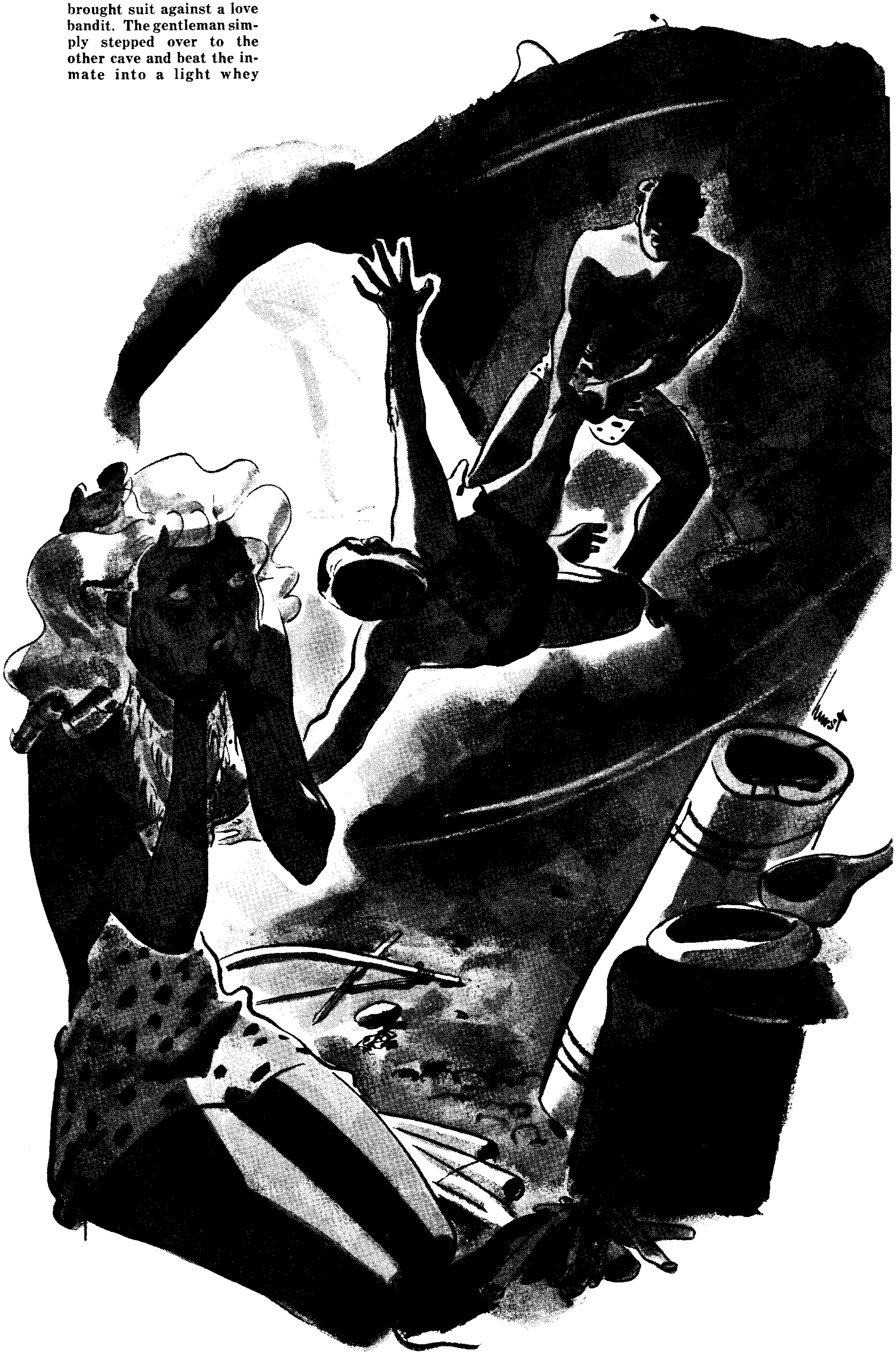
FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

# Before the Wedding

## By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

***The painful adventures of a young man named Alan who didn't feel like laughing when his best friend copped his girl***



In the cave days, nobody brought suit against a love bandit. The gentleman simply stepped over to the other cave and beat the inmate into a light whey

WHILE the train rolled on into town, bringing me back from my sojourn in the open spaces, I felt so good, I felt so jovial and beatific that I made up a song and hummed it to the pleasant clicking of the car wheels. It was a short song, as follows: "I'm going to see Maxine in thirty minutes; I'm going to see Maxine in half an hour; I'm going to see Maxine, oh, dum de dum dum, and hold her close beneath a rosy bower."

To be sure, there is not now and never was a rosy bower out at Maxine's place, but I needed a word to rhyme with "hour" and anyhow, I was in a happy mood and filled with ecstatic anticipations. I had gone three weeks without seeing the dear girl and it was a terrific strain. Nobody in town expected me for another week and so I was about to surprise the entire community, including Maxine and likewise Wally Wood, who is my closest pal, friend and understanding soul. Wally is really a prince. Tanned I was from the mountain sun, blooming with health, bursting with ambition, eager-eyed and in fine fettle all around. When the train stopped, I scuttled into a telephone booth and called up Maxine's home in the suburbs. She answered.

"Hello, darling," I cried. "Here I am, home again."

"Alan!" she exclaimed. "Hello—hello! Where are you?"

"In the railway station. I feel gorgeous and very strong. The vacation did wonders for me. I'll be up in about an hour and you can gaze upon my tanned and Hercules-like person."

Remember, I was addressing my own true sweetheart, the light of my life, a girl I had been going with, or keeping company as they say, for four years, three months, thirty days. I don't suppose that in those four blissful years, either of us had ever once thought of another person.

"Oh, Alan," she said in a sad voice, and at those words, I could feel something cold and clammy starting at the apex of my spine—"Oh, Alan, I'm so sorry."

"What are you sorry about, dearest?"

"I'm going out. I am leaving the house at once."

"You are! Who are you going out with?"

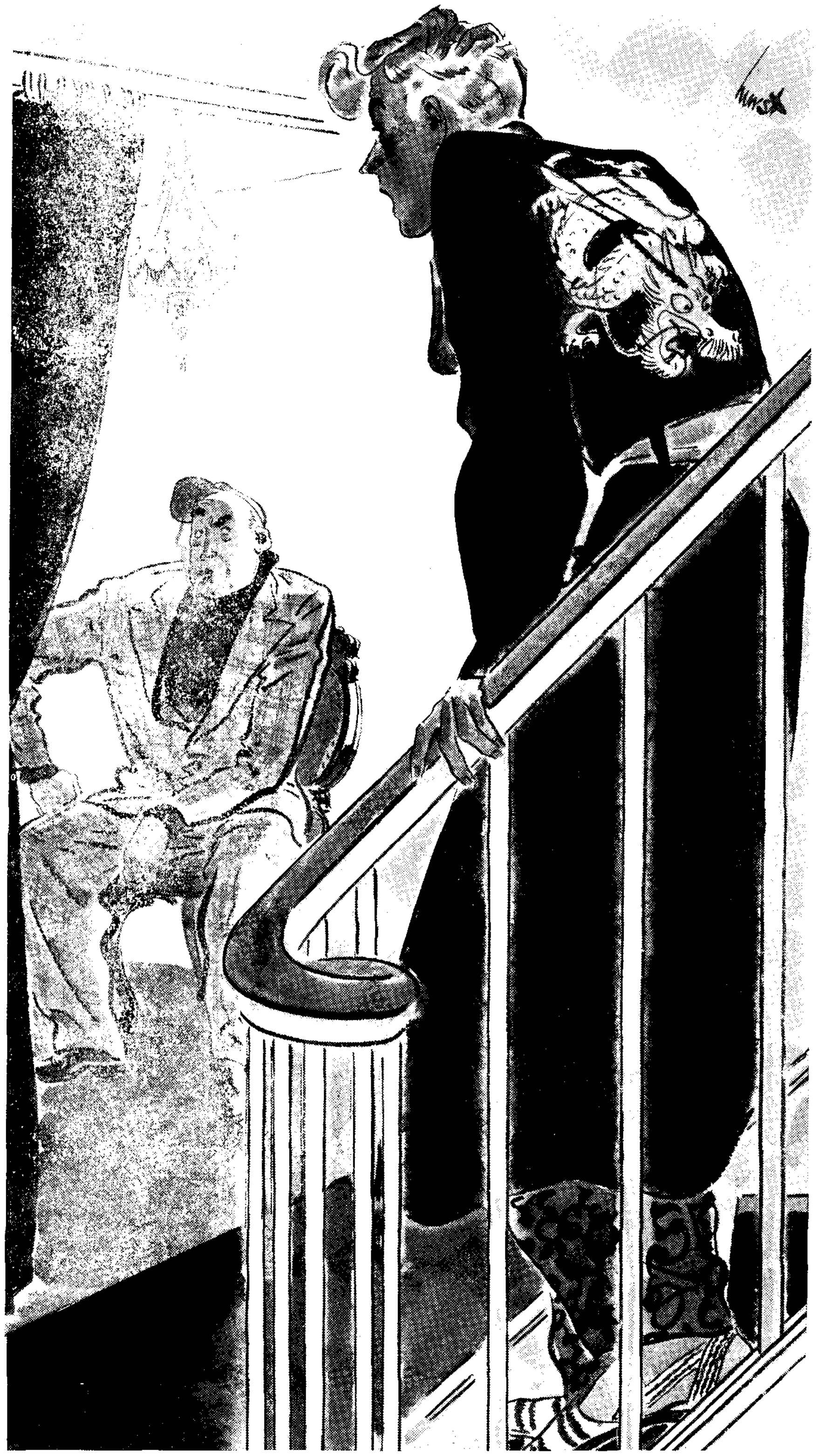
"Wally, of course."

"Wally!"

At this point, I raised my voice and my temperature likewise appeared to advance. As indicated, Wally is my closest friend, sharer of my joys and sorrows. It sounded utterly incredible, not that Maxine was going somewhere with Wally, but that such a going should be permitted to interfere with sweetheart and sweetheart.

"Wally!" I cried again, and this time more loudly, due to my astonishment.

"You needn't shout," said Maxine. "Wally has tickets for the horse show. Anyhow, we've been going everywhere together since you went away."



In the sitting-room sat one of the most repellent-looking strangers I have ever beheld. "Har you," he said, in a hoarse tone

"Isn't that just too ducky!" I replied. "I would call that a delightful little situation."

"Alan," she said, "I see no occasion whatever for sarcasm. Wally has been lovely to me."

"Oh, you don't, don't you? I go away at the definite request of you and Wally, who are worried about me. You send me far off to improve my health. I come home and what do I find? This. A mere horse show. It's ridiculous. It's absurd."

Before she could think of a reply, I hung up the telephone, gathered my bags and went gloomily out home, where Mrs. Murgatroyd received me warmly. Mrs. Murgatroyd is a corpulent widow lady, from whom I rent a suite of rather pleasant rooms.

"You're looking fine, Mr. Oldaker," she said. "Much healthier."

"I feel fine, too," I said. "For two cents I'd go and commit suicide."

I DROPPED unhappily into my easy chair and reviewed events, and as I gazed back, everything became crystal clear. The whole thing was a plot, a conspiracy, a scheme and the schemer was Wally Wood, the one man in the world I felt I could trust. I recalled vividly our final conversation, on the night before I started my four weeks' vacation. There we sat, on that occasion, in Zucca's Restaurant, the three of us, Wally, Maxine and me, and Wally displayed a singular interest in the state of my health. He said:

"Beginning on Monday, Alan, you are coming over to the gym with me, three times a week."

"Why should I do that?" I asked in all innocence.

"I have employed a new trainer, a perfect wizard. He will take you in hand, massage your weak spots, run you through helpful calisthenics and make a man of you."

"Nonsense. I couldn't stand having a hairy trainer shove me around. I don't like trainers."

"You are thin and pale. You look anemic. You can't even finish your spaghetti, which is the finest in town. You are slowly losing weight and something must be done about you, little man. Am I right, Maxine?"

She nodded vigorously.

"Lately, you have looked worn out, Alan," she said. "I've really been worried."

"There is nothing the matter with my health. It is true, I work hard at my calling and you, Wally, would be better off if you did the same."

"This new trainer of mine will put you through a rigid routine. He's a *newcomer to town and a marvel.* He'll make a man of you."

"I don't want to be the kind of man a trainer makes of me and I wish you would kindly desist. It's silly."

We continued the conversation for an hour or more, and they were plenty worried over me. Wally is definitely the strong, athletic type, swings Indian clubs before breakfast, jumps the rope, boxes with these loathsome trainers and eats with his mind on calories. He is forever changing trainers, although he requires no handler at all, as he is stronger than a window sash. My own notion is that trainers are for dogs, horses, elephants and seals, but not persons. Maxine listened with a worried frown, and I certainly did not desire to upset the dear girl. During the entire four years, I have been utterly devoted to her.

"WELL, then," Wally urged, "you'll have to go away somewhere and build back to health. You must stop work at once and recuperate. A long vacation is what you need."

"There's no doubt of it," Maxine agreed and as they both seemed so harassed, I gave in about eleven o'clock and said I would go away. I remember *a thought crept into my mind that night* at Zucca's—why not ask Maxine to marry me at once and make a honeymoon of it? This has occurred to me repeatedly in the last few years. I felt certain she would marry me, if I asked, as nothing has ever happened between us to make me feel otherwise.

"You'd better trot up to Silver Lake," Wally suggested. "It contains a sylvan lodge, pine trees, mountain trails and a lake to swim in. The food is gorgeous. Find a hammock and breathe the life-giving balsam air. Go to bed early and eat carrots."

"Consider it done," I said, paying the check. "I shall start for Silver Lake in the morning and remain four weeks in quiet seclusion."

So away I barged, remained three weeks and here I was, back again in my rooms at Mrs. Murgatroyd's and the whole ghastly plot spread before me. Wally Wood had deliberately shunted me out of town so that he might have a clear field with Maxine and take her about evenings.

The next morning, I surprised my office staff by appearing for work, but I remained low in my mind, found I could think of nothing but Maxine and telephoned her about noon, suggesting that *I take her somewhere in the evening.*

"I'm sorry," she said and I thought I detected a faint trace of chill in her tone. "I am going to the opera tonight."

"With Wally?"

"Yes, with Wally."

"Who has been so lovely to you during my absence," I said quietly and put the thing back on its hook. My whole world seemed to be coming down about my ears. It was impossible to believe that such a thing could be, and when I went out for lunch I was in a grim and bitter mood, and instead of having my usual scrambled eggs with kippered herring, I ordered a cocktail and a stein of beer. Ordinarily I am a nonuser of alcohol in any of its forms, as it seems to disagree with me and brings on a certain mild confusion.

NATURALLY enough, as luncheon proceeded, my reflections concerned Maxine and her inexplicable conduct, and I thought too of the loyal friend, the man I trusted. I was conscious of a sense of increasing irritation and instead of returning to my own office, I started for Wally's, spurred along by the disloyalty of the fellow and his betrayal of an old pal. Wally has an entire suite, with secretaries all over the place and apparently makes oodles of money. He was behind his desk and greeted me loudly.

"Hello, Alan," he said. "You certainly look fine. When did you get back?"

"You cut that out," I said harshly. "I came here to get the straight of all this."

"Of what?"

"About you and Maxine."

"Well, what about us?"

He was quite calm in his manner, with a touch of surprise, and that annoyed me.

"What's the idea of your running around with Maxine?"

"And why not?"

"Why not? You ask me that, knowing what you know of us?"

"Calm yourself, young man. We happen to be living in a comparatively free country and one of the early sections of the Constitution says a young lady can go about with any man she chooses."

"You schemed to get me out of town."

"Not at all. Your health—"

"You know what I ought to do? I ought to knock your ears off. I ought to smack your teeth down your tonsils. You deserve a sound thrashing."

"And not a bad notion, at that. Why don't you just start in and give me a good beating?" He smiled and I glanced at his athletic figure.

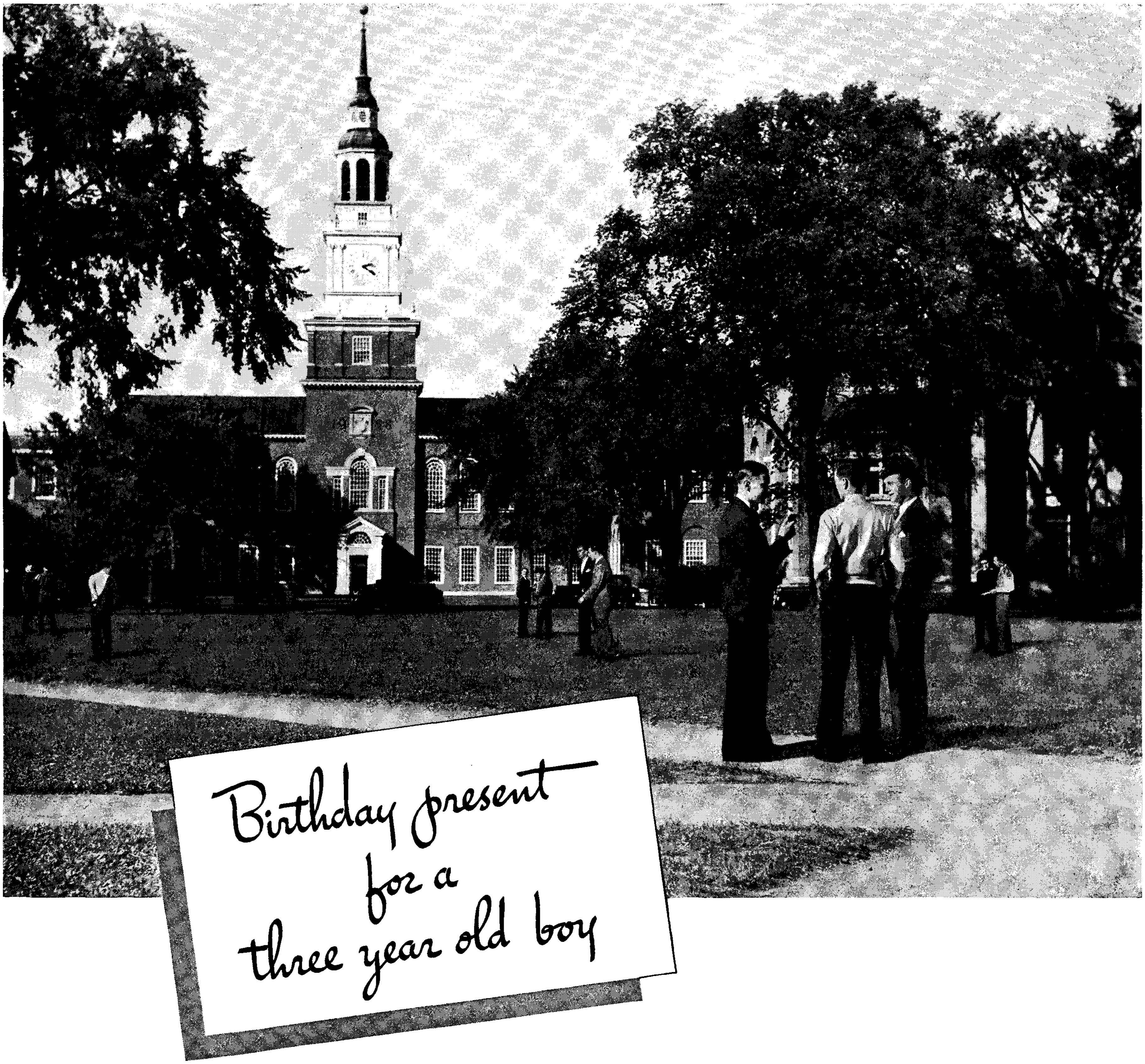
"I would get nowhere giving you a beating, but would only have my own head knocked off, as I am no athlete. However, I want you to know I consider you a reptile, a weasel, a mongoose and a skunk and you are no longer a friend of mine. I loathe you and am sorry I ever knew you and I trust I shall never see you again."

WHEN I departed from his office, he still wore his insulting grin and I burned inwardly as I strode along. There being nothing further to be done and, my mind certainly not on business, I hastened back to the Provence Club and ordered another cocktail and for several hours, possibly longer, I remained buried in bitter cogitation, a man who had lost his sweetheart through the black perfidy of a pal.

The principal thought that simmered within me was that Wally Wood deserved a good flogging. That's what they did in the old days, when one man sidled off with another man's woman. In the cave days, nobody brought suit in the probate court against a love bandit. The gentleman whose lady was stolen simply hurried over to the other cave and beat the inmate into a light whey.

"But I could never do that," I reflected mournfully. "I am a little fellow. I ought to go out and hire me a man to do the job. I ought to employ a man to give Wally a good socking to teach him to respect a pure romance."

(*Continued on page* 87)



HE isn't even in school yet. But already you've thought of sending your boy to college. Have you thought of *how* you are going to do it?

*There are three ways:*

One way is to *hope* that you will be able to afford it when the time comes. This is the method that has peopled every American campus with the ghosts of boys who might have gone there.

One way is to go to the bank when the time comes and withdraw a part of your savings—perhaps a major part. This is the way of sacrifice and self denial.

One way is to call in a representative of Investors Syndicate today. He can show you how, by setting aside only 35 cents a day, you can have your son's complete college expenses in hand on the day he matriculates. And the beauty of it is, you hardly feel it.

And if you agree that money is one of the most elusive things in life, and the accumulation of it the most difficult, the Investors Syndicate representative can also prove to you this amazing fact . . .

*. . . any man who has fifteen years of earning power left—even a moderate earning power—can make a financial success of his life.*

The Investors Syndicate representative can show you how small sums of money put aside *regularly* can, through the power of compound interest, return to you at the end of fifteen years $5000, $10,000, $25,000 or more.

He can show you how this money will be protected during these years—by an institution which has mastered and will apply in your interest the best rules of finance as American history and financial experience have developed them.

He will explain how this plan of *Living Protection* encourages the persistence which is essential to any financial success.

Ask him to call at your earliest convenience. And in the meantime write Investors Syndicate, Dept. C65, Minneapolis, Minn., for "*A New Plan of Life*"—a booklet which points the way to security for all who care to take it.

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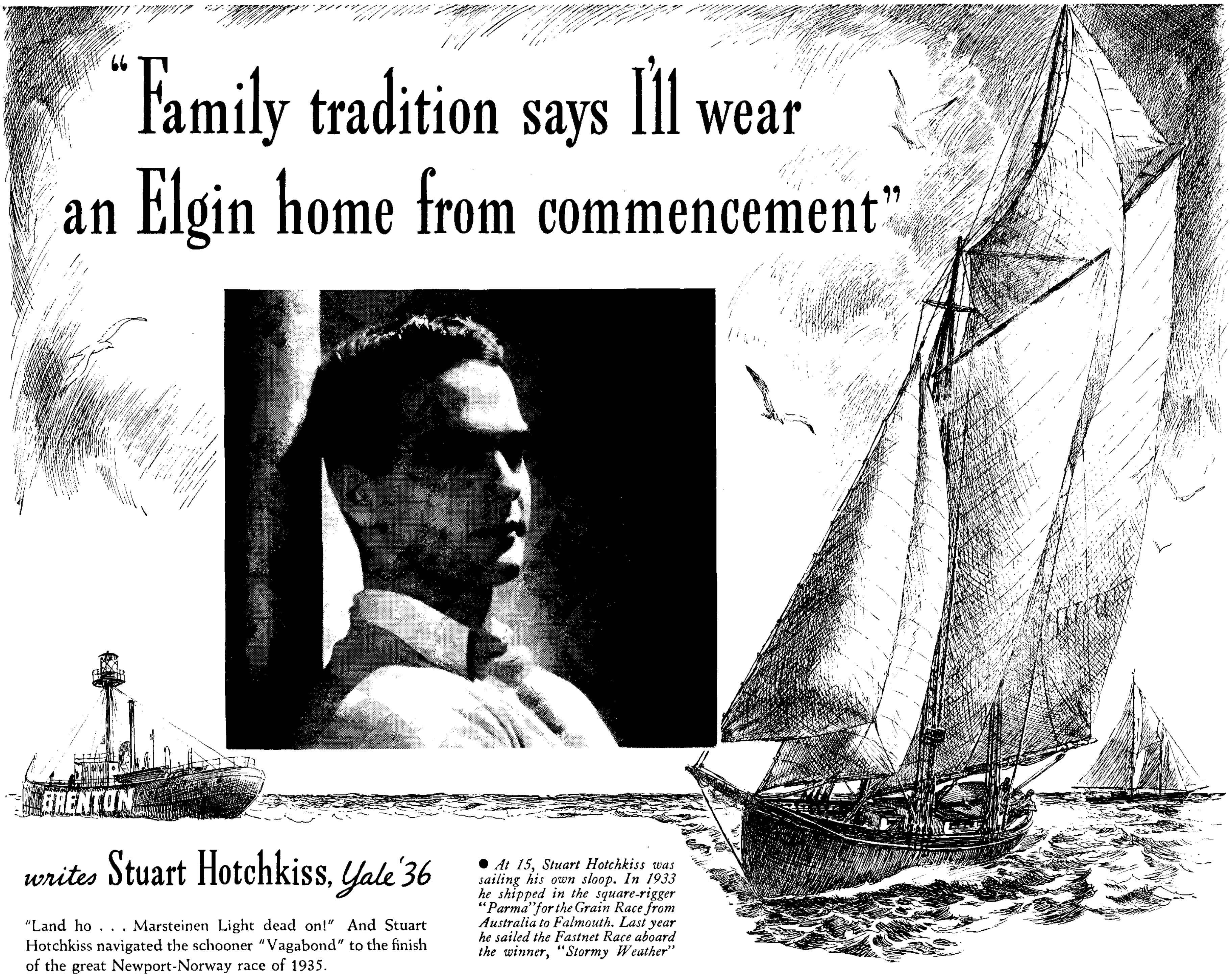
# "Family tradition says I'll wear an Elgin home from commencement"



## *writes* Stuart Hotchkiss, *Yale '36*

● *At 15, Stuart Hotchkiss was sailing his own sloop. In 1933 he shipped in the square-rigger "Parma" for the Grain Race from Australia to Falmouth. Last year he sailed the Fastnet Race aboard the winner, "Stormy Weather"*

"Land ho . . . Marsteinen Light dead on!" And Stuart Hotchkiss navigated the schooner "Vagabond" to the finish of the great Newport-Norway race of 1935.

Twenty-five days on the Atlantic . . . 3,600 miles logged . . . the longest, most hazardous ocean race ever sailed! Here was a record of which his ancestors who captained the fleets of Salem a century ago would have been proud.

Now young Hotchkiss is graduating from Yale. "I'm looking forward to receiving an ELGIN at commencement," he says. "Like the sea and sailing, ELGINS have been a tradition with us for generations."

And no graduate could wish for a finer gift than ELGIN! Study the newest models and you will agree.

There is a bracing freshness about them. A sturdy, trim, well-conditioned appearance that invites confidence. And on the technical side, they are perfection itself!

ELGIN is the one place in all the world where master watchmakers have formed the perfect partnership with modern scientists. They work together at each step to plan, to create, and to finish every ELGIN movement under a single roof.

The result is timepieces that incorporate many watchmaking advances . . . accuracy-checked to the absolute standard of the stars by an electrical timing device, developed in cooperation with ELGIN craftsmen.

Choose an ELGIN for your graduate now. The newest models are at your jeweler's. Prices are from $17.50 to $500.

★ ELGIN ★

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**A.** *17 jewel "Crusader", 14 K. natural solid gold case. Raised gilt figure dial. Model 1823.* **$65.00**

**B.** *17 jewels, 14 K. natural gold filled case. Raised figure dial. Leather strap. Model 1925.* **$47.50**

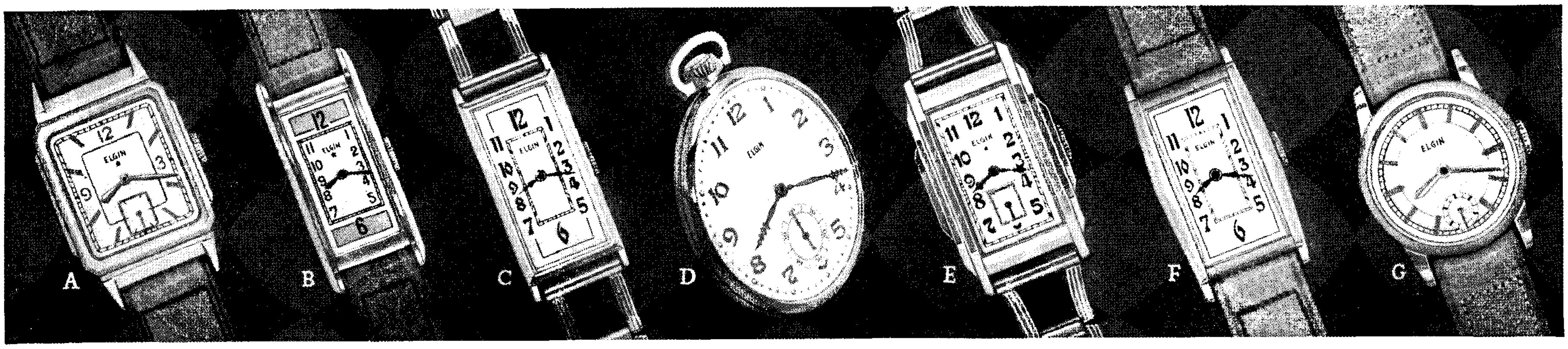
**C.** *Model 1989, combination steel and rolled gold plate case. Gold filled band. Curved dial.* **$27.50**

**D.** *Pocket watch with 17 jewel adjusted movement. 14 K. natural solid gold case. Model 556.* **$75.00**

**E.** *15 jewel "Crusader", 14 K. natural gold filled case. Curved gilt figure dial. Model 1845.* **$42.50**

**F.** *15 jewel strap watch. The case is natural gold filled. Embossed figure dial. Model 1929.* **$37.50**

**G.** *Model 1464, in smartly styled natural gold filled case. The dial figures are embossed.* **$24.75**



## The Gimme Woman

*Continued from page 19*

"Naw!" Bugaboo growled. "You didn't tole her dat!"

"Sho, I did," May Bell insisted. "And den she bragged and say she c'd take you away f'm me. And I say she couldn't, cause—"

Bugaboo heard no more. Things were beginning to make sense in his brain. Sheba was understandable, now. The reason she hadn't been friendly was not because she didn't like Bugaboo, but because she was working a game with May Bell.

"Wait a minute, May Bell," Bugaboo said. "I got things to do. I calls you when I wants to speak wid you some mo'."

He went to the lower deck, found a soft bed in a stack of sacks, and lay down.

He slept peacefully for the rest of the morning. At noon he ate a huge meal and then walked out on the forward main deck until he found a comfortable spot. Iron Man came and sat near him, but Iron Man had nothing to say. He just sat and looked sad and occasionally played mournful tunes on his harmonica. The boat plowed along slowly, coursing from bank to bank to avoid the swift channels of the big river. Bugaboo felt so good he made up a little song about what was on his mind:

*"Old Solomon had a thousand head er womens,*  
*And his songs, they was a thousand and nine.*  
*And den dat good-lookin' old Queen er Sheba*  
*Comed along and changed his weary mind."*

"Aw! Got you singin', hunh, Big Stuff?" It was Sheba. She had come below with her small charge and was standing directly behind Bugaboo.

Bugaboo looked surprised, and then grinned. "Sho, you's got me singin', baby," he beamed. "You been had me singin' inside my heart ev'y since you sot foot on dis steamboat."

Sheba looked Bugaboo over carefully, as if trying to come to a decision. "Whyn't you sing yo' songs at dat lady up yonder?" she challenged. "She tell me you's mighty partic'lar 'bout her."

Bugaboo laughed. "You hyar dat, Iron Man?" he asked. "Tell dis good-lookin' lady dat May Bell is braggin' again."

Iron Man breathed a sorrowful tune.

"Is dat a fack?" Sheba asked. "She wa'n't braggin' when she got dat armful er sugar cane f'm you, and wouldn't give me none."

Iron Man patted his harmonica and grinned for the first time in weeks. Then he grew sad at once and sang:

*"I had me a woman and her name was Jenny,*  
*And all she say was 'Gimme, gimme, gimme.'*  
*I had another woman and her name was Jane,*  
*And all she say was de same old thing."*

Bugaboo ignored the implications of Iron Man's song. "You likes sugar cane?" he asked Sheba.

"A heap er good hit'd do me, efn I did," Sheba pouted. "Us is out in de middle er de river and done lef' de sugar country behind."

"May Bell got mo'n she's et."

"What May Bell got," Sheba argued, "ain't puttin' no fat on my ribs."

"Wait a minute." Bugaboo leaped to the texas deck to find May Bell.

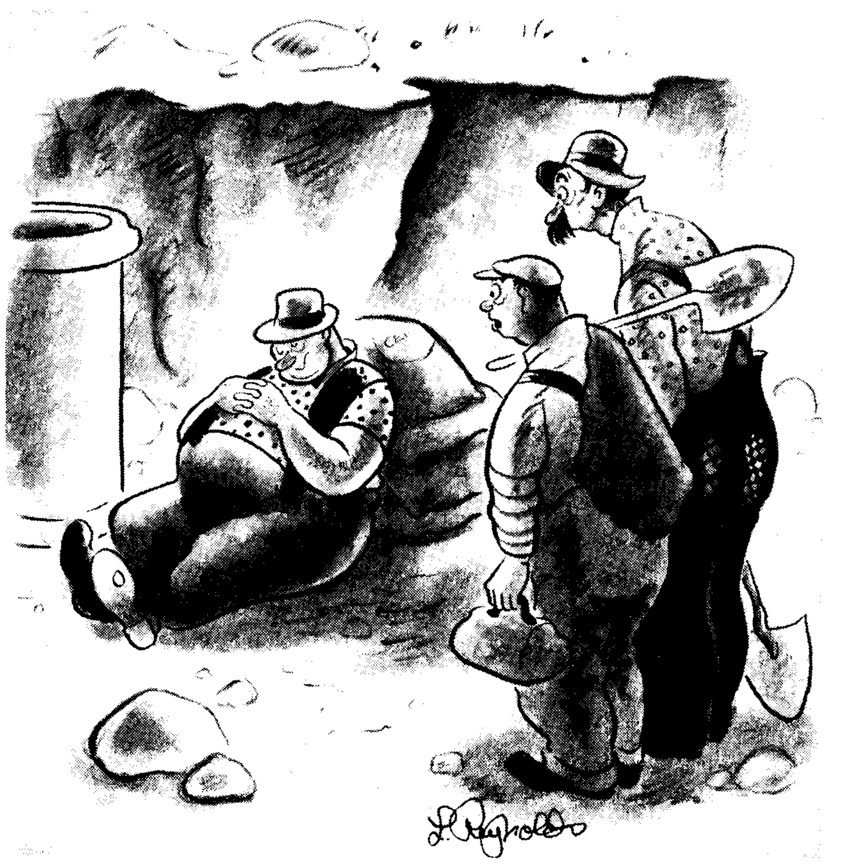
"Listen, May Bell," he said casually, "go git me a couple er stalks er dat cane."

"How come I'm got to give you any?"

"Go git de sugar cane, gal," Bugaboo told her gruffly.

"Nawsuh," May Bell said flatly. "Dat's mine, and I'm keepin' hit to suck on when I gits hongry for somethin' sweet."

*(Continued on page 36)*



"Maybe we better tell Butch it's five o'clock. He'd feel bad if he knew he was sleepin' on his own time!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

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*in price...*
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*(Continued from page 35)*

Bugaboo saw that a change of tactics would be necessary. "Ain't I sweet enough for you, baby?" he asked.

The soft talk melted May Bell's heart. "Sho, darlin'," she admitted. "I was fixin' to give you a stalk, all de time, only I jest wanted to see efn you loved me true."

"Better gimme 'bout three stalks, baby," Bugaboo advised. "I feels a powerful need for strenk."

May Bell brought the cane, and smiled fondly on the big roustabout as he shuffled down the steps.

Sheba greeted him warmly when he came forward on the lower deck.

"Hit sho must take a good man to git sugar cane," she said, "when you ain't in de sugar cane country."

"I'm man enough to git you anything, anywhares, any time you speak de word, baby," Bugaboo said enthusiastically.

He sat down by Sheba's side and handed her a stalk of cane. "Wrop yo' jaws around dis, baby," he told her, "and see don't hit taste sour in yo' sweet mouf."

THE compliment sounded vaguely familiar but Sheba let it pass.

"I'm a fool about sugar cane," she said.

The big roustabout gave Iron Man a stalk and then began to peel one for himself.

"You don't love May Bell, sho 'nuff?" Sheba wanted to know.

"Not me," Bugaboo declared. "I can't hardly stand her, even when I can't git no better."

Sheba giggled, and nestled closer to Bugaboo. "Gimme a bite er cane," she begged.

Bugaboo had peeled a whole joint of his cane, while Sheba's stalk was untouched.

"Eat yo' own cane, gal," Bugaboo said. "You got one same as me."

"But yo'n is all peeled, and mine ain't," Sheba pouted.

"You got de hands to peel yo'n, same as me," Bugaboo argued.

"But yo'n look de sweetest," Sheba persisted unreasonably.

Bugaboo hesitated. Iron Man guffawed.

"Gi' her yo'n, Bugaboo," he suggested. "Den she won't have to eat her'n."

Bugaboo did not comprehend. "But her'n's made to eat same as mine," he said weakly.

Sheba tried to wither Iron Man with a frown, but the expression of bland sadness on his face did not change.

"Sho, gi' her yo'n," he insisted to Bugaboo. "She kin eat yo'n today, and tomorrow, when you's out totin' freight at some lonesome landin', she kin set up and eat all er her own cane, by herse'f."

"Naw—" Bugaboo began, but Iron Man interrupted.

"Didn't you hyar de lady say 'Gimme'?" he demanded. "Don't you know what to do when a lady got de gimmes? Solomon used to say a song about:

*"I'd druther be dead, deaf, dumb and blind*
*Den to git a gimme woman on my weary mind."*

Sheba countered with a volley of sweet talk and Bugaboo was torn with uncertainty. Sheba, unquestionably, was a "gimme" woman and Bugaboo did not like that any more than King Solomon did. On the other hand, she was a sweet-talking fool, and Bugaboo liked that.

"I don't mind givin' you ev'ything I got," Bugaboo told her. "But I likes for my womens to love me, and not love what I'm fixin' to give 'em."

Sheba's voice hardened, though she made an effort to pout. "You ain't gimme nothin' but tawk," she complained. "And tawk is cheap at ha'f de price."

"I gived you dat whole stalk er cane."

"Who keer 'bout a stalk er cane when hit ain't even peeled?"

Bugaboo was disgusted. "Hyar," he said roughly, thrusting the peeled joints into her hands. "Ain't no woman kin call me cheap, jest for a stalk er cane."

Sheba promptly bit off a hunk and began to chew. Bugaboo went on talking.

"I don't keer no mo' 'bout cane den you does, little old woman," he said. "I kin git plenty mo' whar dat comed f'm."

Iron Man, who was sitting facing the companionway steps, saw what neither Bugaboo nor Sheba could see. May Bell was coming down the steps toward the main deck.

"I bet you can't," Iron Man stated.

"Can't what?" Bugaboo said.

"Can't git no mo' sugar cane whar dat comed f'm."

Sheba swallowed some cane juice and took another bite.

"May Bell," said Bugaboo, "got a armful er cane in her cabin."

"I bet she gonter keep hit, too," suggested Iron Man.

"May Bell'd hand me all er dat cane, efn I axes her," Bugaboo boasted.

Iron Man could see that May Bell was swinging only her left arm as she walked down the steps and he figured, from the way her apron was folded, that she toted a stick of stovewood.

"All I got to do," Bugaboo was confident, "is speak one nice word at May Bell, and she gimme whatever she got."

"She do give you a heap," Iron Man admitted.

"But you don't love her?" Sheba insisted. "You jest speaks pleasant at her when you wants somethin'?"

"I can't hardly stand to ride on de same boat wid her," Bugaboo said.

It was a two-foot length of one-inch piping, Iron Man noticed about the time May Bell swung on Bugaboo's head. Iron Man chided himself for not having known better than to think it was stovewood. May Bell could have picked up a stick of stovewood without asking anybody, but she had to ask the mechanic to give her the joint of pipe, and May Bell ever was asking somebody to give her something.

The weapon was effective. Bugaboo was dazed by the first blow.

As soon as Iron Man realized May Bell was swinging metal instead of wood, he sought to protect his friend, but he never got around to it. Sheba, who had not missed any of his sarcasm, swung on him with a six-foot stalk of sugar cane.

Iron Man fell flat, and Sheba's second blow swished above his head, landing on May Bell's upraised, pipe-swinging right arm. The blow temporarily paralyzed May Bell's hand and her weapon dropped.

Taking advantage of this breathing spell, Iron Man scurried on hands and knees to safety.

May Bell, in spite of her crippled arm, was just getting organized for a real battle. She slapped out with her left and caught Sheba on the cheek. Sheba countered by jabbing the butt end of the cane into May Bell's stomach.

Iron Man, delighted with the turn of events, sang what he supposed must have been one of Solomon's thousand and nine songs:

*"Fight, fight, you ain't no kin;*
*Kill each other, 'twon't be no sin."*

The noise of battle attracted everybody. Roustabouts on the main deck were amused; passengers on the boiler deck were curious; the captain, on the hurricane deck, was outraged.

"Bring those women to the texas," the captain ordered. And, without ceremony, the two screaming, kicking, biting ladies were picked up by heavy-muscled roustabouts and carried up three flights of steps. On the texas they were forcibly kept apart by guards until, hours later, the boat reached Natchez.

There, Sheba's mistress with her small child and maid landed.

BUGABOO, who had been left unconscious on the deck, was dragged to a cot back of the boiler. Iron Man worked on him with iodine and cold water until he revived.

"Git some sleep," Iron Man advised him when the big roustabout showed signs of consciousness.

And Bugaboo slept.

When he awoke, his head ached and he had an unromantic feeling in his heart. "Whar dat mule at?" he demanded.

"Which mule?" Iron Man inquired.

"Dat mule which kicked me."

Iron Man laughed. "'Twa'n't no mule," he said. "Hit was a lady."

"Not Sheba?"

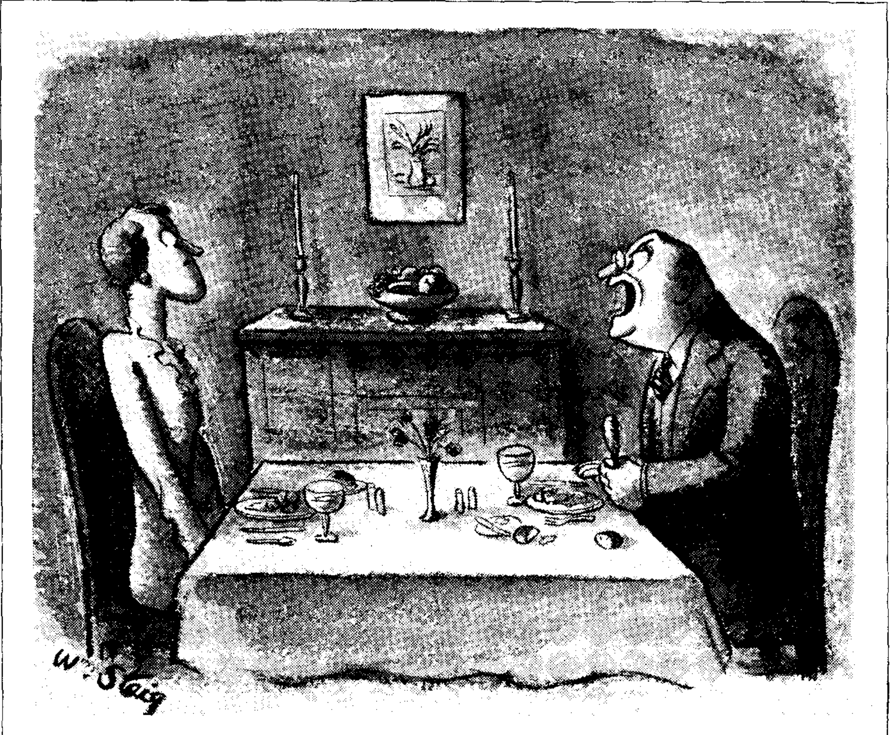
"May Bell," Iron Man corrected. "She gived you fits wid a piece er water pipe."

"What May Bell hit me for?" Bugaboo was astonished. "I ain't did her nothin'."

"Boy," Iron Man said sadly, "ain't you smart enough to know dat one man can't git along wid *one* woman, let alone two?"

Bugaboo grinned. "Old Kaing Solomon done hit," he recalled.

"Yeah," admitted Iron Man. "But you ain't Old Kaing Solomon."



"Yeah! And tell Emily Post I said so!"

WILLIAM STEIG

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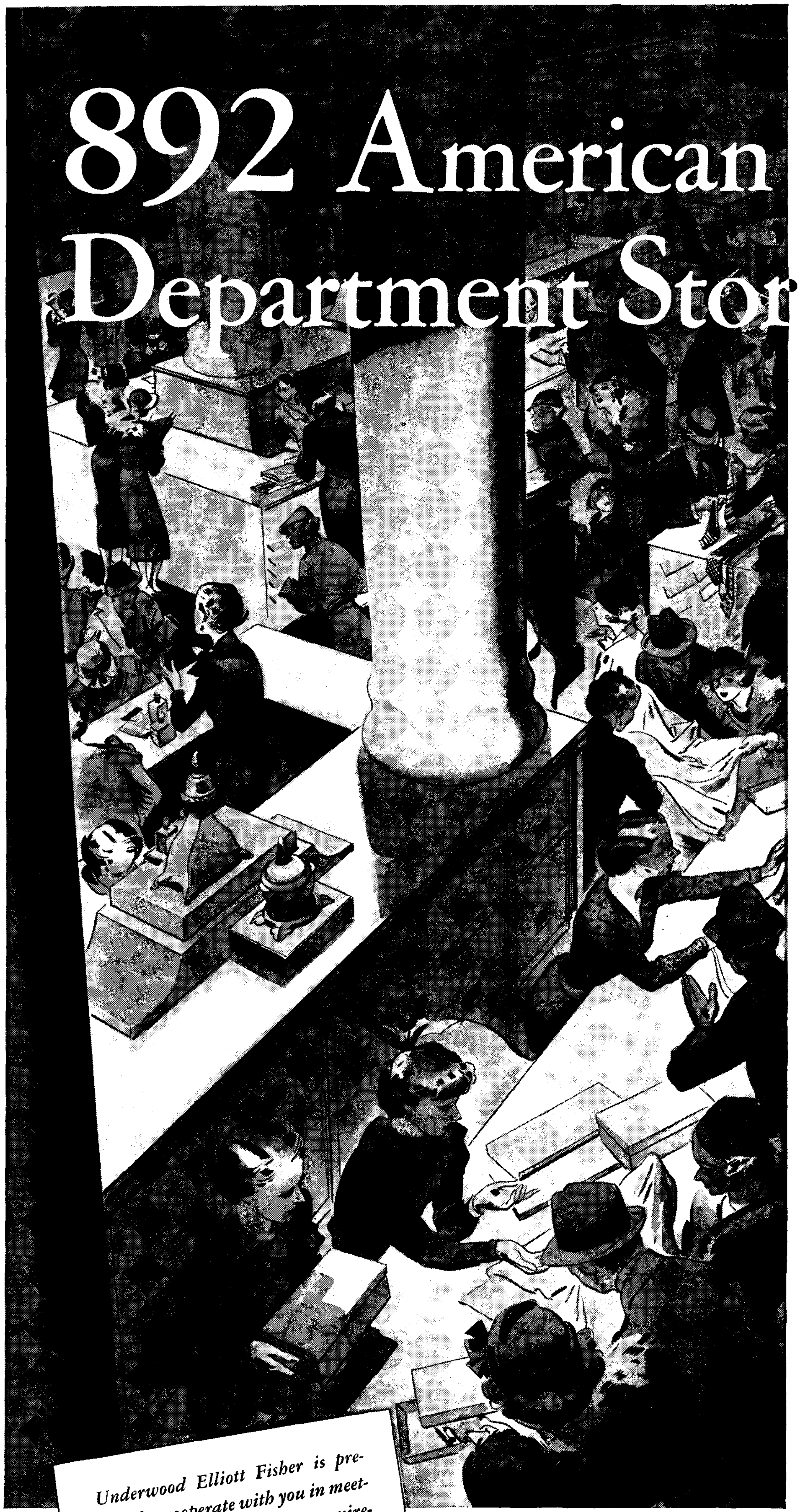

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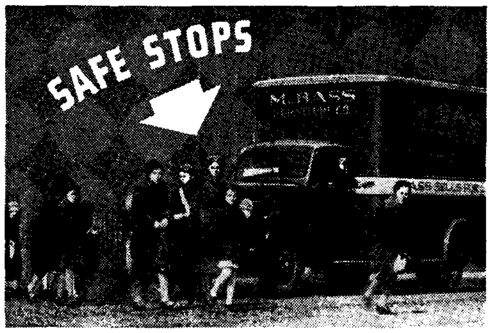

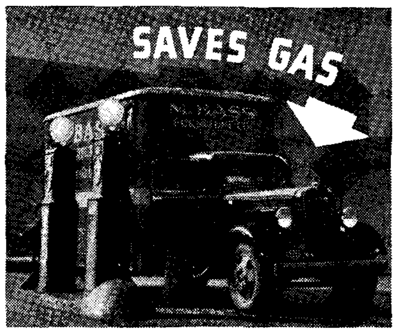

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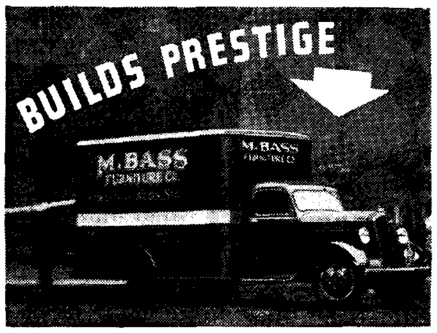

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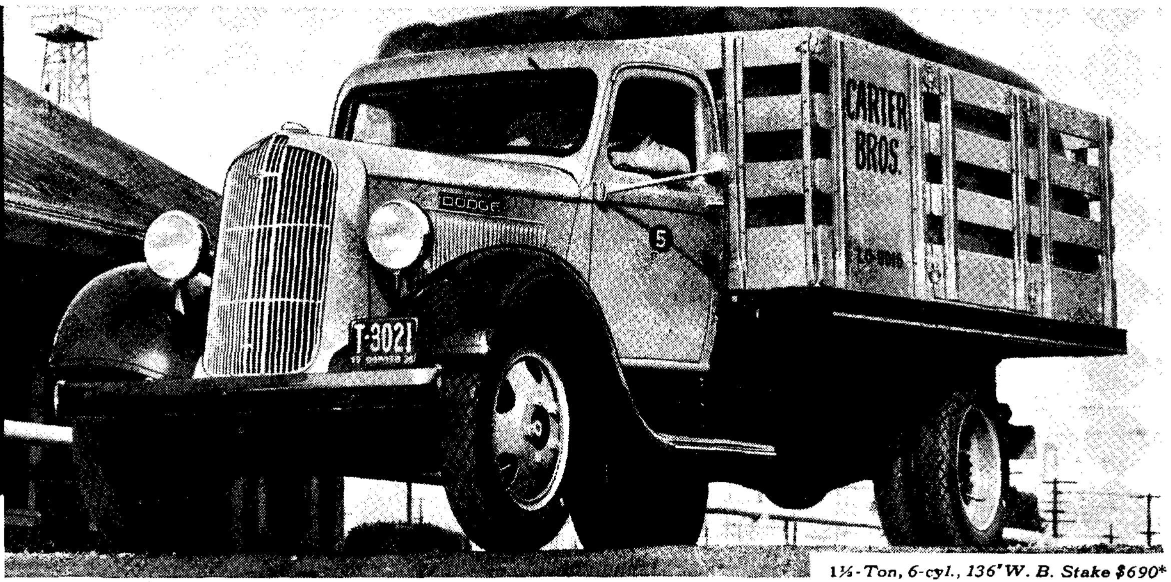

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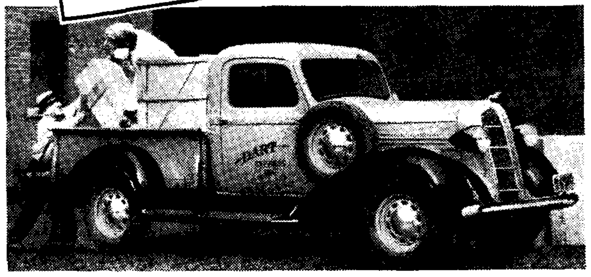

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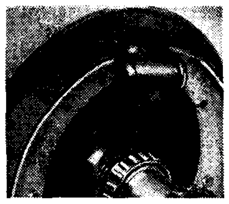

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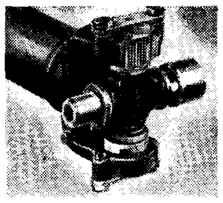

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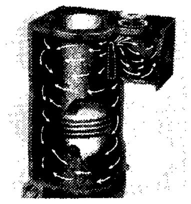

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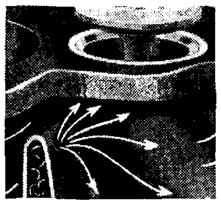

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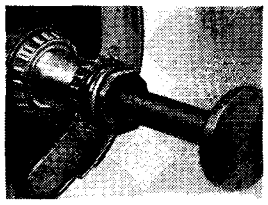

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# Gold Lacquer

*Continued from page 17*

the screen was the same. He knew only a few words of Japanese, and was unable to relay gossip: Shinagawa intended to comfort himself with the white woman during the prayer month, when it was forbidden to be with wife or maid of the village. At that time the villagers would pray constantly that none die from the dreaded *urushi-kaburé*, the lac sickness; already workers had swollen hands, red eyelids, and tottering walk, caused by evaporation of the lac. The priests were preparing for the ceremonies which should end the torment.

"A boat, you to show the way, and we will find China," Rich said. The old man, being a fool, was hardly watched, and his store of dry food increased daily. He had tubs for water, had already selected the boat best for their purpose. South; south by southwest—there must be China. "Anything," Rich agreed, "will be better than remaining here. . . ."

MATHEW PRATT had several lac-workers' tools to cut through the bars; they spent long night hours deciding the best way to get Agathea out of the room where, between Japanese women, she spent each night, past tears, past hope. Rich, first, was for having Pratt blow a snatch of their tune for her hearing; Pratt, to march to the house after dark and, smothering the other women, remove her without delay. . . . In the end they determined the safest plan was to slide open a panel of the house, and trust that she would waken silently at the whispered sound of her name.

Midsummer turned to autumn; the maples darkened; the crickets tried to clasp the last beams of the sun; the temple boys polished the bells for the prayer month; the chrysanthemums in Shinagawa's garden became globes of gold.

"I think," the daimyo said to the wife standing behind him, "that the foreign woman is something like the gold blossom. Stiff." He broke off a chrysanthemum; his wife, head lowered, trusted that her lord would be well served and happy. "I will endure it as best I can," said Shinagawa. "The prayer month does not last forever. . . ."

He thought of the end of it, when in Yeddo, he and the other daimyos would again force their will on the government, and the white men would be refused again what they had asked before, trade, protection for shipwrecked sailors. He patted the coiled hair above his ears, and, extremely pleased with himself, since the year's output of lacquered wares was good and would bring high profit in taxes, adjusted the ivory, pencil-sized sticks at his belt, used to thrust into the body of an enemy so everyone would know his conqueror. He thought of the present to be brought to Yeddo, and, silently, began to laugh. It was a joke he must repeat to the other daimyos.

AUTUMN edged into winter, all in one night; Bartlett huddled into his foul quilts. Coins were dropped into the temple caskets, and paper ships, houses, consumed in sacred fire; the god sat on his throne, one hand in benediction, the others brandishing swords, deaths' heads, spears; incense rose, and, from every villager, prayers. . . .

Mathew Pratt sliced at the final bar; both men watched until their eyes ached. "Your lady's not in th' temple," Pratt said. "Not holy enough for th' devils!"

A bush was enough to make them pause; a carp, leaping, set them shivering. The night-long worship became less audible, and, Pratt leading the way, they reached the artist's house. A panel was carefully slid back; the high moon showed emptiness. Pratt muttered that he had seen every person who entered the temple, as he stood outside tootling like an idiot; only the daimyo and his retainers, who would worship at his house with him, had failed to come.

"His house," Rich demanded. "Show me the way to it." He cut down the old mate's protests of fear. Nothing would stop him now.

AGATHEA stood in a room of Shinagawa's house, a hand pressed to her throat to hold the tumult down. Outside were the daimyo's men, in the bare room nothing to help her, not the matting, the painted *kakemono*, the lacquered stand, the carefully arranged silk quilts. She was dressed as Japanese women were attired, two little aprons, white, around her loins, a creamy silk shirt above, a blue kimono with scarlet and gold *obi* belted high; the ornaments in her hair were blue; she had everything a Japanese woman should have, save the thin dagger to protect her chastity. She had seen no object to take its place. It was for this she had been prepared, and, as she stood there, like ice, she heard the daimyo's voice, "I do not desire to be kept waiting," and, blindly, began to finger the wide *obi*. She thought of nothing, could think of nothing. Rich was gone, everything was gone—even the desire to live. Shinagawa would take what no longer existed.

She dropped the *obi* to the matting, and swayed above the glittering silk; she would have fallen, and while the arms which held her must be the daimyo's, the whisper was Rich's.

THERE was cold wind on her face; had the daimyo, dissatisfied, flung her into the garden? There was a high moon, which might have been a stone lantern; there was greenish black all about, like trees at night; there was movement—reality. Her voice was not her own as she moaned, "When did you come?" and Rich, lips against her cheek, arm tight as the boat tossed, said that he had come when the daimyo was calling to her from another room, that he had come in time. "It would not have mattered," Agathea said wildly. "He would have had nothing. Nothing." Some day, said Rich, he trusted that the daimyo, like his men, would be sufficiently rewarded. He thought of the two retainers; he looked at his hands. "Can he follow us?" Agathea pleaded.

Mathew Pratt said, "It is a large ocean."

"A clean ocean," nodded Rich. The wind blew his uncut hair; he felt strong again. Bending, he whispered in Agathea's ear, and, when she whispered back, both laughed. Fog soon covered the stars, the wind died down, and in the morning there was no sun. There was a week of darkness, gloom, with Agathea kept bundled in a quilt; then the sea began to run higher and there was a current, but in which direction the old mate could not guess. It carried them fast, and Rich's content changed to uneasiness which he strove to keep concealed from Agathea. They had water in the covered tubs, and rice, and fish—and they moved with the relentless current.

Smoother water, sea birds clamoring; it was Agathea, as the sun rent the clouds ahead, who cried, "They have found us!" The shore was not visible, but all three saw a long vessel which skimmed over the water. Thirty Japanese, in red and blue kimonos with white stripes meeting at an angle at the shoulders, propelled it toward them; the rowers shouted in unison, and men in authority, wearing lacquered hats, urged them forward. The flag at the craft's stern was red, with three horizontal stripes, white, black and white; a daimyo, swords in belt, stood pointing in the bow.

"We shall not be taken again," Agathea whispered. "I have loved you greatly."

Rich looked at her deeply; they pressed together as if they might become one. The lac knife would be sharp, merciful. Close-embraced, they swayed.

"I am gone mad!" Mathew Pratt screamed. "Mad! Mad! Mad!"

THE fog had lifted; there was a snow-covered, cone-like mountain, a temple, winged gates. A rude fort, with soldiers in blue and sun-scarlet, nearer. It was Japan, but, at anchor, like a mirage, were steam frigates flying the American flag, and sloops of war, and, further away, more ships of war with decks cleared for action, guns shotted, sentinels alert.

Rich leaped up and down, waving a quilt; Mathew Pratt bellowed. Agathea was the calmest, but when a cutter dashed away from a sloop of war and cut across the bows of the Japanese vessel, she began, softly, steadily, deep down, to cry. She heard a mellow succession of sounds pass from ship to ship; eight bells in the morning watch: home came to her, Sunday and the bells, the polished knocker on her door, the brickwork, the white houses, young Dick, the baby Edith. She was crying as she said, "It would amaze Salem to see the staid Mr. Bartlett now, Rich," and then she was laughing, and crying, and the other two were as insanely joyous as she.

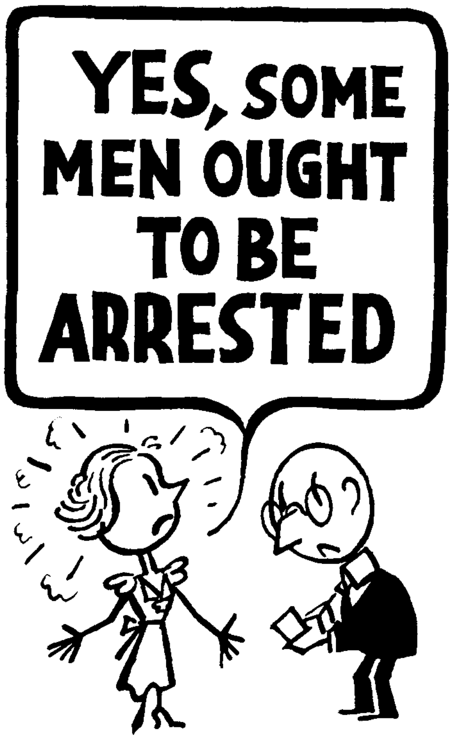
Flag Lieutenant Kimball could not keep his eyes from her. "Madam," he said, "we supposed, on shipboard, that you must be a third man. The commodore will wish to speak to you at once, Mr. Bartlett. You are no mere shipwrecked sailor; you should be proof, to the Japanese's satisfaction, that there must be a clause in the treaty to protect seamen. They say such a clause is offensive to their dignity; it is a subterfuge to refuse any treaty at all."

Rich marveled how quickly Agathea and he became other than hunted man and woman; a glass of port before him, he listened to the clause in the treaty which said that "those shipwrecked persons of the United States shall be as free as in other countries, and not subjected to confinement." The Japanese, he was informed, had attempted to frighten the squadron away, as it had always done before with foreign ships.

"A WARLIKE nation," Rich said. "They wish isolation. It might be better so." Intercourse would benefit both nations, Bartlett was told; the imprisonment of seamen would not be longer tolerated. It was the daimyos who influenced the emperor, and they should take hint from the presents given him: Hall's rifles, Maynard's muskets. . . . "They will take to weapons," remarked Rich, thinking into the future.

There were other presents: wines; a miniature locomotive and tender on which the staid officials rode in glee; whisky; perfume. The Japanese had pried all over the ships, examining the

*(Continued on page 40)*


YES, SOME MEN OUGHT TO BE ARRESTED

*Don Herold Says*

I asked a dancing teacher

I've been conducting one of those things—a survey.

Most surveys are funny—but I kept this one serious—well, fairly serious.

"Do men need Mum?" I asked an instructor in a famous dancing school in New York.

"There ought to be a law compelling it for men," she fired back like a bullet.

Then I asked several secretaries and several housewives and several college girls. Men, you'd be surprised, but you need Mum.

I don't suppose we men mind each other. We smoke and we're busy, and we just don't notice it.

I wish my boss would get a Dictaphone

But men notice it when women need Mum. And women notice it when men need it. My recent poll proved this.

A bath isn't enough. It lasts only an hour or so. You see, there is so little ventilation up there under where your arms join your body.

It's nothing to be ashamed of, but it's something to DO SOMETHING ABOUT. A bath, clean linen, then touches of Mum—which deodorizes perspiration ALL DAY without stopping it.

You'd be amazed how many thousands of men now make a daily habit of Mum. Every morning, and again before evenings out. And also for hot feet, to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.

Sure, be skeptical. Try a sample first. On the margin of this page, write for a free small jar to Bristol-Myers, Inc., Dept. M-56, 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

CLEANED HIS CAR AND STRAINED SIDE

BUT ABSORBINE JR. SOON STOPPED SHARP PAIN

THE safest job in the world would seem to be cleaning one's own car in the backyard on a Sunday morning.

Yet L. W. reports* that in wiping off the edge of the roof, he somehow twisted or strained a ligament in his side that hurt plenty.

Fortunately they had a bottle of Absorbine Jr. in the house and frequent massage with this grand old liniment soon stopped the pain.

Distressing little accidents happen in every family—bruises, cuts, strains, aches, sore muscles, sprains, Athlete's Foot. A bottle of Absorbine Jr. is a blessing at such times, because it's so dependable, so quick to relieve. And economical, because a little goes so far. All druggists'—$1.25 a bottle. For free sample, fill out and mail coupon below.

*Based on actual letter from our files

W. F. YOUNG, INC.
357 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

Gentlemen: I should like personally to test Absorbine Jr. Kindly send a free sample to

Name____________________________

Address____________________________

City____________________________
(Print name and address)

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot

(Continued from page 39)

laced caps and tailed coats of the officers, fathoming the depth of a pocket; they had peered into the guns, handled the ropes, looked eagerly into the engine-room and watched every motion of the engineers. Not content with seeing, they had made sketches on mulberry-bark paper, such as the artist who had painted Agathea's likeness on the screen had used, and the reproductions were remarkable.

Agathea was left on shipboard; Commodore Perry, with five hundred marines and sailors, embarked for a final conference; Rich, now, was extremely important. Howitzers fired a salute for the imperial ruler. Richly costumed Japanese, in crested jackets and embroidered trousers, escorted them to a house where the matting was covered with red cloth, where paintings covered the walls; there was a flag with the Japanese arms. . . . Bartlett listened to the talk, conducted through an interpreter. The Japanese prime councilor was courtly, friendly, but what was proposed, he said, was in opposition to Japanese laws. The treaty, permitting trade, was not possible, since the Americans had given offense by saying seamen were ill-treated, which was untrue.

SOME of the daimyos looked at the Americans so fiercely that Rich understood why orders had been given to have the squadron send shot and ball into the village if necessary. It was the lords of Japan, the daimyos, who believed they could defy any foreign power; the emperor's councilors wished to be friendly. They had presents for the Americans: lacquered boxes, red pongee, flowered crepe, coral mounted in silver, cups cut from conch shells, porcelain bowls with lacquered tops, a jar of soy, in lacquer, gold.

Flag Lieutenant Kimball said to Rich, "Covered with gold. A rich nation."

"Covered with it," agreed Bartlett. "I wonder what is beneath?" The officer, he knew, thought in terms of profit.

At Commodore Perry's demand, the interpreter was stressing that the Americans were prepared to prove that shipwrecked men had been improperly treated, and there was reason to include the clause in the treaty. As Rich listened, he found himself looking at the Japanese daimyos, so stern, so uncompromising, so determined to keep all foreigners out of Japan, despite the fact that the emperor's councilors seemed willing to sign the treaty. As he looked he began to tremble a little; he put his hand on Kimball's arm. "The sixth man from the end. His name is Shinagawa. I have cause to know him. I can't be mistaken."

THE daimyo was dressed even more richly than the others; he was unaware of Bartlett's presence, shaven, in a uniform, and he leaned back gracefully as a retainer carried in another present; when he saw what it was, he smiled. A black lacquered screen; when opened, it proved to be marvelously ornamented. On the right panel a silver stork stood in reeds; on the left, clouds scudded past a moon. Shinagawa spoke to each of his neighbors; this was his present, and the woman who was depicted on the central panel—well, she was really like a chrysanthemum. He lied, and he lied well; the daimyos, at such a delectable joke, at such a present for the white men, prodded Shinagawa in the ribs. He was indeed a great fellow!

Rich's face flushed as he saw; flushed, darkened, and then became white. He heard Kimball say, "The face, the figure, on the screen is beautiful. A goddess?"

"A goddess," said Rich. He continued staring at Shinagawa. What was he to do? He wanted most to cross the red cloth, to take the daimyo in his hands. . . . He was not Richard Bartlett, the wealthy factor, but, for one moment, the man in the cage, the animal; he was raging inside. He guessed what Shinagawa was saying. He choked once, unaware that his nails had made semicircular indentations in his palms, and then said, "If you will look closely, you will observe that the painted countenance is that of my wife. She, we both, were imprisoned long in the village, long enough for the screen to be designed." He knew what would be thought regarding Agathea; that could not be helped. She herself would have insisted upon his doing as he did. "Let the daimyos deny that! They have said we were all maddened by exposure, that we stole food, the boat, my wife's attire—can they refute the testimony of the screen?"

MR. KIMBALL was staring. "Not with you, with Mrs. Bartlett, here and alive. It is undeniably her portrait." Rich understood what the officer was thinking, and Kimball showed it with, "It would save the treaty, sir, but—do you wish it called to the commodore's attention? We, you and I, could destroy it."

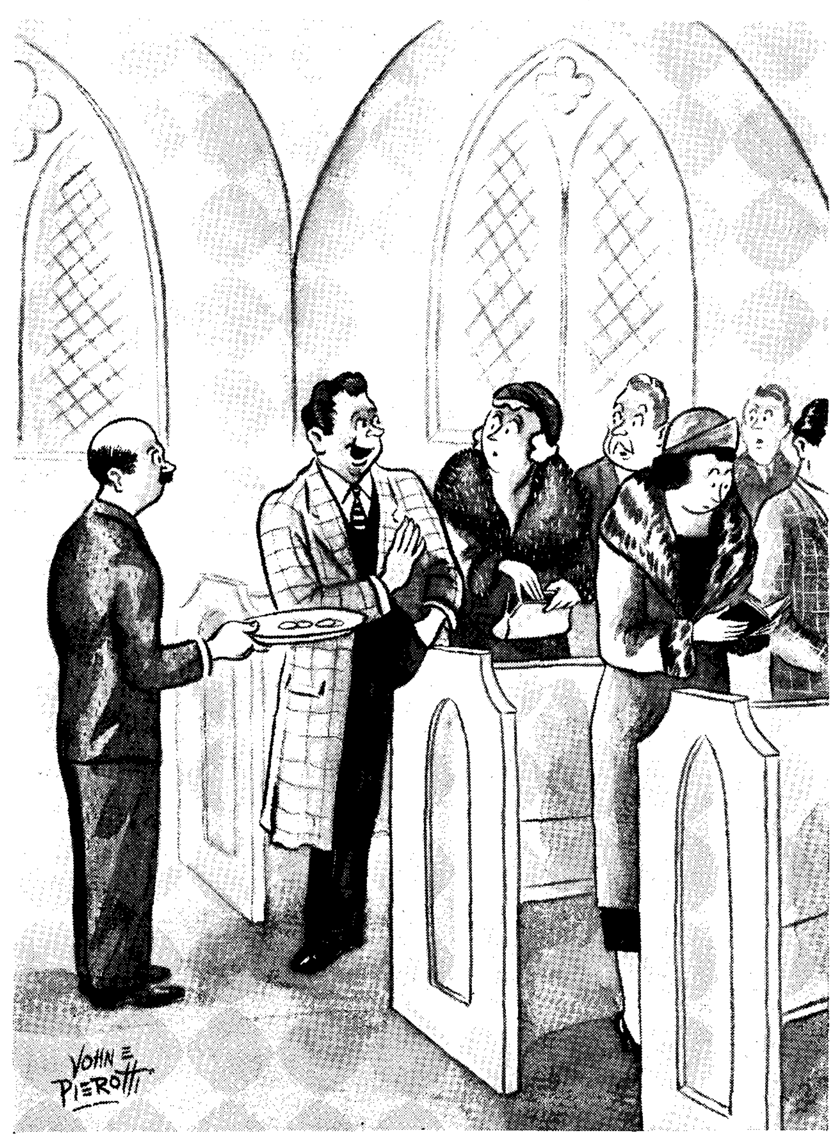
Rich said, "Thank you." He smiled briefly. "I assure you that Mrs. Bartlett would not have me keep silence."

It was proof; the treaty was approved. The daimyos, as they departed with their retainers, passed Shinagawa without glancing at him. He sat on his red cushion with a grin on his face which neither waxed nor waned, but was as if carved, as if the jest that had furnished the white men with irrefutable proof was still funny to him. He remained smiling as the Americans followed the commodore from the room; but, as Rich passed him, hands clenched, the grimace was wiped away as swiftly as a lac-worker applies a rat-hair brush, and rage twisted his face. Then, almost instantly, he smiled again.

Rich was on the ship, with Agathea, when Kimball hurried to them. "You will recall the events of the day, sir. There is an outlandish custom in Japan, too unpleasant to mention before your lady. The daimyo Shinagawa, being disgraced, blamed by the other lords because of what he intended as a great joke, has utilized this custom. I am informing you that he is dead by his own hand."

Banners, on the shore, hung from tall standards; on a broad strip of blue silk, suspended between lacquered poles, was the Imperial insignia, with spearmen as a guard. A vessel passed near the sloop-of-war, hull rising clumsily, mast rigged with a patched sail, cooking-fire smoldering beneath the rice pot. Rich looked past the junk to the Mississippi, with her engines and guns; it was ridiculous to believe that a primitive people could imitate the steam frigate, merely because they had copied, bettered, Chinese lacquer. Ridiculous. He had lost his sense of proportion; he must not be influenced by his experience when his company opened godowns in Japan.

HE BENT eagerly toward Agathea. She, on her part, had no doubts of any kind; she had none when, earlier, Rich told her what he had done about the screen. But she said now, severely, "I am amazed, astonished, sir. Does the man think he can have me without any wooing at all?" There were sentinels about; she whispered, "I love you, love you so. It is not every woman fortunate enough to have both husband and lover." Richard Bartlett thought no wife had ever said a finer thing.



"That's all right, folks, I'll take care of it!"

JOHN PIEROTTI

# IT HAS HAPPENED!

Three months ago we announced a new refrigerator—a refrigerator far in advance of former standards—far more complete in its service to users—and far more economical in its cost of operation.

Since that announcement every sales record in the history of the Company has been shattered.

The facilities of the Kelvinator factories and those of many of our suppliers have been taxed to the utmost in an effort to keep pace with orders.

Through its greater economy the new Kelvinator has placed dependable refrigeration within the reach of millions of additional homes. Through its greater service and conveniences, it has led thousands of users of mechanical refrigerators to replace them with the new Kelvinator.

Science and Invention have again made new contributions to human health and happiness.

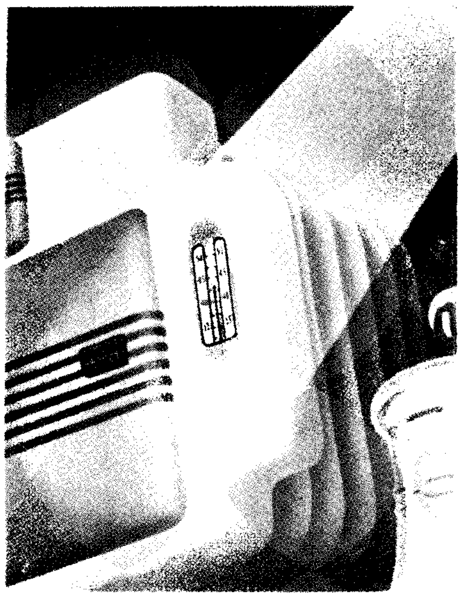
KELVINATOR CORPORATION · DETROIT, MICHIGAN

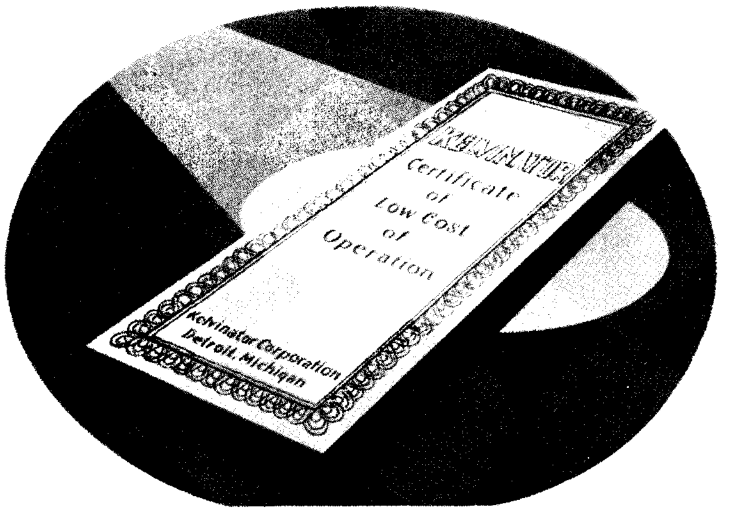
# WHY THOUSANDS OF PRESENT USER

## *Are Replacing The*

## *Visible* COLD

● Unless your refrigerator maintains a constant low temperature, it fails in the one purpose for which you bought it. The controls of the 1936 Kelvinator are so sensitive and accurate that food compartment temperatures are ideal, regardless of how hot it is in the kitchen. And you can see what the Temperature is, because the 1936 Kelvinator is equipped with a Built-In Thermometer that tells you, in unmistakable figures, that food is being kept surely, safely, dependably cold.



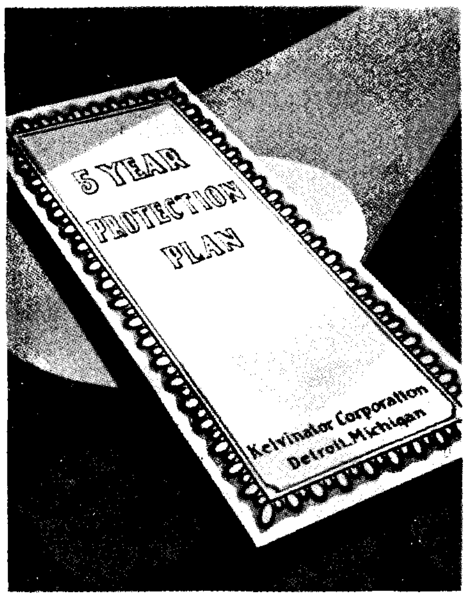


KELVINATOR
Certificate
of
Low Cost
of
Operation

Kelvinator Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

## *Visible* ECONOMY

● When you buy a refrigerator, you have a right to ask what the operating cost will be—how much current your refrigerator will use—how great your savings will be. And so today, for the first time in the history of the industry, Kelvinator provides you with a Certificate of Low Cost of Operation. The 1936 Kelvinator uses one-half to one-third as much current as many refrigerators now in use. The saving in current alone may well justify replacing your old refrigerator with a new Kelvinator.



5 YEAR
PROTECTION
PLAN

Kelvinator Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

## *Visible* PROTECTION

● The time has arrived when the manufacturer of a refrigerator should provide you with written evidence of his confidence in his product. You should know today, beyond a shadow of a doubt, the refrigerator you buy will give you long years of service. The 1936 Kelvinator is backed by a 5-Year Protection Plan, written and signed by the oldest company in the electric refrigeration industry.

The new Kelvinator is not just a better refrigerator. It has introduced new discoveries, new inventions, new developments that make it completely revolutionary from the standpoint of food preservation, of economy, and of convenience.

In the purchase of the new Kelvinator you need take nothing for granted. Value has been made visible.

You want to be sure that the temperatures maintained in the food compartment are constant—safely below 50 degrees. The new Kelvinator through its accurate controls accomplishes this purpose to a new degree of perfection. And the proof of low temperature is right before your eyes. For a Built-In Thermometer, for the first time, offers you Visible Cold—you know your food is safe.

You will want to be sure that operating cost is low. Many refrigerators now in use consume twice or three times as much electricity as the new Kelvinator. Economy has been made visible because Kelvinator comes to you with a Certificate of Low Cost of Operation.

You will want the new conveniences that save time and effort in the use of your refrigerator. With old style refrigerators it was difficult to get ice cubes out of the trays, but the new Kelvinator has flexible rubber grids in every ice tray, so that larger, colder ice cubes are instantly available. The new Kelvinator has sliding shelves, interior light, automatic defrosting switch, food crisper, utility basket, and an arrangement of the interior that makes every item on any shelf easily accessible.

You have a right to demand that the manufacturer of the refrigerator you buy stand back of its performance. The new Kelvinator comes to you with a 5-year Protection Plan written and signed by the oldest company in the electric refrigeration industry.

These are some of the reasons why so many present users of mechanical refrigerators are replacing them with the new Kelvinator. These are the reasons why you, if you have not had experience with other refrigerators, will want to profit by the judgment of actual users and make Kelvinator your choice.

See the new Kelvinator at dealers' showrooms everywhere and find out how easily you can own one by means of the liberal Redisco Purchase Plan.

• • •

KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

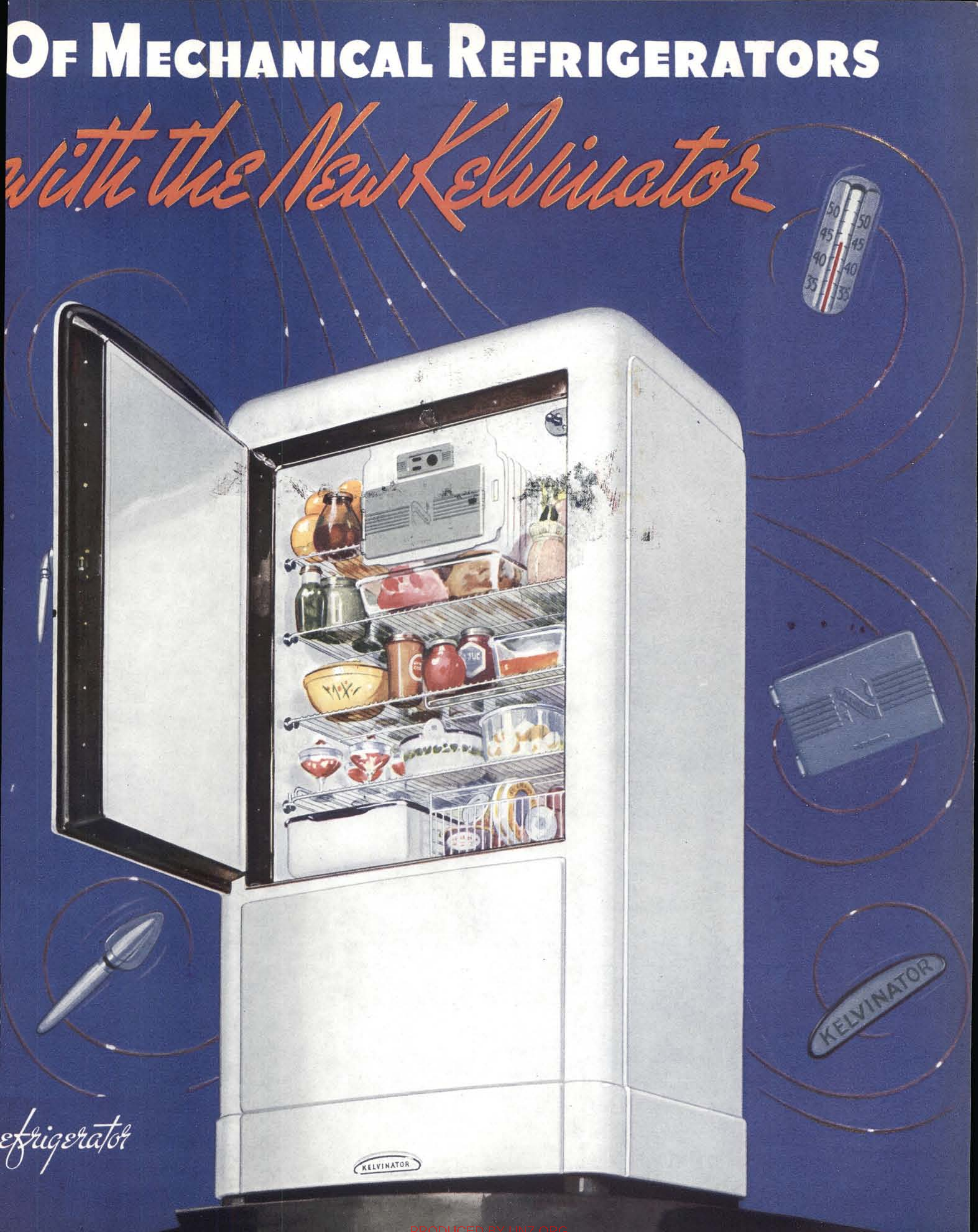
*Factories also in London, Ontario, and London, England*

### THE 1936 KELVINATOR IS THE ONLY REFRIGERATOR THAT OFFERS ALL THESE FEATURES

**1. A Built-In Thermometer. . . . 2. A Certificate of Low Cost of Operation. . . . 3. New beauty in design. . . .**
**4. 5-Year Protection Plan. . . . 5. Flexible grids in all ice trays in standard models. . . . 6. Interior light. . . .**
**7. Food Crisper. . . . 8. Vegetable basket. . . . 9. Automatic defrosting switch. . . . 10. Sliding shelves.**

***A New High Standard of Modern Refrigeration***

*See the new* KELVINATOR *Your ne*


OF MECHANICAL REFRIGERATORS
ith the New Kelvinator
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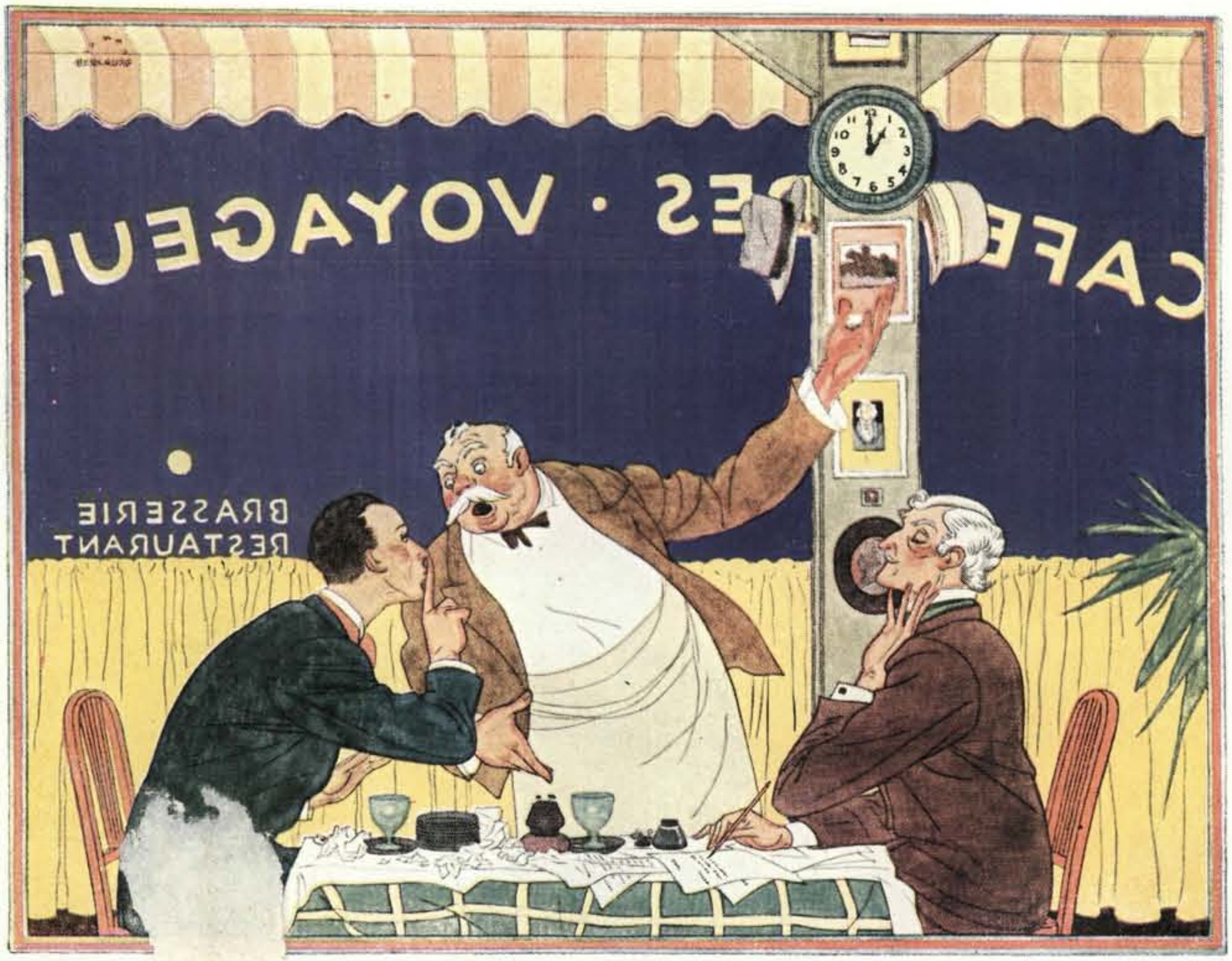
# Love Story

### A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

### By Henri Duvernois



[illegible]tter was completed at one, just as the proprietor ordered the lights out

HARRY BECKHOFF

THE Moitrinels pride themselves on owning a house in Paris, a château in Normandy, a villa on the Côte d'Azur, a number of motorcars and one daughter. They also possessed, though of this they did not boast, a family friend named Gregory Flé. He had been a classmate of Monsieur Moitrinel and had served with him in the army, but had later taken to evil ways and become a writer, an unsuccessful one.

Every Tuesday evening Gregory arrived at the Moitrinel home on the stroke of seven, though dinner was never served until eight-thirty. It was the one chance he had to observe luxury and elegance at close quarters and he made the most of it, collecting material for his novels.

And above all there was Claire.

In his novels, Gregory always represented the daughters of the rich as ugly. Claire must have been a severe disappointment to him—she was charming. After laughing at him a great deal during her childhood, she finally began to take his part. From seven o'clock, when Gregory arrived, until the Moitrinels appeared at eight-thirty she kept him company, chatting intimately. She even got permission to call him godfather, for her real godfather, chosen for his wealth and prominence, had met disgrace in a fraudulent bankruptcy proceeding and had had to relinquish all his titles, including that of godfather.

WHEN Claire was twenty, love entered her life in the person of the young, aristocratic and handsome Etienne Fournier.

"What do you think of him, Godfather?" Claire inquired and added without waiting for an answer: "He's wonderful, isn't he?"

"Wonderful," Gregory agreed.

As a matter of fact, the author liked this young man who listened to him with respectful attention. The Moitrinels, for a variety of reasons, regarded the match with favor.

Gregory watched sympathetically the flowering of this idyl in the previously glacial residence of the Moitrinels. He cheerfully accustomed himself to figure as a mute and benevolent third person from seven o'clock until eight-thirty. After dinner Etienne would say, "Can I drop you somewhere, Monsieur Flé?" and would take Gregory off in his car. Sometimes they would stop at a café.

It was on one of these occasions that Etienne said:

"Monsieur Flé, I want to ask a great favor of you, under the seal of absolute secrecy. It hasn't been announced yet, but Claire and I are engaged and she wants me to send her a letter every day. I'm to start tomorrow, but—I'm ashamed to admit—I can't seem to do it. I know what I want to say, only I'm not able to express it. The dozens of attempts I have made could all be summed up in four words: 'Claire, I love you.'"

"Inadequate," Gregory announced.

"That's what I think. There's got to be something more in my letters. Rescue me, Monsieur Flé, I beg of you. It would be so easy for you, and Claire will never know that the letters are not mine."

"I'll do it!" Gregory promised and immediately called for pen and paper.

The first letter contained three hundred and fifty lines. Begun at eleven-twenty, it was completed at one, just as the proprietor ordered the lights out.

"Don't shorten it too much [illegible]en you copy it," Gregory advised. "I know women, my friend; the intelligent ones have the same reactions as the stupid; they judge the sincerity of your love by the length of your letters."

Some days later when Gregory arrived at the Moitrinels', Claire took him aside:

"Godfather!" she cried, "I've had a letter from Etienne. It's a masterpiece! I'm overcome. You see before you a very embarrassed girl. This correspondence was my idea. I expected ordinary, pleasant letters that I would have no trouble in answering. But to reply to a masterpiece! Have pity on me, Godfather, and help me!"

And so Gregory Flé had the chance of replying to his own letter. The task fascinated him. Claire read him the three hundred and fifty lines that Etienne had shamelessly signed.

"Did I lie to you?" she asked. "Isn't it a masterpiece?"

"Superb," Gregory agreed. "It is indeed a masterpiece."

FROM this time on the Moitrinels were amazed at the consideration and respectful affection that the fiancés showed for one whom Monsieur Moitrinel had characterized as "a third-rate novelist."

And all went well. The lovers and their collaborator floated on azure seas, an azure so uniformly resplendent that it soon became a little tiresome to Gregory. He had definite ideas about the structure of a romance. According to him no book was worth reading unless it contained a dramatic climax. Each of his novels had several of them, and he judged that the time had now come to introduce a dramatic climax into the romance of Etienne and Claire. He spoke to Etienne.

"You have followed my advice up to now and have nothing to complain of. Your fiancée regards you with a sort of veneration. You have charmed her—"

"I beg your pardon; it is you—"

"Very well, we have charmed her. But we must not rest on our laurels. When you are in love you must give all the proofs of love, every one without exception. Jealousy is one of them. As I have pointed out in my comedy, The Sharers: 'You do not know you have a heart until that heart is broken.'"

"You want me to break little Claire's heart?" Etienne inquired anxiously.

"Temporarily and for the good of both of you. Our romance now has only two characters. We must immediately find a third."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Didn't you meet a pretty brunette at the Moitrinels' the other night?"

"Yes. Madame Zuyzertas."

"A splendid name! In your letter for today I'll insert a dozen lines about her."

Thus Gregory built his dramatic climax. It was a complete success. Imperiously summoned by a message from Claire, he found her trembling with rage.

"What a nice boy he turned out to be!" she cried. "In his letter today he talks to me about a dreadful adventuress."

"It's not serious," Gregory decided. "You haven't by any chance an old beau you could use to worry your fiancé?"

"The only trouble is to decide which one."

"Splendid!"

"I have it—Robert Chance."

"Is he handsome?"

"Wait till I think. . . . Yes, very handsome, I believe. He wanted to marry me, but since he hasn't a sou and spends his time in bars, Papa wouldn't hear of it."

"Bravo! An eye for an eye."

He composed for his goddaughter a stinging and witty letter in which Madame Zuyzertas was summarily disposed of. Then came the lines: "I could see at once that there was something on your conscience when I received this morning, without a card, a single dark red rose. I understood! That rose, dear Etienne, bore a name: Remorse." There followed an account of a supper party at which Robert Chance had appeared. . . .

Etienne, overcome by these lines, called Gregory to his aid. The latter composed an equally witty and stinging letter on the theme: "The rose was not from me."

"Everything's going fine," thought Gregory, rubbing his hands.

"She's making a fool of me!" moaned Etienne.

"He lied when he said he loved me," sobbed Claire.

And Gregory, who had never had a play produced, felt the exultation of the dramatist who stands in the wings of a theater and sees the creatures of his imagination live upon the stage.

But one can't foresee everything. Claire and Etienne discovered simultaneously that they could get along without Gregory. Brief and violent telegrams—which proceeded this time directly from the signatories—were exchanged. Neither of them consulted Gregory. A brief note from the Moitrinels informed him that the Tuesday dinner had been postponed.

WHEN, the following week, he arrived at the Moitrinels' house, the father and mother appeared alone, silent and visibly disturbed.

"Claire is ill," Monsieur Moitrinel explained. "You'll have to excuse her."

"What has happened?" the novelist inquired anxiously.

"Her engagement's broken. Etienne is infatuated with an adventuress, ten years older than himself. I see you are about to say: 'Poor little Claire.' Save your sympathy: the little fool intends to marry a certain Robert Chance, a fellow without a profession, without a future, without family or fortune."

"How trying!" murmured Gregory, but he was already composing a new dramatic climax. He sighed and got up from the table.

"I hope you will excuse me," he said, picturing with satisfaction the eloquent and decisive scene in which he would bring about, he felt sure, a permanent reconciliation between Claire and Etienne. "I have to get to work at once. I'm putting the finishing touches on a fascinating love story and it might be disastrous to delay it even for a moment."

# TOWARD YOUR FUTURE SECURITY

So far you have been a very inexpensive little boy. Outside of a few doctor's bills and a few dollars for clothing and toys, you haven't added much to the family budget, but you will not always remain inexpensive. Ten years from now you may wish to go to the college or university of your choice and when that time comes, your mother and father hope to provide for you adequately.

In order to satisfy their desires to give you a good education, they are investing $750 this year in a bond issued by our Government and known as a "United States Savings Bond." Ten years from now this $750 will become $1,000. Each year for three additional years they hope to invest this same amount of money, if their Government is then offering the opportunity to buy these Savings Bonds. Perhaps it will take them longer than they expect—if so they will buy one of the smaller bonds each month, one that costs $37.50 or $18.75, but in any event, they hope to add a dollar to every three, to have $4,000 instead of $3,000 for their son's education.

Never any doubt—The fixed cash redemption values of Savings Bonds remove them from any possibility of price fluctuation, permitting investors to plan for future needs.

"**I am buying a Savings Bond for you every month**"—Systematic buying of Savings Bonds will help provide for your daughter when she comes of age.

# UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

United States Government obligations are the prime investment of the Nation's banks, insurance companies, trust companies and other fiduciary institutions. The holdings of Government securities by these institutions have shown steady expansion during recent years, for in times of uncertainty, as well as in times of prosperity, Government obligations are in demand. Banks, trust companies and insurance companies are custodians of trust and other funds, and as such, seek safety as a first consideration.

Through the medium of United States Savings Bonds the opportunity for safe investment is afforded all classes of investors in convenient form for systematic saving. These bonds are redeemable at any time after sixty days from issue date.

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Your personal check will be accepted, subject to collection, or you may send bank draft or money order. Do not send currency by mail. Make checks payable to Treasurer of the United States.

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HEAD POUNDING LIKE A STEAM ENGINE!

–THEN DOCTORS GAVE ME THIS FASTER RELIEF!

HERE'S a test—by doctors—that's mighty convincing! Let Lloyd Goff tell you about it.

"I woke one morning with my head pounding like a steam engine!" says Mr. Goff. "Stomach was upset, head dizzy and aching, nerves all shot.

"Doctors gave me Bromo-Seltzer and in practically no time I was feeling fine. Faster, more complete relief than I've ever known!

"Other remedies I'd tested at different times hadn't seemed to help me at all."

You, too, will find that Bromo-Seltzer stops next-morning headaches faster. Does more for you, too, things many remedies can't do. Soothes an upset stomach, calms jittery nerves.

Reduces excess acid

Bromo-Seltzer gives another added benefit. Reduces the excess lactic acid overindulgence causes in the blood. This excess acid is one reason you feel so upset the morning after. Many remedies can't reduce it—but Bromo-Seltzer does. It helps nature build up your normal alkaline reserve.

So, next time *you* wake up with head pounding, system upset, try Bromo-Seltzer. At drugstores, soda fountains. Write for a free trial bottle to Emerson Drug Co., Dept. 4, Baltimore, Md.

BROMO SELTZER

Makes you feel fit FASTER!

# The Oxford Manner

*Continued from page 25*

The rhythmic music of the cocktail shaker stops short. Cameras snap. For Mr. Anthony Eden has come out into the corridor. He descends the stairs with that queer sidewise motion of his, nodding to right and left, fingering his little mustache. He pops into a waiting car. It whizzes away.

Journalists and delegates and officials scramble for hats and overcoats. There is a chorus of farewells in a dozen languages. Off they go, to hail taxis, or await the next streetcar to the center of town, or stretch their legs in a walk along the lake front. In a few minutes the League building is silent and deserted. For why, after all, should anybody stay? Has not Mr. Anthony Eden departed?

Ever since his dramatic defiance of Mussolini last year, Anthony Eden has been the star performer in League affairs at Geneva. And now that Adolf Hitler is on the rampage again and Britain is confronted with grave decisions in foreign policy, it looks as if her young Foreign Secretary must needs be a star performer in London and other European capitals. His firmness in forcing League members into a solid front, for the denunciation of Italy as an aggressor and the imposition upon her of sanctions calculated to hamper her prosecution of war in Eastern Africa, raised him overnight to a prominence which eclipsed, for the time being, that of statesmen of maturer age and greater experience.

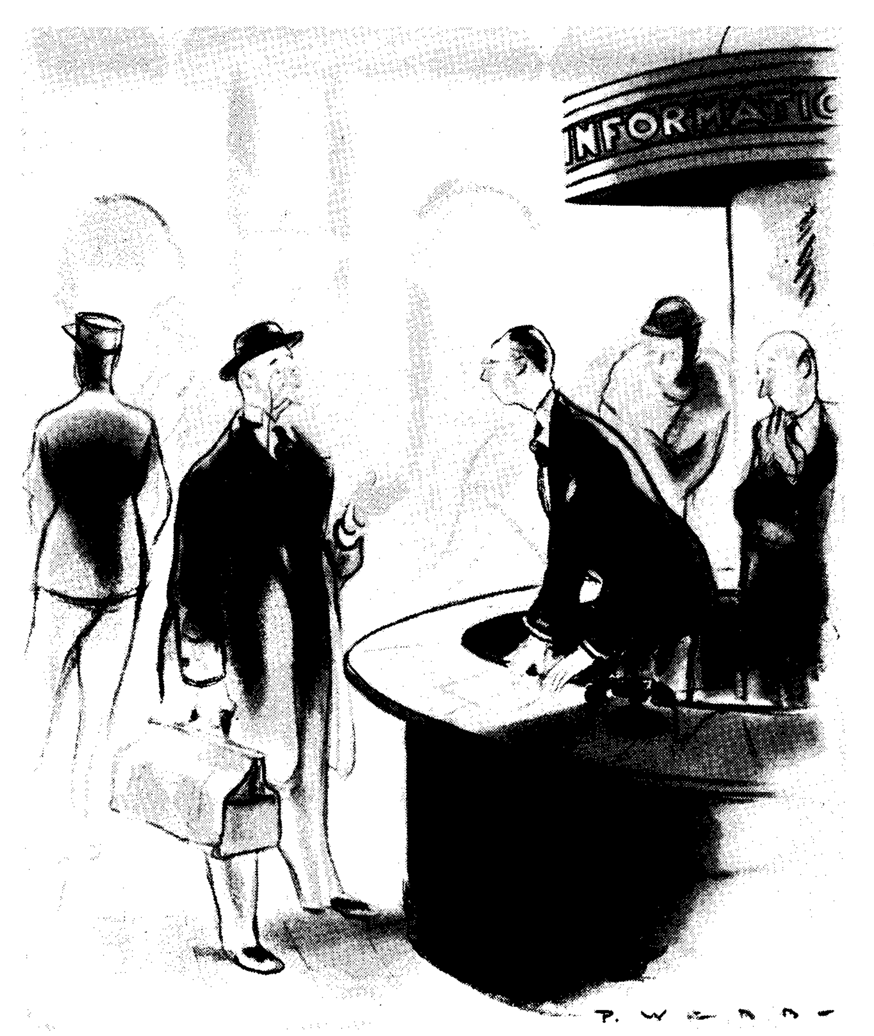
Early this year nobody in Geneva could dispute first place with him. Whenever he took part in a secret conference with statesmen of other nations, the hotel at which the conference was being held at once became a target for interested glances from passers-by. Whenever he talked to somebody at the League's headquarters, that somebody seemed to swell with self-importance, as if he had swallowed the entire European situation. And the special policeman detailed by the Swiss government to duty in front of the Hotel Beau Rivage, on Geneva's lake front, marched up and down with an air of such responsibility and authority as to make his six feet of stature seem positively gigantic. For, you see, he was guarding Mr. Anthony Eden.

### Rumblings in Rome

Eden's youthfulness, in relation to most of his fellow players in the game of international politics, and his remarkable good looks, have endowed his doings with a romantic touch denied to older and less handsome personages. Nor has the halo of romance under which he moves lost in brightness from the fact that there is unquestionably a tinge of personal bitterness in the duel between this dashing young knight of the League and the glowering champion of Fascism.

Those who watched at Geneva Eden's campaign against the autocrat of Fascist Italy—which, despite the Oxford manner that enveloped it, was hair-raising in its harshness—could not help recalling young Eden's visit to Italy shortly before. As British Secretary of State for League of Nation Affairs, he went to Rome to try to dissuade Mussolini from invading Abyssinia. Exactly what happened at the meeting of the two has never come out. One thing, however, is certain: they did *not* hit it off with each other. After the interview, the young Britisher stamped into his hotel

*(Continued on page 48)*



"I don't care much where the train goes—just so there are plenty of tunnels. I'm nuts about tunnels"

PAUL WEBB

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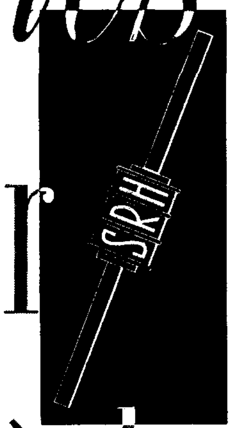
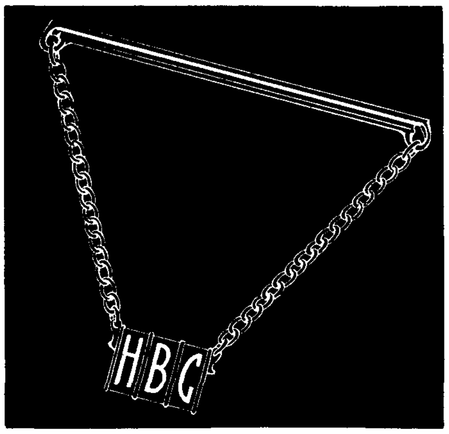
Hickok styles your initials





The *mark of a man* this Spring is initials. And the *harmonizing* initials—that never look "applied"—are Hickok initials. A custom-jeweler, centering his design around your initials, would give you this same finished, *unified* effect.

This season it's adding the finest touch of personality to freshly-styled—*practical*—Hickok chain and bar tie-clips. It's the last word—beg pardon, the "last letter"—in good style that expresses *you*.

See this new Hickok initialing, in distinctive styles that'll take your eye. At your Hickok store . . . if not, write HICKOK, Rochester, N. Y. . . . $1

STYLE LEADERSHIP

# The Oxford Manner

*Continued from page 46*

suite, pale with rage. He pointed to a lot of garments and documents scattered all about by his assistants, in preparation for a Roman stay of some length.

"Pack!" he ordered.

"But—"

"Pack, I tell you!"

That very night he left Rome for London. Meanwhile, in the Palazzo Venezia, Mussolini's Roman headquarters, Italy's grim dictator was striding up and down, shouting Italian words to this effect:

"The nerve of the British government—to send, as their representative in dealing with me, a little boy!"

Ever since, behind the diplomatic wording of the notes exchanged between Great Britain and Italy, one can visualize the flushed face of a very much annoyed young English aristocrat and the flashing eyes of a dictator with a very considerable opinion of his own importance. Future historians, when they write about these hectic times of ours, may possibly make big play with that meeting between frowning Benito and peppery Anthony.

## By Any Other Name

Ever since it happened, Italian Fascists have looked upon Anthony Eden as a red devil with horns, forked tail and a flaming breath, bent on thwarting Mussolini's determination to restore to the new Italy the glory of the ancient Roman Empire. Obsessed with this idea, a Fascist mob recently surged up to a hotel in Rome which, years ago, in graceful compliment to the world's most famous garden, had been named "Hotel Eden" and thundered to the proprietor:

"Change that sign of yours!"

"Certainly, gentlemen," the proprietor promised. Next day, over his door, appeared a sign reading:

"Hotel Paradise."

Eden's full name is Robert Anthony Eden; but the Robert got lost somewhere in transit to his present eminent position. He was born thirty-eight years ago at the ancestral mansion of his noble family—which, by the way, is connected with a personage who, a few centuries back, was governor of Maryland, when it was not yet a state of the American Union but a colony of the British Crown. The Edens are very proud of that connection.

Young Anthony's father, Sir William Eden, seventh Baronet Eden and fifth Baronet of Maryland, was quite a character. All his life a devotee of physical fitness, he was as fanatical in his approval of hard muscles as in his disapproval of hard liquor. No alcohol passed Sir William's lips; but a great deal of profanity did. As he strode masterfully over the countryside around his ancestral acres, his lurid language when he was angry became a thing of enormous local renown. His son, though usually calm, has inherited a bit of his sire's quick temper.

A few months ago, when he was making himself famous all over the world by his pro-League stand at Geneva, he got so enraged listening to a bitter attack by Baron Aloisi, Mussolini's Geneva representative, upon Sir John Simon—at that time British Foreign Secretary, and young Eden's boss—that his eyes flashed and his hands trembled and it looked as if he would leap to his feet and interrupt Aloisi's fiery onslaught. Soon, however, he controlled himself—a thing, by the way, which young Eden is singularly well able to do.

Not long afterward he got even with Aloisi. It was on the occasion of an important speech which the Italian was making at a League meeting attended by Eden, Premier Laval of France and other prominent personages. While Aloisi was speaking, Eden took up a pen and started scribbling busily on a sheet of paper.

"Look!" whispered Premier Laval to the man next him. "Young Eden is taking notes. He is getting ready to answer the Italian. Ha! We shall see some excitement!"

But, when Aloisi had sat down, Eden made no move to speak. He simply went on scribbling.

"What were you writing?" he was asked later.

"A letter to my wife," he replied. "My only chance to do it all day was during Aloisi's speech!"

He played true to form as a scion of the British nobility by going to school at Eton, that classic hothouse for forming British gentlemen. There the World War found him. He lost no time in presenting himself for military service. So industrious was he in fitting himself for an officer's tasks that soon after getting over to France he became the youngest captain in the entire British army. Later he won the Military Cross for distinguished service in the field.

Incidentally, the war record of the Eden family is remarkable even in a country like England, which more than did its bit. Beside Anthony, three of his brothers also went to the front. Of these, the eldest, Timothy, who succeeded fiery old Sir William in the baronetcy, was captured by the Germans and spent some time in the prison camp at Ruhleben outside Berlin; a second brother was killed in action in France, and a third lost his life at the naval battle of Jutland.

After the war, young Eden spent four years at Oxford, where he specialized in Oriental languages. Once, while he was still an undergraduate, he rose to address the Aga Khan, spiritual head of the Moslems of India and Persia, and amazed that personage (who spends much of his time in the Occident and expects nothing but occidentalism from his occidental acquaintances) by shooting off an entire speech in Persian.

## No Mere "Yes-Man"

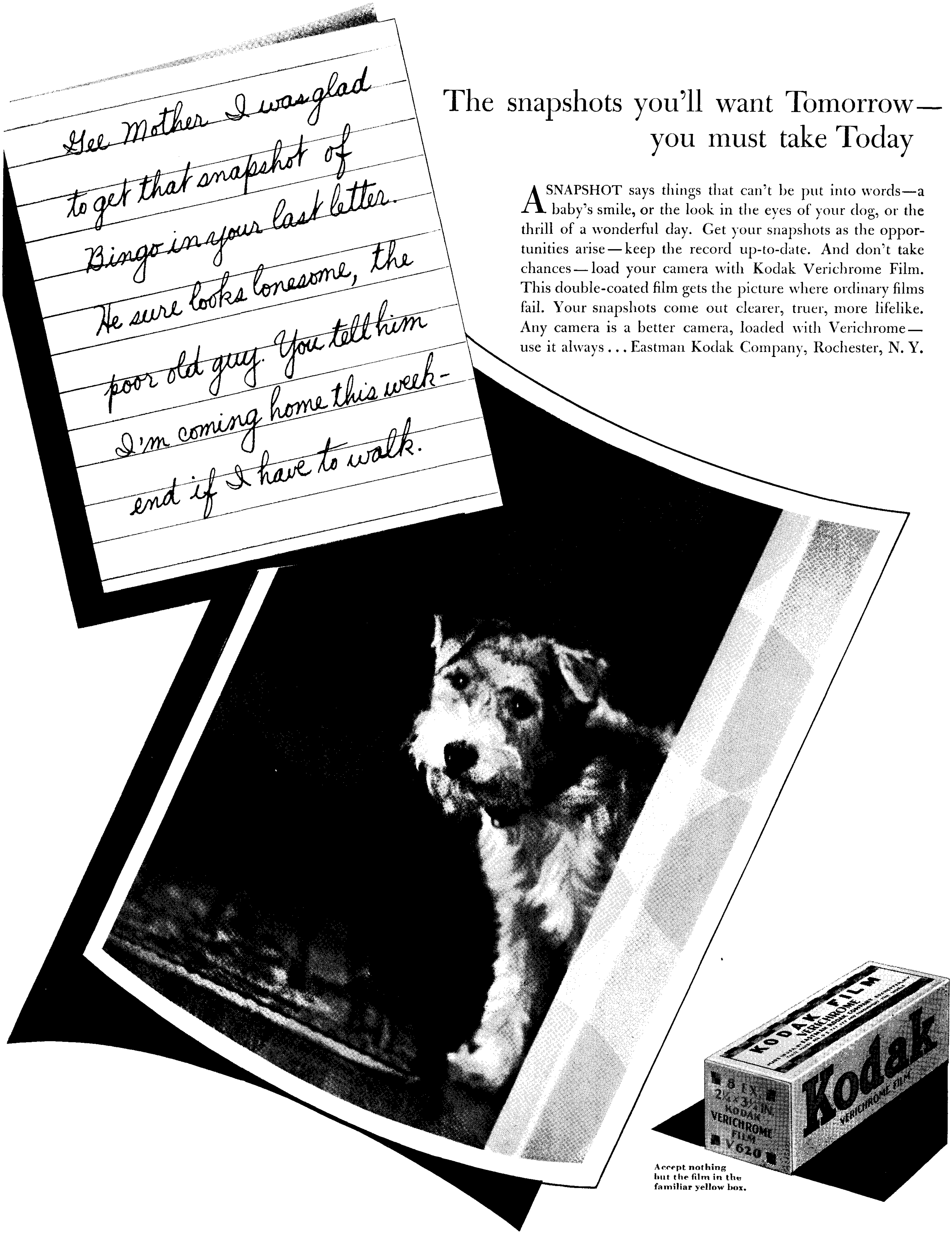
"How come?" inquired the bewildered Aga Khan. He was informed that the very un-Oriental youth who had just addressed him had won the highest Oxford honors in Oriental languages. In later years Eden enjoyed a similar triumph when, at a dinner, he amazed the Arabian envoy to the Court of St. James by casually turning to him and quoting fluently (in the original Arabic!) from the Koran.

In 1924, when he was twenty-six years old, he became a Conservative member of Parliament for Warwick and Leamington. He promptly attracted the monocled eye of Sir Austen Chamberlain, then British Foreign Secretary, who made young Eden his Parliamentary Private Secretary. Soon he was Sir Austen's most valuable aide, especially in the exacting work of preparing the Locarno Treaty.

When the present national government was formed, young Anthony became Undersecretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The head of the British Foreign Office at that time was Sir John Simon. Under him Eden especially distinguished himself in the settlement of the Yugoslav-Hungarian dispute which

*(Continued on page 50)*

Thurston Gentry
GAS
GAS
NY 302
THURSTON GENTRY



Gee Mother I was glad
to get that snapshot of
Bingo in your last letter.
He sure looks lonesome, the
poor old guy. You tell him
I'm coming home this week-
end if I have to walk.

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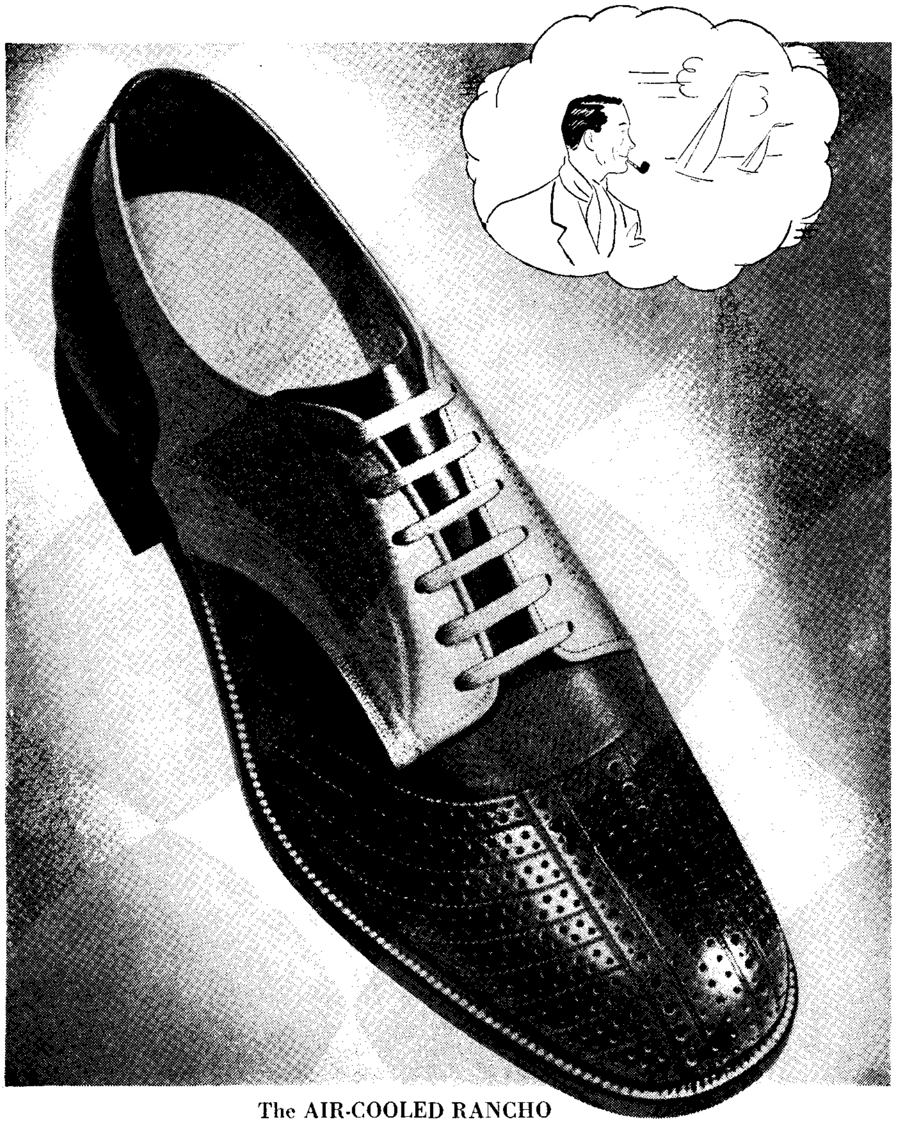
*to a cool summer*



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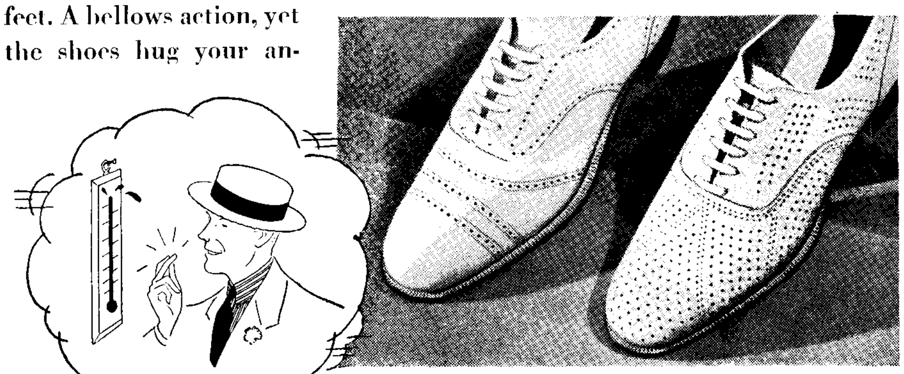


Laugh at hot weather in these breeze-blown styles. CASINO last.

WALK·OVER
*Koolies*

## The Oxford Manner

*Continued from page 48*

followed in the wake of the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia and of French Foreign Minister Barthou at Marseilles, in the autumn of 1934. He also did excellent work in the difficult negotiations preceding the return to Germany of the Saar district.

He first came definitely into the public eye, however, when, in the wake of Sir John (but far from being overshadowed by him) he went to Berlin to try to find out what Adolf Hitler had in his mind. Already he was doing a lot of independent thinking; it was becoming increasingly obvious that he meant to be no mere "yes-man" to his superiors at the Foreign Office.

Those who followed the course of the ensuing three-cornered conversations on Berlin's Wilhelmstrasse will recall a certain photograph, spread over newspapers throughout the world. It showed Hitler and Sir John, in every-day attitudes of noncommittal politeness, but disclosed Eden, on the other hand, leaning forward aggressively, as if about to throw at the Fuehrer a blunt question such as could never have issued from Sir John's suave, legalistic lips.

### In Fearless Style

That picture was symbolic. It meant that a new star had risen in European politics. Those who had correctly guessed its significance were not surprised when Eden continued his travels from Berlin to Warsaw and Moscow and Prague, whereas Sir John did not. Instead, the Foreign Secretary returned to London, to relinquish his post shortly afterward to Sir Samuel Hoare.

Meanwhile, Anthony Eden grappled in fearless style with the realities of eastern Europe. After Hitler, Stalin. The autocrat of the Kremlin tried hard to get Eden on his side; Moscow, to the young Englishman, was just one banquet after another. At the most brilliant of all of them, Dictator Stalin, supreme overlord of a communistic state execrated to this day by many thousands of Englishmen, broke through the inhibitions of years when he lifted his glass and proposed this toast, unprecedented in Soviet Russia: "Comrades, the King of England!" Whereupon, Eden, not to be outdone in the shattering of conventions, rose to his feet, glass in hand, and said:

"Gentlemen, Lenin!"

After Eden's return to England, the fact that he had "arrived" became constantly more evident. On all sides one heard his name. Though Sir Samuel Hoare was his commanding officer at the Foreign Office, the younger man bulked almost as large. During Sir Samuel's stormy tenure of office it was difficult to visualize him without conjuring up, at the same time, the outline of a thin, tall British aristocrat, with the stamp of Eton and Oxford in his every word and gesture—and, in addition, the face of a movie hero and the obstinacy of an army mule—hovering somewhere in the immediate background.

He was soon in active opposition to the policy of Sir Samuel. After the latter, in conjunction with Premier Laval of France, advanced late last year those proposals for ending the Italian-Ethiopian war which so outraged British and American public opinion. Eden came out squarely against his chief. He made no effort to conceal his anger at the proposals, which he deemed alike a blow to British prestige and a negation of the policy of League action against an aggressor which he had been advocating stubbornly at Geneva. It is an open secret that only the strenuous efforts of friends kept Eden from resigning in disgust from the Baldwin government.

Eventually, Premier Stanley Baldwin threw Sir Samuel Hoare overboard, to placate the sharks of public opinion, and Eden—thoroughly averse, it was assumed on all sides, to letting Mussolini reap any advantage from his Ethiopian war—stepped into Sir Samuel's shoes.

Eden's wife is a daughter of Sir Gervase Beckett, well-known British banker. They have two sons.

The young British Foreign Secretary produces on people a curious blend of admiration and irritation. When he was making the welkin ring at Geneva with his denunciations of Mussolini's Abyssinian antics, an Englishwoman said to me: "Eden is too beautiful to be true. I simply cannot trust him!" Another observer of his doings cannot endure his smile. "It's fatuous!" he complains. Then, too, his way of flicking ashes from his cigarette while he listens to speeches from foreign colleagues annoys certain people. It may be good Oxford, they maintain, but it's rotten Geneva. And a young woman who watched him in action before a League meeting had no use for his way of stretching out his long legs in front of him. "He kept making me think that he had his feet on the table!" she fretted. But most women are enthusiastic admirers of Anthony.

The young aristocrat from Eton and Oxford irritates cynical practitioners of politics who believe the skulduggery of yesterday quite good enough for today. When he was greatly embarrassing France by persisting in lining her up with the British policy of sanctions against Italy, at a time when many Frenchmen wanted to remain good friends with Mussolini, an exasperated French cynic exclaimed: "Just when we were all acting like a lot of rascals, along comes this Eden chap and plays the gentleman!"

### Typifying Democratic Youth

To some, young Eden's meteoric rise presages the acceptance, by democracy, of the challenge flung down to it by youth in the lands ruled by dictatorship. Mussolini, when he seized power in 1922, was just about Eden's age. Kemal Pasha, supreme ruler of Turkey since 1921, was a little older. And Adolf Hitler—only forty-seven years old, after three years as Germany's ruler—was, at Eden's age, already a rising star in German politics. Against the onward march of these comparatively youthful apostles of dictatorial rule, the older statesmen of democratic Europe have often seemed dazed and helpless. Is democratic youth—as typified by Anthony Eden—destined to redress the balance?

Some think that the brilliance of Eden's debut may prove tragic for his later career. The world expects too much of him, they argue. "The man who fought the Geneva battle against aggression so resolutely—who found himself while still in his thirties incarnating the policy of idealistic devotion to the League covenant against the old spirit of cynical compromise exemplified by the Hoare-Laval proposals for ending the Italian-Ethiopian war—will not be allowed to go forward at the slow and sure gait which would be tolerated in others of less dazzling beginnings. His duel with Mussolini may prove, for Eden, not a ladder to renown but a toboggan slide to oblivion." So reason the skeptics; among whom, by the way, are quite a few of Europe's elder statesmen who resent the sensational rise of young Anthony and would not be at all pained if he should break his political neck in the furious steeplechase of European politics.

But his admirers harbor no such dark thoughts. To them, the bright beginning of his career is merely a faint foreshadowing of bigger achievements yet to come. Around him, a little group of devoted adherents is forming—they were much in evidence a few weeks ago at Geneva—to whom he has already become somewhat of a demigod.

"He has gone far," they will tell you, "but he is destined to go much farther."

"Nonsense!" snarl the skeptics. "Anthony Eden is done for! Now, before he is forty, he has reached the top of his career; he may count himself lucky if, when he is fifty, anybody remembers him at all!"

All of which precocious Anthony meets with Eton poise and Oxford calm and British phlegm. In Geneva, they are still chuckling over a manifestation of these qualities not long ago when the young English statesman was trying hard to settle the Yugoslav-Hungarian dispute, which was developing into a regular war cloud.

The Geneva lake front was ringing with argument; nobody would listen to anybody; agreement seemed hopelessly remote. Finally, it was decided to appeal to young Eden. But he was nowhere to be found.

So discussion continued, hotter and more futile than ever, until the discussers grew so exhausted that they were ready to agree to anything in the way of a reasonable solution, if only somebody would suggest one.

That was the moment for which Eden had been waiting.

Suddenly, after the discussion had lasted hours on end, he reappeared in Geneva.

"Where have you been?" his colleagues asked.

"Admiring the view from a Swiss mountaintop," he replied.

"Have you any plan for settling this dispute?"

"I have."

And he produced a perfectly good plan, and the weary disputants all signed on the dotted line, and the next European war was again postponed.

### Tennis Court Proceedings

The problems confronting precocious Anthony are becoming increasingly difficult. But, in tackling them, he has lost none of his poise and calm and phlegm—qualities which, in spite of his peppery temper, he always keeps in reserve.

In Geneva recently, at the height of the discussion as to whether Eden's pet patent medicine—sanctions—was to be forced down the throat of Mussolini, I asked one of the young British Foreign Secretary's assistants how his chief divided up his time. I was regaled with an impressive catalog of that day's activities—unofficial talks with Flandin and Boncour; long-distance telephoning to London; rapid planning, with other Britons, of moves and counter-moves in the battle of sanctions; a luncheon party; a dinner; an official reception; and—last but not least—a long conference at the League of Nations building.

"Thank you," said I, at the end of the recital. "I can easily believe that all those things filled up Mr. Eden's day from end to end."

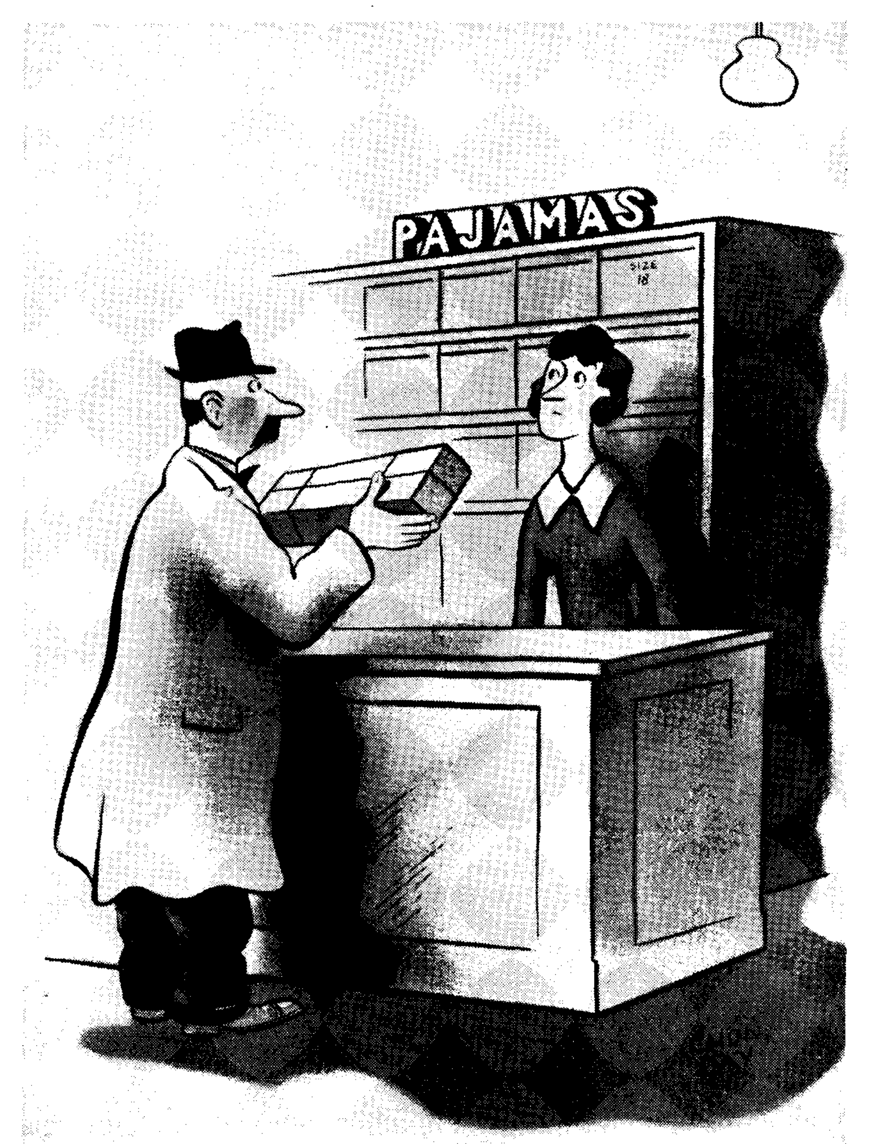
"No, they didn't."

"What do you mean?"

"He still managed to keep an hour to himself this morning."

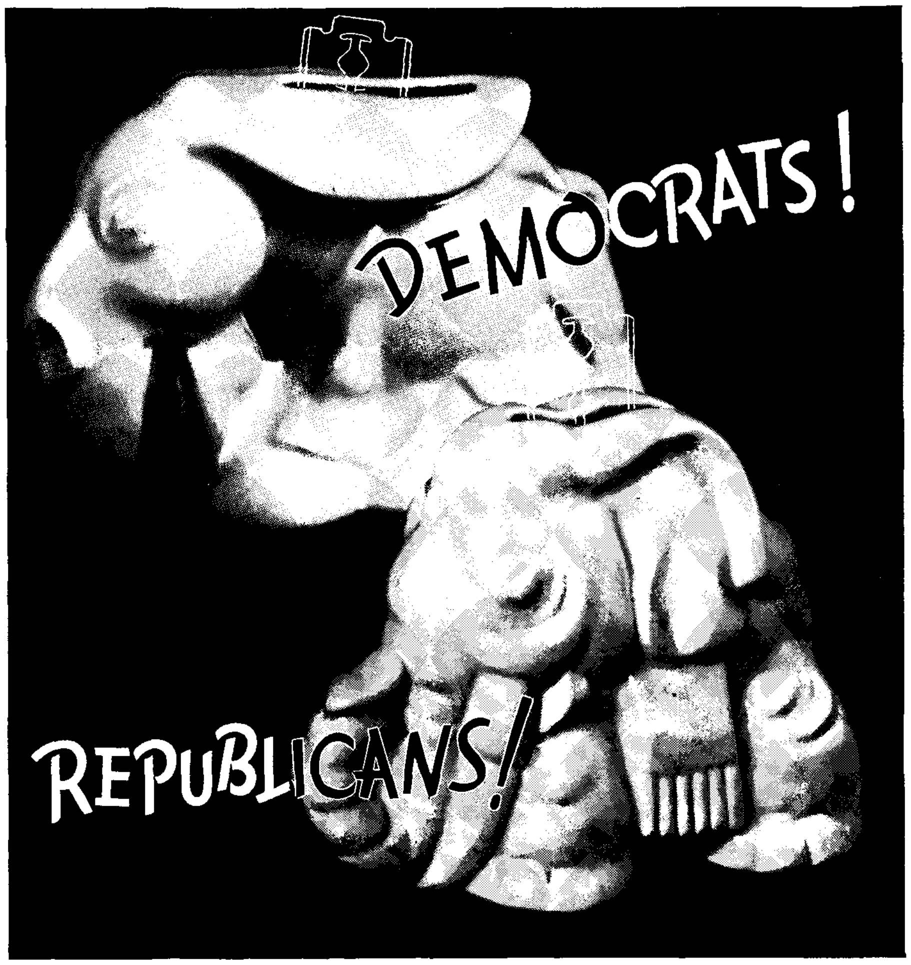
"What did he use it for?"

"Tennis!"



"They creep up!"

CHON DAY



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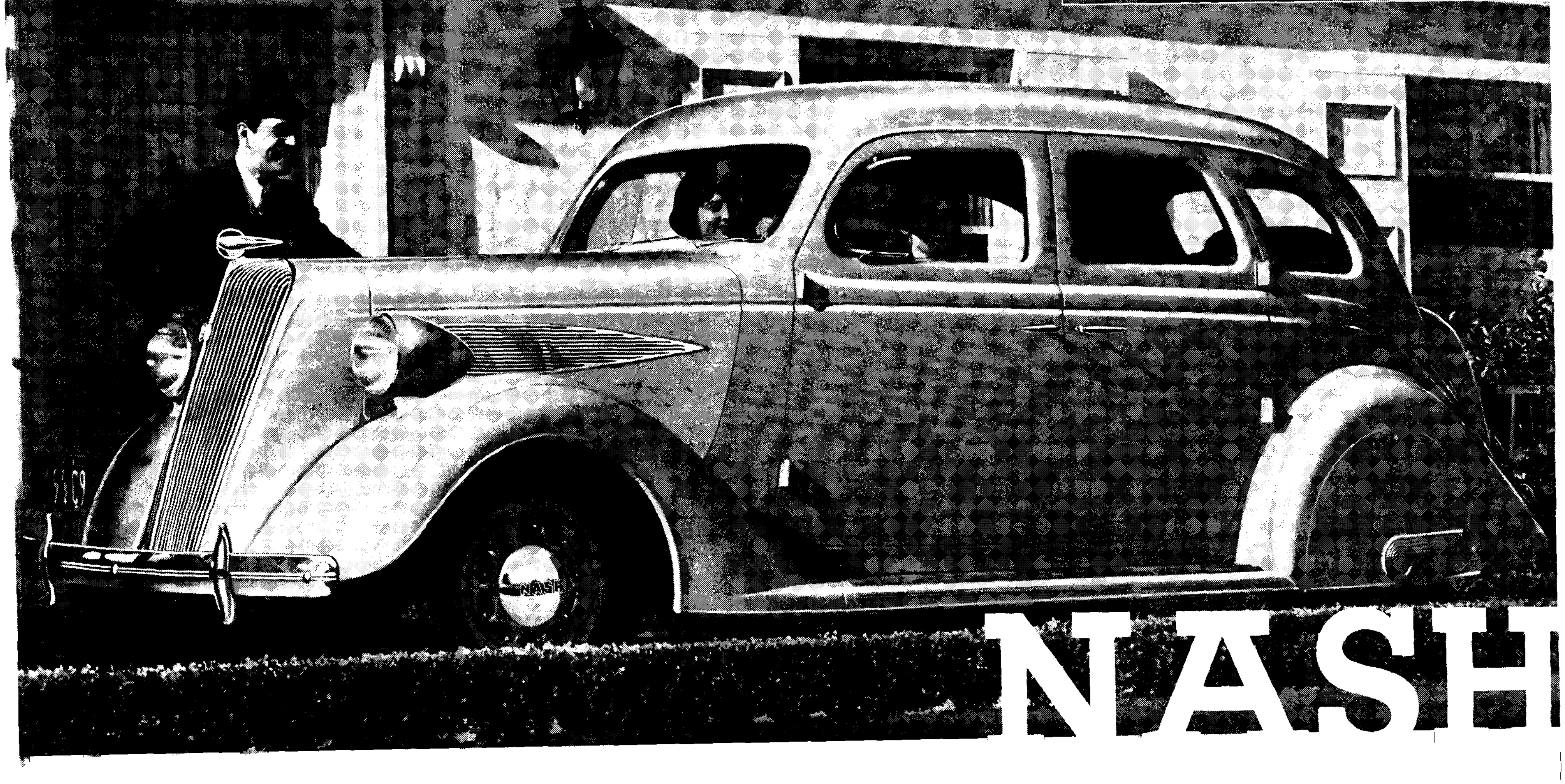
*Car shown is Nash "400" De Luxe four-door sedan with trunk*



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|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
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| Car A | 46 | 45¼ | 37½ | 37¼ | 18½ | 21 |
| Car B | 50½ | 47 | 37¾ | 36½ | 18 | 18¾ |
| Car C | 47½ | 45½ | 37¾ | 36½ | 19½ | 20¾ |
| Car D | 51¾ | 46 | 37¼ | 35½ | 18¼ | 21¾ |
| Car E | 49½ | 45¼ | 36¾ | 36⅛ | 19 | 20½ |
| Car F | 50¾ | 45¾ | 35¾ | 35¾ | 19½ | 20⅛ |
| Car G | 51½ | 45¾ | 36 | 35½ | 18¾ | 19¼ |
| A $2,000 car | 50 | 49 | 34¾ | 36 | 20 | 24 |
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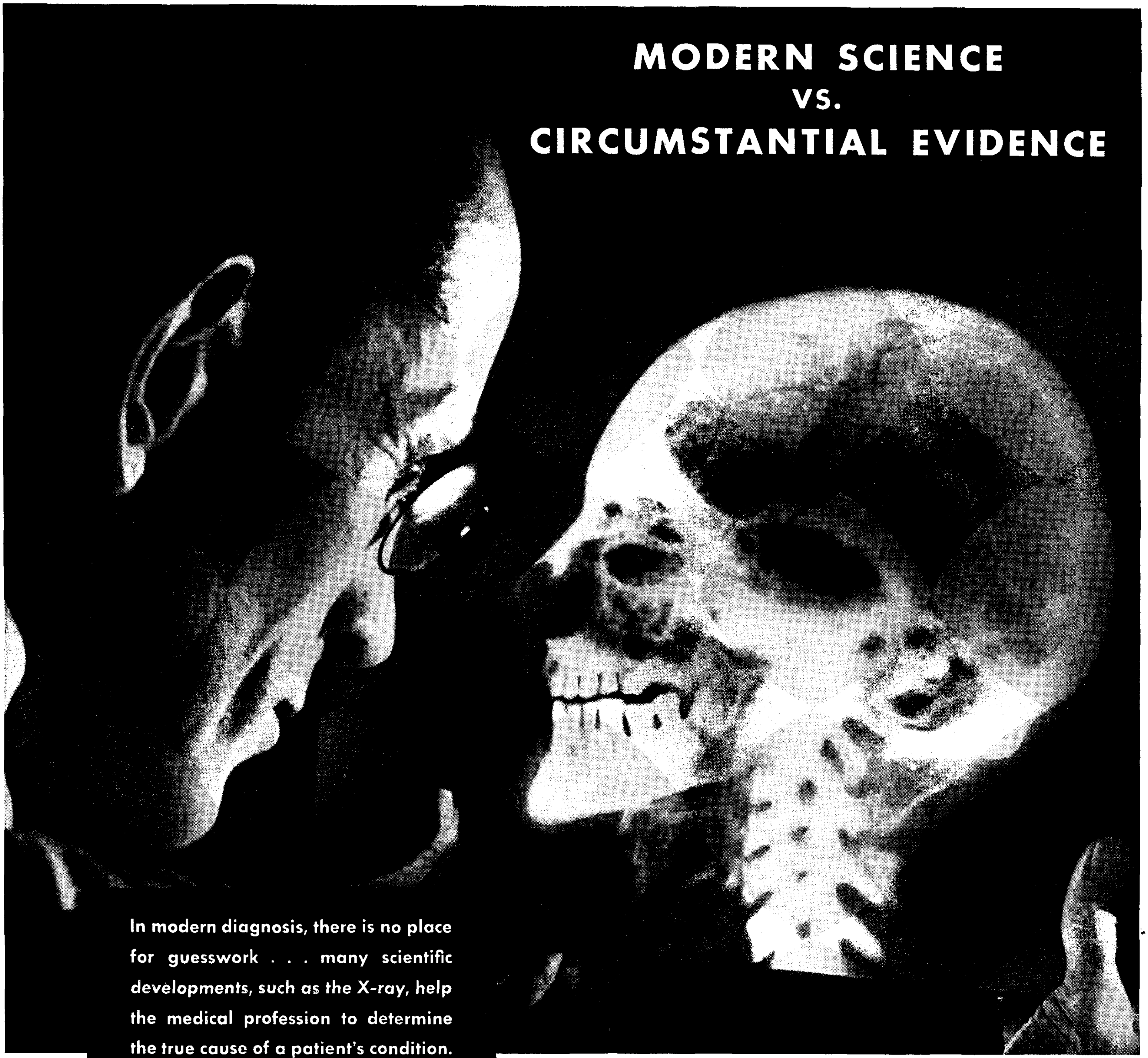
# VS.
# CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE



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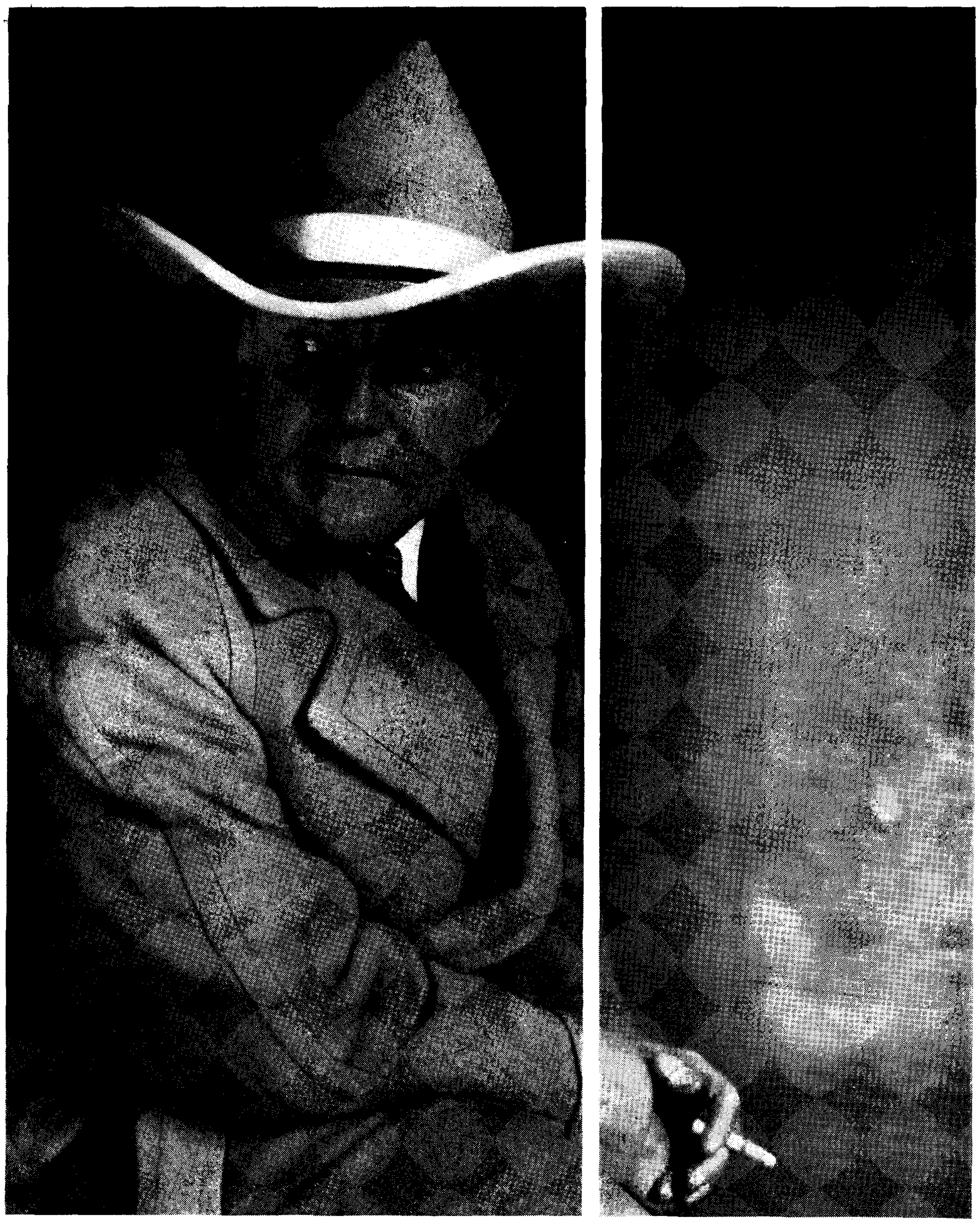
# Horse-Opera Star

## By Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPH [illegible] FOR [illegible] COLLIER'S [illegible]

*[illegible] Jones [illegible] he k[illegible] [illegible] his adult [illegible] who ever [illegible] boy owning [illegible]*

[illegible] Jones, one [illegible] of the [illegible] succeeded in [illegible]



THE first thing Buck Jones does is break your heart. This is quite in contrast to Tom Mix, who used to appear in New York either on his white horse or at the wheel of a motor car which looked like one of the new streamlined trains, complete with diner and sleeping cars. Buck, on the contrary, had no horse, had just come in from riding in a taxi and looked like the cashier of the Saucon Valley Trust Company, Hellertown, Pennsylvania. That is to say, he was dapper and businesslike and anti-Western.

By itself that was enough to ruin man's faith in the democratic form of government, but the final crash came when it was found that Mr. Jones (a) had one principal hobby, which was yachting and (b) maintained that the finest wielder of a lariat he had ever seen was Tommy Kernan, who was reared in Passaic, New Jersey, and was never off the Hackensack Meadows until he was old enough to vote.

"The finest roper in New Jersey?" said the questioners piteously, hopeful that their hearing had tricked them.

"The finest in the world," insisted Buck. "He learned it right there in Passaic and he could do things with a rope no human being had any right to do."

By this time the populace was filled with the notion that Mr. Jones was an iconoclast who had some plan to undermine the Republic and that he was on the verge of denouncing the horse as a subversive influence. This was before they got the full flavor of Buck's Oklahoma accent and had seen his eyes dampen at mention of Silver, his famous nag.

As one of the few heroes of Westerns who had made the transition from the silent to the talking film and through the various vicissitudes which have periodically convinced the producers that the horse opry was done for good, it was agreed that Mr. Jones could afford to dress up for his New York trip and take no back talk from a lot of people who couldn't ride a merry-go-round horse without holding on with both hands.

As a matter of truth, Buck Jones was born as Charles Gebhart, in Vincennes, Indiana, but his father corrected that almost immediately, buying a 2,000-acre ranch at Red Rock, Oklahoma, and taking the family there before Buck could be corrupted by civilization. The Gebhart ranch was really nothing but a garden patch in comparison with other Oklahoma empires of that period. By the time the future Buck was able to make a dime or two on his own behalf, it was plain that there was nothing for him to do on the home place with a few hundred head of cattle. He went over to

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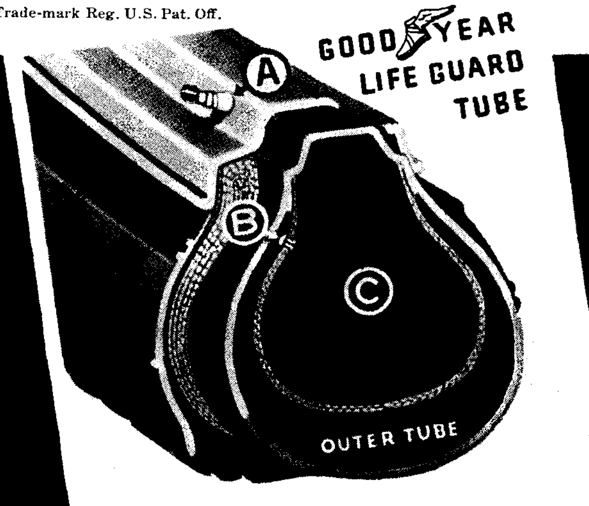

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EAGLE GOOD
YEAR

work for the Millers at the “101” Ranch.

The ranch ran from the Arkansas River to Ponca City, was 101,000 acres in extent, and was run by the Miller brothers—George, Joe and Zack. The real boss, however, was their mother, who was seventy years old, cooked for her own family, and knew as much about branding a calf as anybody on the place.

“Thirty a month and chuck,” says Buck. “Almost pure profit for the Millers because George used to come down to the bunkhouse every pay day and win it back from us at poker.”

The times were still strenuous in the Southwest. A gentleman stole a horse at Red Rock and started over to Ponca to sell it. On the way he was cut off by a posse of deputies and killed. A brother of the late deceased arrived in Ponca, took a look at his defunct relative and rented a room at the hotel.

“Every deputy in the county left town,” Mr. Jones recalls. “I don't blame them.”

In one of the intervals between punching cattle, Buck joined the Army and was sent to the Philippines. He got up to the eminence of a top sergeant in Troop G, U. S. Cavalry, and had his left thigh so badly shattered by the bullet of a Moro on the island of Mindanao that he was invalided out of the service as permanently disabled. By 1912 he had recovered the use of his leg and was assigned to the First Aviation Squadron at Texas City, near Galveston. At the end of three months, he found that he had to be a commissioned officer to be a pilot.

“I suppose I was lucky, not flying those old crates around,” says Mr. Jones, “but at the time I was pretty sore about it. I didn't want to be a grease-monkey all my life, so I asked for a transfer and was sent to the remount service and eventually got my honorable discharge.”

He next turned up with the “101” Ranch Show. When they reached the old Madison Square Garden in New York, he met Odelle Osborne, a rider with the show. They were later married in the center of the arena during a performance in Lima, Ohio.

“It seemed like a swell idea at the time,” says Buck, a bit ruefully. “We're still married but I guess if we did it again, we'd go about it a little differently.”

During the World War, he was in the remount service again, breaking horses for the French, Italians and English. He'd bring a carload of wild ones up from Texas or down from Montana and do the breaking in Chicago.

### Five Bucks a Day

When that was over he drifted out to California, broke and out of work. He had no more idea of being a movie actor than he had of being a target for a Moro. He was standing on a corner wondering what he'd do next when a man drove up in a car.

“Listen, you,” said the man. “Yes, you; with the thick neck. Do you want a job?”

The job was riding horses in a Western and the man was Scotty Dunlap of Fox. The pay was five dollars a day when you worked. The picture was The Tale of Two Cities by Charles Dickens and the star was Mr. William Farnum, and it was a Western. Of that, Mr. Jones is positive. He remembers galloping up and down and wondering what the hell it was all about, but he knows it was a Western. By some magic of Hollywood, the tale of the French Revolution had been hooked up with cattle rustling on the Bar-B Ranch. Between gallops Buck had a bit to himself in the picture. He sat on his horse and rolled a cigarette with one hand. It practically made him in Hollywood. In one year's time he was a principal on the Fox lot.

“Rolling a cigarette, riding a horse and I get five bucks a day,” says Mr. Jones in retrospect. “I thought they were crazy.”

Later on Sol Wurtzel sent him over to see Colonel Selig, who offered him seventy-five dollars a week to do two-reel shorts. Before that he had been a double for Tom Mix. In the old days the life of a double was known as the only form of suicide for which a reward was given. In the Broken Coin, a most remarkable production directed by John Ford, Buck climbed a rope up a cliff for everybody in the cast. His wife, who was ambitious for his career, sat through eighteen episodes of this serial.

“When do you come in, Buck?” she finally asked plaintively.

Buck had been in a thousand times but the audience had never seen anything but his back, climbing. For that he got twenty-five dollars a day. If he fell, they got another man and the relatives claimed Buck.

“For falling off a horse—one buck,” says Mr. Jones. “The sissies get twenty-five to fifty dollars for falls now.”

### You Can't Fool the Kids

He was ten years with Fox, four years with Columbia, and is now with Universal, where he makes his own productions. The picture he is proudest of is one called Just Pals, which was not a Western at all. It was directed by John Ford and Helen Ferguson was his leading lady. Ford had originally been a carpenter and is remembered by Mr. Jones as a gentleman who was always horning in on the set with a hammer sticking out of his pocket, his mouth full of nails, and his head full of ideas which later proved very successful. His production last year of The Informer is considered a screen masterpiece.

One of Buck's leading ladies was Carole Lombard, then about sixteen.

“A little chunky, fat kid,” says Buck. “Came from the poorest kind of folks and is still one of the nicest people I know.”

The coming of sound to pictures almost ruined the Western boys. Not only was it found that some of the tough babies had voices like Jack Dempsey's, which is to say not tough at all, but the task of doing sound pictures out-of-doors stumped the film people for a long time. The task of accompanying a galloping bandit down a mountain side in a sound contraption looking like a telephone booth was too much for horse or man.

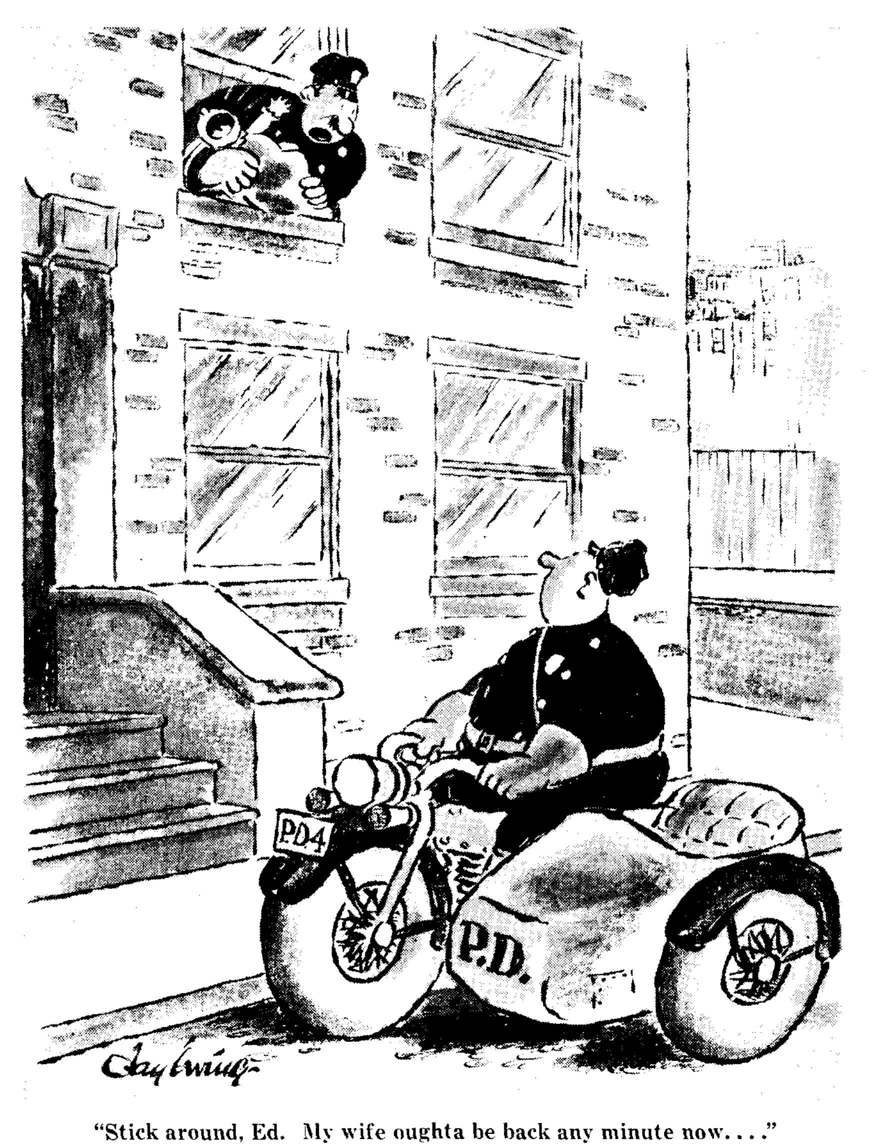
“I thought we were sunk,” says Buck. “I got by for a while by giving up Westerns but it didn't look too hopeful. They have it now, however, so you can do anything with sound. The only thing that stumps us are airplane motors. Not only do they drown everything else out but it's a pretty annoying racket when you're taking a picture of the old Deadwood Coach days. You can't fool the kids with a noise like that.”

You can't fool the kids at all. For a time there was a movement to modernize the Westerns. The producers ran in motorcars, airplanes, death rays and ladies in evening gowns. The kids didn't need a national organization to stop that. They set up such a clamor of loud, insulting, vulgar noises with the mouth that the producers recanted immediately.

Buck now runs the whole works on his Westerns. He selects the story, supervises the script, picks the cast and does most of the acting. He makes eight pictures a year, costing around forty-five thousand dollars each. He then sells them to Universal for a flat fee, plus percentage, and they distribute them.

When the picture is in production, he works without sleep for days. When it is completed, the even harder job of cutting the picture begins.

“You look at that thing so often, you run it over so repeatedly,” says Mr. Jones, “that after a while you don't know whether it's going backward or forward. I never knew what a cinch acting was till I got into producing.”



“Stick around, Ed. My wife oughta be back any minute now. . . .”

JAY IRVING

The Jones gentleman is forty-one years old (not at all reluctant to confess it), weighs one hundred and ninety-five pounds, wears a diamond as big as a hen house on the little finger of his left hand (the gift of his wife), feels very low in spirits over the showing of the University of Southern California football team in recent years, likes fishing from his boat, says he will never go with a circus even if his film career evaporates, and has an overwhelming ambition to make one of his pictures so good that the New York exhibitors will be compelled to give it a first run showing on Broadway.

The Jones pictures have a strange history. In New York, for example, they are sold only in the neighborhood houses and then only to the smaller ones, the 600-seaters. On the Lower East Side, a Buck Jones will get more money than a Greta Garbo. Directly across the Hudson from New York, in Paterson, New Jersey, a Buck Jones Western is a first-run feature. On the West Side of Chicago, the Jones films are popular and get high prices. The real stronghold of Westerns, however, is the South and West. Whenever the producers hint that they may drop the cowboy Indian films, there is a howl from south of the Mason-Dixon line. They draw big business and make a lot of money for distributors in that section. In foreign countries, they are still in demand, the world audiences still liking to think that the Indians are making life horrible for the citizens of Omaha and Des Moines.

In various screen popularity listings, Buck Jones tops the outdoor field and is twenty-third among all stars, having come up from a lower rating in the last year. His fan mail is so large that he has two secretaries handling it.

“The kids write to tell me that they like a certain film and will I send them an autographed picture,” says Buck. “But most of the mail now is from older people, thanking me for making clean films, films about courage and doing your duty.”

### A Fan Never Forgets

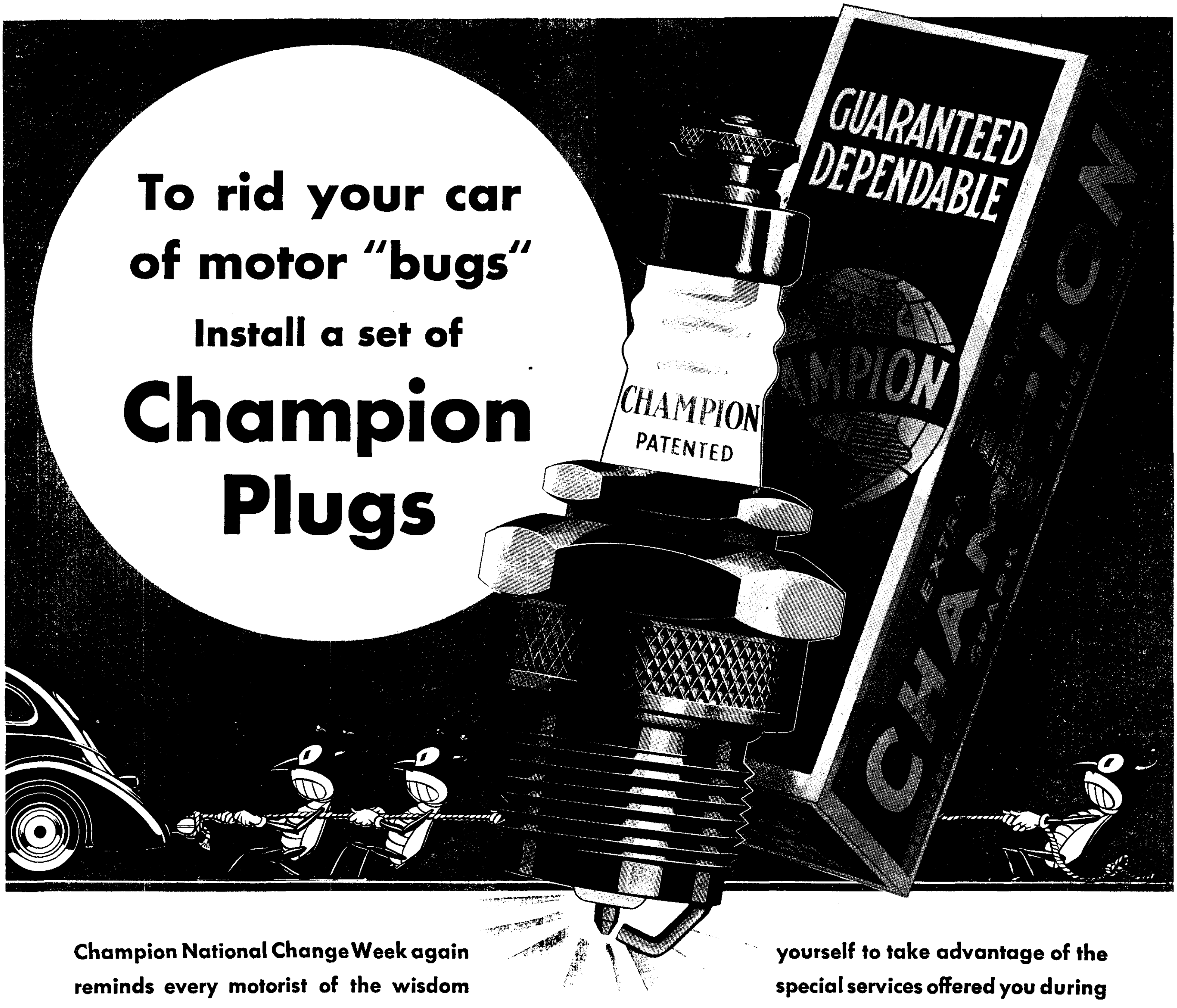
His great project is the Buck Jones Rangers, something like 3,000,000 strong throughout the nation. It is run on the Boy Scout basis, with hiking trips and other excursions and medals for merit. They also get permission to attend Buck Jones pictures at the regular rate. At Bellevue Gardens in Los Angeles, however, Buck has a 90-piece Rangers band, recruited from the tough neighborhoods of town. They get uniforms, instruments and free vacations in summer.

As an actor, Buck has no fantastic notions about his ability. He suffers from no secret longing to play Hamlet. He doesn't even want to be Clark Gable. He makes his pictures, turns them over to Universal at a profit, hunts around for a new story, does a little fishing, sees that his horse, Silver (twenty-three years old and invaluable to him), is well cared for, and worries almost not at all about fame. Fortune he has—a ranch near Hollywood, a town house, a car almost as long as the one once owned by Tom Mix, a yacht, a wife and daughter, and enough in annuities to keep him fishing happily even if the kids of America decide he is one cowboy they can do without.

“When they do find it out,” said Mr. Jones, with the suggestion of a shudder, “you might as well give yourself up. A movie fan is like an elephant; he never forgets.”

# CHAMPION

## NATIONAL CHANGE WEEK MAY 4TH. to 10TH.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Look out! Such symptoms often mean your daily diet may be deficient in Iron, or some other important food essential. That's why so many people today feel nervous, irritable, *run-down.*

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Cocomalt is designed always to be mixed with milk—either hot or cold. Comes in ½-lb. and 1-lb. air-tight cans. Available also in economical 5-lb. hospital size can. Sold by grocery, drug and department stores. In powder form only—never in liquid or syrup.

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"I was confined to bed for 2 months due to illness. I was advised to drink Cocomalt. I began to gain almost at once. I started to win back my strength. I feel certain that Cocomalt hastened my recovery."—*Miss Celeste Gheen, 140 E. 63rd St., New York City.*

# The Invisible President

*Continued from page 22*

friendship. His sincerity, if he had ever doubted it, he doubted no longer: he was deeply read, fearless, unshakable in his faith. And that the abbot had sources of information denied to the Department of Justice, Nayland Smith knew quite well.

"I know," said the abbot, at last, speaking very slowly and with a studious distinctness, "the character of the man who, remorselessly and over many murdered bodies, has driven Paul Salvaletti forward to the place which he holds. I do not know his name. He is a member of a very old Chinese family, and a man of great culture. He controls, or at least he has a voice in the councils of a secret society based in Tibet, but represented in all parts of the world where Eastern nationals are to be found."

"Do you know the name of this society?" Nayland Smith asked.

"I do not. Our missionaries in the East, who sometimes refer to it as 'The Seven,' regard it as the power of Satan manifested in evil-minded men. The Mafia in Italy for generations was a thorn in the side of the church. An old friend of mine working in Japan tells me that the Society of the Black Dragon exercises a firmer hold over the imagination of the people than any religion has ever secured. But—'The Seven'. . ." he paused and glanced up.

Nayland Smith nodded.

"Their wealth is incalculable, I am told. Men in high places, wielding great social and political influence, are among the members. And all their resources have been rallied to support this attack upon the Constitution of the United States. You see, Sir Denis—" he smiled, "my inquiries have made great headway!"

"They have!" rapped Nayland Smith, and again paced the floor.

THE Intelligence Department of Abbot Donegal's church went up a notch higher in Nayland Smith's estimation. Never before this hour had he realized that the Rock of St. Peter was behind him in his fight against the powers of Dr. Fu Manchu.

"Satan in person is on earth," said the priest. His face bore the rapt look of the mystic—his voice rose upon a note of inspiration. "His works are manifest. Ours are the humble hands chosen to cast him down!"

Abruptly his expression changed; he became again the practical man of the world.

"We are together in this," he said, smiling—"Federal Agent 56! Now I am prepared to listen to your advice; I do not undertake to accept it."

Nayland Smith stared out of the window. Far away to the right through crystal-clear air he could catch a glimpse of a wide river. He twitched at the lobe of his ear, and turned.

"I never waste advice," he said rapidly. "You have set your course; I am powerless to alter it. But if, as you say, we work together, there are certain things upon which I must insist."

He rested his hands on the desk; steely eyes pierced into guarded recesses of the abbot's mind.

"I am responsible for your personal safety. You must help me. Your life from now onward is dedicated to our common cause. I shall make certain arrangements for your protection; the conditions will be onerous . . . but you must accept them. I will add to your knowledge of this vast conspiracy. You, alone, can stem the tide. I will give you *names.* Upon the result our final success depends."

"Success or failure in human affairs invariably hangs upon a thread," the abbot replied. "The engagement of Paul Salvaletti and Lola Dumas has been given publicity greater than any royal wedding in the Old World ever obtained in America. In this the satanic genius who aims to secure control of the United States proves himself human—for it is human to err."

"I see!" snapped Nayland Smith; his eyes glittered with repressed excitement. "You have information touching the private life of Salvaletti?"

"Information, Sir Denis, which my conscience demands I should make public. . . ."

"IT IS essential, my friend, to our success, even at this hour," said Dr. Fu Manchu, "indeed essential to our safety, that we silence this pestilential priest."

The room in which he sat appeared to contain all those appointments which had characterized his former study at the top of the Stratton Building. The exotic tang of incense was in the air; but windows opened onto a veranda helped to sweeten the atmosphere. Beyond a patch of lawn terminated by glass outbuildings, a natural barrier of woods rose steeply to a high skyline. The trees at the call of spring were veiling themselves in transparent green garments, later magically to be transformed into the gorgeous vestments of summer. The doctor's ever-changing headquarters possessed the virtue of variety.

From the point of view of the forces controlled by Nayland Smith, he had completely disappeared following the explosion at the Stratton Building. The cave of the Seven-eyed goddess had given up none of its secrets. Sam Pak, the much sought, remained invisible. A state-to-state search had failed to produce evidence to show that Dr. Fu Manchu was still in the country.

Only by his deeds was his presence made manifest.

Salvaletti was the idol of an enormous public. His forthcoming marriage to Lola Dumas promised to be a social event of international importance. An almost frenzied campaign on the part of those saner elements who recognized that the League of Good Americans was no more than a golden bubble was handicapped at every turn. Men, once hopeless and homeless, who find themselves in profitable employment are not disposed to listen to criticisms of their employers. A policy of silence had been determined upon as a result of many anxious conferences in Washington. It was deemed unwise to give publicity to anything pointing to the existence of an Asiatic conspiracy behind the league.

Substantial evidence in support of such a charge must first be obtained, and despite the feverish activity of thousands of agents all over the country, such evidence was still lacking. The finances of the League could not be challenged; they stood well with the treasury: there were no evasions. Yet, as Sir Denis had proved to a group of financial experts, the League of Good Americans, at a rough estimate, must be losing two million dollars a week!

How were these losses made good? He knew. But the explanation was so seemingly fantastic that he dared not advance it before these hard-headed businessmen, whose imaginations had been neglected during the years that they concentrated upon solid facts.

Then out of the blue had come the voice of the Holy Thorn. It had disturbed the country, keyed up to almost hysterical tension, as nothing else could have done. Long-awaited, the authoritative voice of the abbot had spoken at last. Millions of those who had awaited his call had anticipated that despite his known friendship for the old regime, he would advocate acceptance of the new.

That Paul Salvaletti's program amounted to something uncommonly like dictatorship, Salvaletti had been at no pains to disguise. His policy of the readjustment of wealth, a policy which no honest man in the country professed to understand, nevertheless enjoyed the cordial support of all those who had benefited by it. The agricultural areas were becoming more and more thickly dotted with League farms. Their produce was collected and disposed of by League distributors; there were League stores in many towns. And this was no more than the skeleton of a monumental scheme which ultimately would give the League control of the key industries of the country.

Salvaletti had realized some of the promises of Harvey Bragg—promises which had been regarded as chimerical.

WHERE a ray of sunlight touched his intricately wrinkled face, old Sam Pak crouched upon a stool just inside the windows, his mummylike face grotesque against the green background of the woods.

"What has this priest learned, Master, which others had not learned before? Dr. Orwin Prescott knew of our arrival in the country. . . ."

"Enemy Number 1 has been unable to obtain evidence which would justify his revealing the truth to the country." Dr. Fu Manchu seemed to be thinking aloud. "He has hindered us, harried us, but our great work has carried on and is nearing its triumphant conclusion. Should disaster come now—it would be his gods over ours. For this reason I fear the priest."

"The wise man fears only that which he knows," crooned old Sam Pak, "since against the unknown there can be no defense."

Dr. Fu Manchu, long ivory hands motionless upon the table before him, studied the wizened face.

"The priest has sources of information denied to the Secret Service," he said softly. "He has a following second only to our own. Salvaletti, whom I have tended as the gardener tends a delicate lily, must be guarded night and day."

"It is so, Marquis. He has a bodyguard five times as strong as that which formerly surrounded Harvey Bragg."

Silence fell for some moments. Dr. Fu Manchu, from his seat behind the lacquer table, seemed to be watching the woodland prospect through half-closed eyes.

"Some reports indicate that he evades his guards." Fu Manchu spoke almost in a whisper. "These reports, the woman, Lola Dumas, has confirmed. My Chicago agents are ignorant and obtuse. I await an explanation of these clandestine journeys."

Sam Pak slowly nodded his wrinkled head.

"I have taken sharp measures, Master, with the number responsible. He was the Japanese physician, Shoshima."

"He *was?*"

"He honorably committed *hara-kiri* last night. . . ."

Silence fell again between these invisible weavers who wrought a strange pattern upon the loom of American history. This little farmstead, in which, unsuspected, Dr. Fu Manchu pursued his strange studies, and from which he issued his momentous orders, stood remote from the nearest main road upon property belonging to an ardent supporter of the League of Good Americans. He was unaware of the identity of his tenant, having placed the premises at the disposal of the League in all good faith.

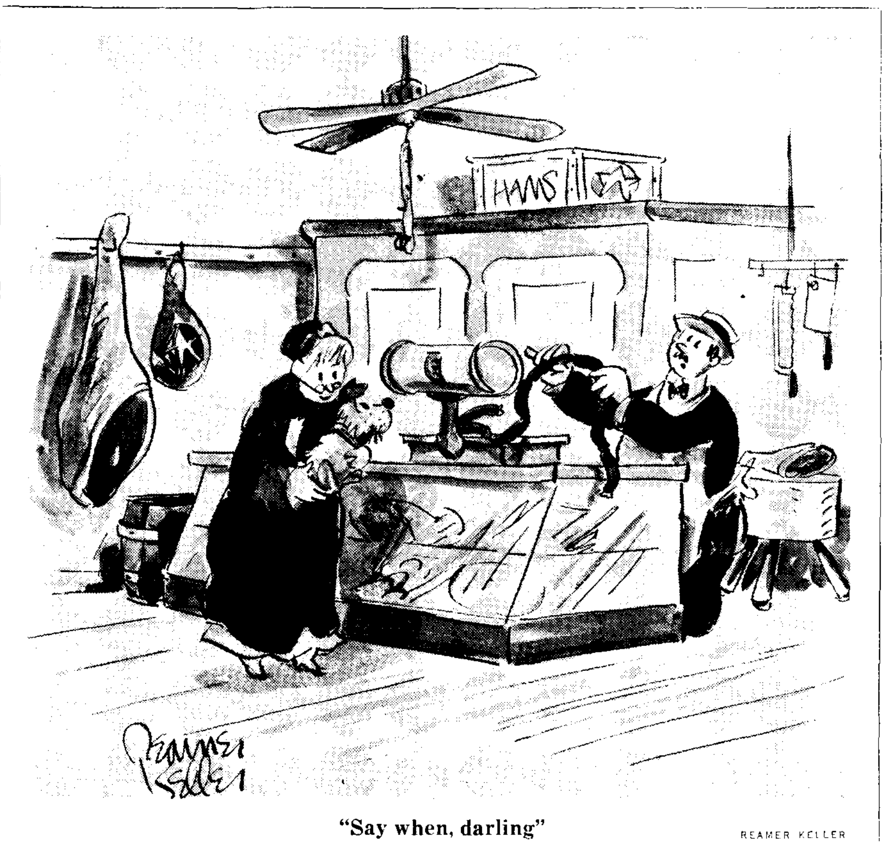
Dr. Fu Manchu sat motionless, in silence, his gaze fixed upon the distant woods. Sam Pak resembled an image: no man could have sworn that he lived.

"I shall move to Base 6, Chicago," came the guttural voice at last. "The professor will accompany me; his memory holds all our secrets. It is essential that I be present in person on Saturday night."

"The plane is ready, Marquis, but it will be necessary for you to drive through New York to reach it."

"I shall leave in an hour, my friend. On my journey to Base 6, I may pay my respects to the Abbot Donegal." Dr. Fu Manchu spoke very softly. "Salvaletti's address on Saturday means the allegiance of those elements of the Middle

(*Continued on page* 62)



"Say when, darling"

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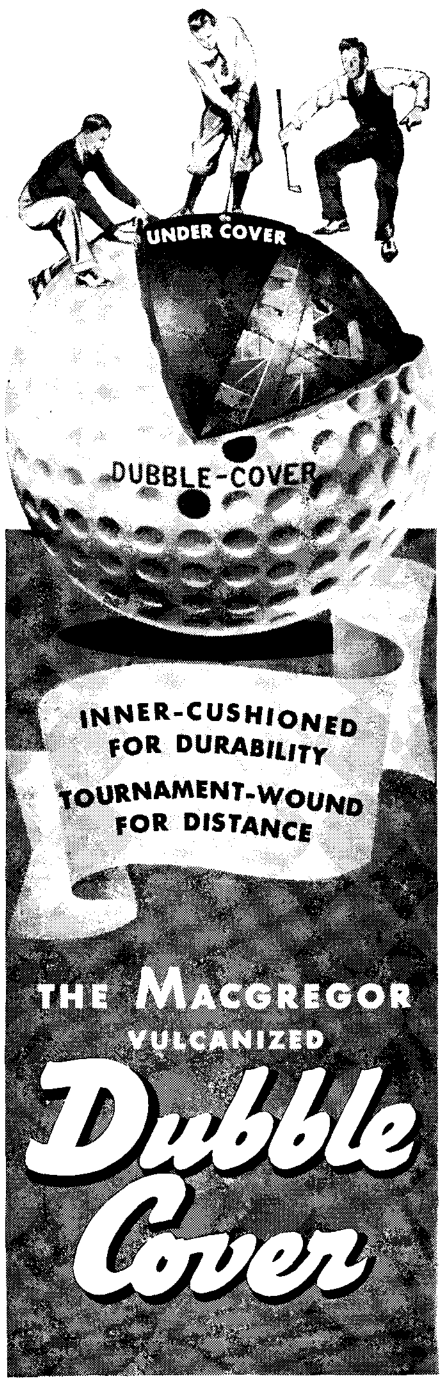

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- PACE-MAKER FOR TOURNAMENT DISTANCE
- PAR-MAKER FOR EXTRA DURABILITY

*(Continued from page 61)*

West hitherto faithful to the old order. We must silence the priest. . . ."

Mark Hepburn could not keep still; impatience and anxiety conspired to deny him repose. He stood up from the seat in Central Park overlooking the pond, and began to walk in the direction of the Scholar's Gate.

Smith had started at dawn by air to reach the Abbot Donegal, whose veiled statements relative to the man and the movement attempting to remodel the Constitution of the country had electrified his hearers from coast to coast. A consciousness of defeat was beginning to overwhelm Hepburn. No charge, unless it could be substantiated to the hilt, could check the headlong progress of Paul Salvaletti to the White House. . . .

And now, for the first time in their friendship, Moya Adair had failed to keep an appointment. Deep in his heart, Hepburn was terrified. Lieutenant Johnson had traced Robbie's Long Island playground; but Moya had begged that Mark would never again have the boy covered.

She had been subjected to interrogation on the subject by the President! Apparently, her replies had satisfied him—but she was not sure.

And now, although a note in her own hand had been conveyed to him by Mary Goff, Moya was not here.

If he should be responsible for any tragedy occurring in her life, he knew that he could never forgive himself. He walked on until he could see the gate; but Moya was not visible. His restlessness grew by leaps and bounds. He turned, and began to retrace his steps.

He had nearly reached the familiar seat which had become a landmark in his life, when he saw her approaching from the opposite direction. He wanted to shout aloud, so great was his joy and relief. He began to hurry forward.

To his astonishment, Moya, who must have seen him, did not hasten her step. She continued to stroll along looking about her as though he did not exist. His heart, which had leaped gladly at sight of her, leaped again, but painfully. What did it mean? What should he do? And now she was so near that he could clearly see her face . . . and he saw that she was very pale.

AN ALMOST imperceptible movement of her head, a quick lowering of her lashes, conveyed the message:

"Don't speak to me!"

His brow moist with perspiration, he passed her looking straight ahead. Very faintly the words reached him:

"There's someone following. Keep him in sight."

Mark Hepburn walked on to where the path forked. A short, thickset man passed him at the bend but did not pay any attention to him. Hepburn carried on for ten or twelve paces, then dodged through some bushes, skirted a boulder and began to retrace his steps.

The man who was covering Moya was now twenty yards ahead. Hepburn kept him in view; and presently he bore right, following a path which skirted the pond. In the distance Moya Adair became visible.

A book resting on her knee, she was watching a group of children at play.

The man passed her, making no sign. And in due course Hepburn approached. As he did so, Moya bent down over her book. He went on, keeping the man in sight right to the gate of the park. When he saw him cross towards the Plaza, Mark Hepburn returned.

Moya looked up. She was still very pale, her expression was troubled.

"Has he gone?" she asked, rather wearily.

"Yes, he has left the park."

"He has gone to make his report." She closed her book and sighed as Mark Hepburn sat down beside her. "I seem to be under suspicion. I think the movements of everybody in the organization are checked, from time to time. There has been some tremendous upset. Probably you know what it is? Frankly—I don't. But it has resulted in an enormous amount of mechanical work being piled up on my shoulders. I receive hundreds of messages, apparently quite meaningless, which I have to take down in shorthand and repeat if called upon."

"To whom do you repeat them, Moya?"

"To someone with a German accent. I have no idea of his identity." Her gloved fingers played nervously with the book. "Then there is the Salvaletti-Dumas wedding. Old Emmanuel Dumas and myself have been made responsible for all arrangements. Lola, as you know, is with Salvaletti. It's terribly hard work. Of course, it's sheer propaganda and we have plenty of assistance. Nothing is being neglected which might help Salvaletti forward to the presidency."

"The murder of Harvey Bragg was a step in that direction," said Hepburn grimly; "but—"

He checked his words. A party, operating under his direction, had located Dr. Fu Manchu and the man known as Sam Pak in a farmhouse in Connecticut! Even now it was being surrounded. Lieutenant Johnson was in charge. . . .

MOYA did not answer at once; she sat staring straight before her for a while and then:

"That may be true," she replied, in a very quiet voice. "I give you my word that I don't know if it is true or not. And I'm sure you realize—" she turned to him, and he looked into her beautiful, troubled eyes—"that if I had known I should not have admitted it."

He watched her for a while in silence.

"Yes, I do," he said at last, in his unmusical monotonous voice. "You play the game, even though you play it for the most evil man in the world."

"The President!" Moya forced a wan smile. "I sometimes think he is above good or evil—he thinks on a plane which we simply can't understand. Has that ever occurred to you, Mark?"

"Yes," Mark Hepburn nodded. "It's Nayland Smith's idea, too. It simply means that he's doubly dangerous to the peace of the world. You are such a dead straight little soul, Moya, that I can't tell you what I have learned about the man you call the President. It's a compliment to you, because I think if you were asked what I had said, you would feel called upon to answer truthfully."

Moya glanced at him, then looked aside.

"Yes," she replied slowly, "I suppose I should. But—" she clenched her hands —"quite honestly, I don't care very much today who gets control of the country. In the end, all forms of government are much alike, I believe. I am frightfully, desperately worried about Robbie."

"What's the matter, Moya?"

Hepburn bent to her. She continued to look aside; there were tears on her lashes.

"He's very ill."

"My dear!" In the most natural way in the world his arm was around her shoulders; he held her to him. "Why didn't you tell me at first. What's wrong? Who is attending him?"

"Dr. Burnett. It's diphtheria! He contracted it on his last visit to the garden. I have heard, since, there's a slight epidemic over there."

"But diphtheria, in capable hands—"

"Something seems to have gone wrong. I want another opinion. I must hurry back now."

Mark Hepburn cursed himself for an obtuse fool—for Moya knew that he was a doctor of medicine.

"Let me see him!" he said eagerly. "I know that sounds egotistical; I mean, I'm a very ordinary physician. But at least I have a deep interest in the case."

"I wanted you to see him," Moya answered simply. "Really, that was why I came today. I only learned last night what was the matter. . . ."

NAYLAND SMITH hurried down from the plane and ran across the floodlighted dusk of the flying field to a waiting car. The door banged; the car moved off. To the other occupant:

"Who is it?" he snapped.

"Johnson."

"Ah, Johnson, a recruit from the Navy, I believe, as Hepburn is a recruit from the Army? I have been notified that Dr. Fu Manchu and the man, Sam Pak, have been traced to a farmhouse in Connecticut. The latest news?"

"Dr. Fu Manchu left by road a few minutes before I and my party could intercept him."

"Damnation!" Nayland Smith drove his right fist into the palm of his left hand. "Too late—always too late!"

"He was heading for New York. Every possible point en route is watched. I returned by air to meet you."

"However disguised," said Smith, "his height alone makes him a conspicuous figure. Tell me where to drop you. Keep in touch with the Regal."

A police car preceded them on the lonely road and another brought up the rear. But a third car showing no lights, and traveling at sixty-five to seventy miles an hour, passed.

A torrent of machine-gun bullets rained upon them! A violent explosion not five yards behind told of a wasted bomb!

The murder party roared away ahead —a Z car, with a motor built for a hundred miles an hour. . . .

The heavy windows had splintered in several places—but not one bullet had penetrated!

Johnson sprang out on to the roadside as they pulled up.

"Everything right in front?"

"Okay, sir."

Men were running to them from the leading car and jumping out of that which followed, when, leaning from the open door:

"Back to your places!" Nayland Smith shouted. "We stop for nothing. . . ."

IN THE covered car park of the Regal-Athenian, Smith alighted and ran in. The door was still swinging when Wyatt, a government man, came out from the reception office.

"I have a message from Captain Hepburn," he said.

Nayland Smith, already on his way to the elevator, paused, turned.

"What is it?"

"He does not expect to be here at the time arranged, but asks you to wait until he calls you."

Upstairs, in their now familiar quarters, Fey prepared a whisky.

"What's detaining Captain Hepburn?" Nayland Smith demanded. "Do you know?"

"I don't sir, but I think it's something to do with the lady."

"Mrs. Adair?"

"Yes, sir. Mary Goff—a very excellent woman who has called here before—brought a note for Captain Hepburn this morning, just after you left, sir. Captain Hepburn has been out all day, but he returned an hour ago, collected some things from his laboratory, and went out again."

Nayland Smith set down his glass and irritably began to load his pipe.

This was a strange departure from routine, and Mark Hepburn was a man of routine. Smith did not understand. Admittedly he was ahead of time, but

*(Continued on page 64)*

# *Here's* JACK DENNY'S *recipe for the new G&W*

# "Drink of the Month"

HE CALLS IT "OLD SMOOTHIE"
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ESTD 1832
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SEVEN STAR
BLENDED WHISKEY
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## "OLD SMOOTHIE"...G&W's Thirst-Quencher for May

*1 jigger G&W Seven Star, Five Star or Two Star Blended Whiskey*
*¼ jigger Dry Sherry*
*2 Dashes Grenadine*
*Juice of ¼ Fresh Lime*

Stir well with cracked ice . . . serve in a cocktail glass . . . and savor G&W's rich "good whiskey" flavor that's as mellow as May!

You've applauded Jack Denny's music . . . and now you'll toast his skill as a drink-mixer! For May, the popular orchestra leader comes to the aid of your parties with a thrilling new "Drink of the Month."

Try Jack Denny's recipe in your shaker. But . . . fair warning! . . . you need mellow G & W whiskey to mix an "Old Smoothie" that will taste like its name! For G & W whiskies have an extra smooth, extra rich flavor that makes any drink . . . mixed or "neat". . . taste better. That's because G & W has been making good whiskey for 104 long years. No other distiller on the whole North American continent can match G & W's experience! Your first sip will reveal the big difference.

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# The Invisible President

Continued from page 62

he had counted upon finding Hepburn here. In such an hour of crisis as this, the absence of his chief of staff was more than perturbing. Every minute, every second, had its value.

The phone bell rang. Fey answered. A moment he listened, then looking up:

"Captain Hepburn, sir," he said.

"How is he, Dr. Burnett?"

Moya's voice was breathlessly anxious—her eyes were tragic. Dr. Burnett, a young man with charming manners and a fashionable practice, shook his head.

"There's really nothing to worry about, Mrs. Adair," he replied. "Nevertheless I am not entirely satisfied."

Moya turned as Mark Hepburn came into the sitting-room. His intractable hair was more than normally untidy. He was acutely conscious of the danger of the situation, for he knew now that his presence would be reported by those mysterious watchers whose eyes missed nothing. He had made a plan, however. If Moya should be in peril, he should declare himself a federal agent who had forced his way in to interrogate her.

"Dr. Burnett," said Moya, "this is—" for the fraction of a second she hesitated—"Dr. Purcell, an old friend. You don't mind if he sees Robbie?"

Dr. Burnett bowed somewhat frigidly.

"Not at all," he replied; "in fact, I was about to suggest another opinion—purely in the interests of your peace of mind, Mrs. Adair. I had thought of Dr. Detmold."

Dr. Detmold had the reputation of being the best consulting physician in New York, and Mark Hepburn, as honest with himself as with others, experienced a moment of embarrassment. But finally:

"The boy's asleep," said Dr. Burnett, "and I am anxious not to arouse him. But if you will come this way, Dr.—er—Purcell, I shall be glad to hear your views."

In the dimly lighted bedroom, Nurse Goff sat beside the sleeping Robbie; her appearance indicated, correctly, that she had known no sleep for the past twenty-four hours. She looked up with a gleam of welcome in her tired, shrewd eyes, as Hepburn entered.

He beckoned her across to the open window, and there in a whisper:

"He looks very white, nurse. How is his pulse?"

"He's failing, sir! He's choking—he can swallow nothing! How can we keep him alive?"

MARK HEPBURN crossed to the bed. Gently he felt the angle of the boy's jaw: the glands were much enlarged. Slight though his touch had been, Robbie awoke. His big eyes were glassy. There was no recognition in them.

"Water," he whispered. "Froat . . . so sore!"

Hepburn, who had hastily collected from the Regal those indispensable implements of his trade, a stethoscope, a thermometer and a laryngeal mirror, began to examine the little patient. It was a difficult examination, but at last it was completed. . . .

Although painfully aware of her danger, he hadn't the heart to deter Moya, when, her face a mask of sorrow, she crossed to the boy's bed. He beckoned to Dr. Burnett, and outside in the sitting-room:

"I fear the larynx is affected," he said. "I am not equipped for a proper examination in this light. But what is your own opinion?"

"My own opinion is, Dr. Purcell, that the woman Goff, although she is a trained nurse, has a sentimental attachment to the patient and is unduly alarming Mrs. Adair. The action of the antitoxin, admittedly, has been delayed, but if normal measures are strictly carried out, I can see no cause for alarm."

Mark Hepburn ran his fingers through his untidy hair.

"I wish I could share your optimism," he said. "Do you know Dr. Detmold's number? I should like to speak to him."

"THE human equation—forever incalculable," muttered Nayland Smith.

He hung up the telephone, and crossing, stared out of the window.

The night had a million eyes: New York's lights were twinkling. . . . Admittedly, the situation was difficult; he put himself mentally in Hepburn's place; and Hepburn had asked only to be allowed to remain until the famous consultant arrived.

Nayland Smith stared at the decapitated trunk of the Stratton Building. There were lighted rooms on the lower floors, but the upper were in darkness. The great explosion at the summit had wrought such havoc that even now it was possible that the entire building would be condemned. That explosion had been the personal handiwork of Dr. Fu Manchu!

Their escape from the catastrophe prepared for them fell nearly within the province of miracles. Yet, to this very hour, Dr. Fu Manchu remained at large, his wonderful brain weaving schemes beyond the imagination of normal men.

Could anything, short of the destruction of that apparently indestructible life, prevent the triumph of Paul Salvaletti? The puzzle was maddeningly insoluble. The League of Good Americans began frankly to assume the dimensions of a Fascist movement, with the dazzling personality of Salvaletti at its head. On Wednesday next, at eight o'clock (if he lived), Abbot Donegal would tell the country the truth. What would the reaction be?

Dr. Fu Manchu was buying the United States with gold!

Once, in Nayland Smith's presence, he had said: "Gold! I could drown mankind in gold!" That secret, to the discovery of which so many alchemists had devoted their lives, was held by the Chinese doctor. Smith had known for a long time that gigantic operations in gold were being carried on. Indeed, although few had even suspected, it was these secret operations which had created the financial chaos from which every nation of the world suffered.

Could he hope to check this superman who fought with weapons not available to others; who had the experience of unimaginable years; who wielded forces which no other man had ever controlled? There was one certain way, and one only: that which Dr. Fu Manchu himself doubtless would have chosen.

The death of Paul Salvaletti would bring this mighty structure crashing to the earth. . . .

BUT, even though the fate of the country, perhaps of the Western world, hung in the scales, assassination was not a weapon which Nayland Smith could employ.

There was perhaps another way: the destruction of Dr. Fu Manchu. That subtle control removed, the gigantic, but fragile machine would be lost; a rudderless ship in a hurricane.

A bell rang. Fey came in and crossed to the telephone.

"Lieutenant Johnson, sir."

Nayland Smith took up the receiver.

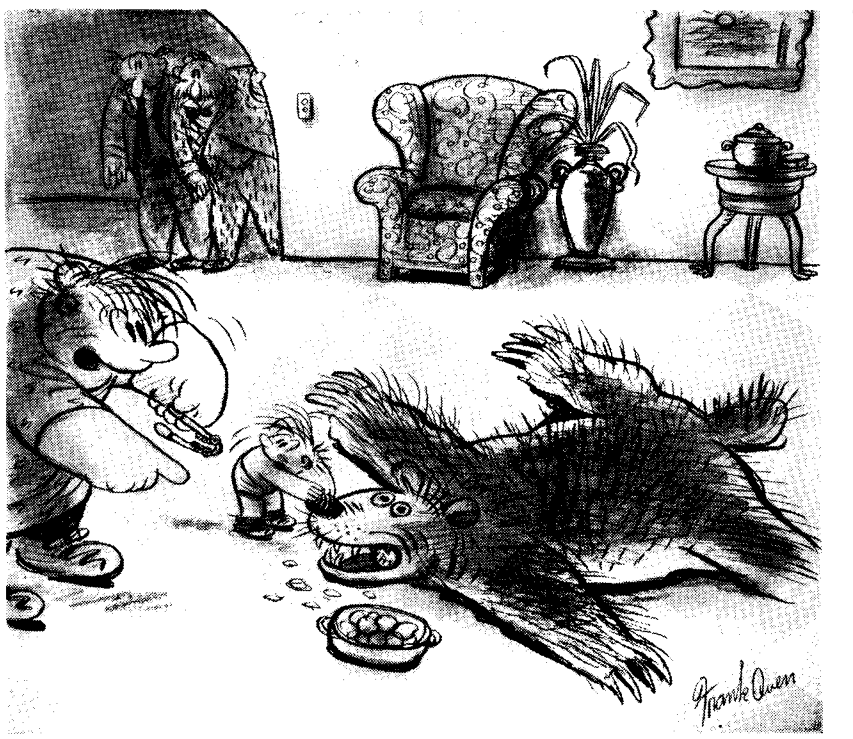
"Hullo, Johnson."

"Touch and go again!" came Johnson's voice on a note of excitement. "Dr. Fu Manchu was recognized by one of our patrols, but his car developed tremendous speed, and our men couldn't follow. They called through to the next point. The car was intercepted. It was empty—except for the driver! We've got the driver."

(Continued on page 66)

**Philbert** By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"Look, darling! Uncle Dudley's found the real nutcracker for you!"

They wanted
plenty of clean,
rust-free
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...they got
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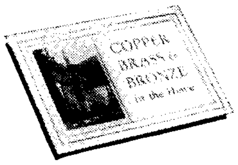

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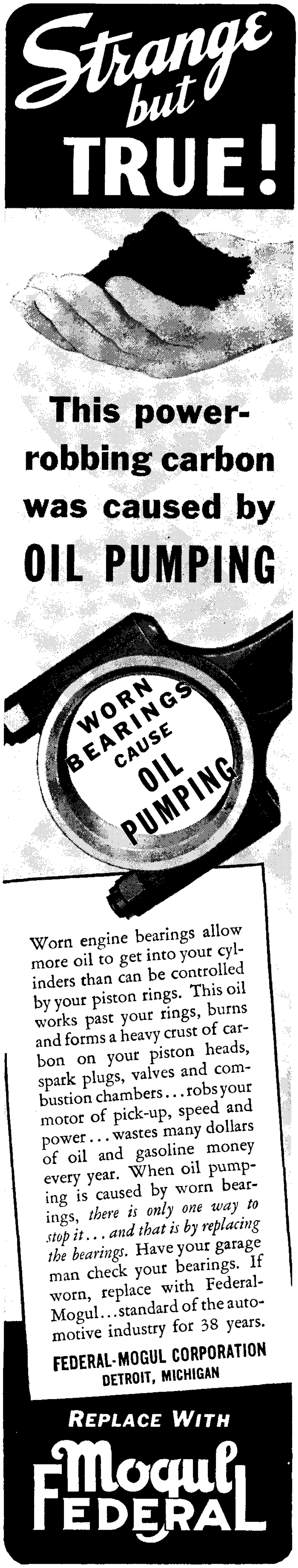
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# The Invisible President

*Continued from page 64*

"Anything more?"

"Yes: a report that two men were seen to change cars in Greenwich. Descriptions tally. Second car sighted just over the line. But description now passed on to all patrols. Speaking from Times Building."

"Stand by. I'll join you."

Nayland Smith hung up.

"Fey!" he shouted.

Fey reappeared silently.

"Captain Hepburn is at the second address under the name of Adair in the note book on the telephone table. We have no number for this address. If I want him you will send a messenger."

"Very good, sir."

"I shall keep in touch. I am going out now."

"As you are, sir?"

"Yes," Nayland Smith smiled grimly. "My attempted change of residence was a fiasco, and I don't propose to give further amusement to the enemy by wearing funny disguises."

"I HAVE called Dr. Detmold," said Mark Hepburn, "and have told him to bring—" he hesitated—"the necessary remedies."

Moya clutched him convulsively. For the first time in their strange friendship, he found her in his arms.

"Does that mean—" she was watching him with an expression which he was never to forget, "that—"

"Don't worry, Moya—my dear. It will be all right. But I'm glad I came."

"Mark," she whispered, "I never realized until now, how I wanted—someone I could count on."

Mark Hepburn stroked her hair—as many times he had longed to do.

"You know you can count on *me?*"

"Yes—I know I can."

Hepburn tried to conquer the drumming in his ears, which was caused by the acceleration of his heart. When he spoke, his voice was even more toneless than normally.

"I'm not a very wonderful bargain, Moya; but when all these troubles are past—because it isn't fair to ask you now—"

Moya raised her eyes to his; they were bright with stifled tears. But in them he read that which made further, ineloquent words needless.

All the submerged poetry in his complex character expressed itself in that first ecstatic kiss. It was a passionate sacrament. As he released Moya, he knew, deep in his buried self, that he had found his mate.

"Moya, darling."

Her head rested on his shoulder. . . .

"Mark, dear, messages from this apartment are tapped," she said. "It's quite possible that your conversation with Dr. Detmold will be reported, elsewhere."

"It doesn't matter. If your—employers catch me here, I shall declare myself and put you all under arrest."

Moya gently freed herself and stepped away, as Dr. Burnett joined them.

"In certain respects," said Burnett, "the patient's condition, admittedly, is not favorable. My dear Mrs. Adair—" he patted her shoulder—"he is in very good hands. Dr. Detmold is coming?"

"Yes," Hepburn replied.

"I am sure he will endorse my opinion. The symptoms are not inconsistent with the treatment I have been following."

Mark Hepburn entirely agreed. Robbie's survival of the treatment was due to a splendid constitution.

"If you will excuse me for a moment," he muttered, "I should like to look at the patient."

In the silence of the sick room he bent over Robbie. There was agony now in the eyes of Nurse Goff. The boy had had a choking fit in which he had narrowly escaped suffocation. He was terribly exhausted. His fluttery pulse was alarming. Walking on tiptoe, Hepburn crossed to the open window, beckoning Nurse Goff to follow him.

There he held a whispered consultation. Presently the door opened and Dr. Burnett came in with Moya; the reassuring tone of his voice died away as he entered the room. He looked in a startled manner at his patient.

A change for the worse, which must have been apparent even to a layman, had taken place. Dr. Burnett crossed to the bed. There came a sound of three dull blows on the outer door, as if someone had struck it with a clenched hand. . . .

"Dr. Detmold!" Moya whispered brokenly, and ran out.

The two men were bending anxiously over the little sufferer, when a suppressed cry from the vestibule, a sound of movement, brought Hepburn upright. He turned, at the moment that a tall figure entered the bedroom.

It was that of a man in a long black overcoat having an astrakhan collar, who wore an astrakhan cap of a Russian pattern. Mark Hepburn's heart seemed to miss a beat—as he found himself transfixed by the glance of the green eyes of Dr. Fu Manchu!

For a moment only he was called upon to sustain it. The situation found him dumfounded. Dr. Fu Manchu, removing his cap and throwing it upon a chair, turned to Dr. Burnett.

"Are you attending the patient?"

He spoke in a low voice, sibilant but imperative.

"I am. May I ask who you are, sir?"

Dr. Burnett glanced at a leather case which the speaker had placed upon the floor. Ignoring the inquiry, Dr. Fu Manchu bent over Robbie for a moment, then stood upright, and turned as Moya came in.

"Why was I not notified earlier?" he demanded harshly.

Moya clutched at her throat; she was fighting back hysteria.

"How could I know, President," she whispered, "that—"

"True." Dr. Fu Manchu nodded. "I have been much preoccupied. Perhaps I am unjust. I should have prohibited the boy's last visit. I was aware that there was diphtheria in that neighborhood."

Something in his unmoving regard seemed to steady Moya.

"Your only crime is that you are a woman," said Dr. Fu Manchu, quietly. "Even to the last you have done your duty by me. I must do mine. I guaranteed your boy's safety. I have never failed to redeem my word."

"And I must protest," Dr. Burnett interposed, speaking indignantly, but in a low voice. "At any moment we are expecting Dr. Detmold."

"DETMOLD is a dabbler," said Dr. Fu Manchu contemptuously, and, crossing to the bed, he seated himself in a chair, staring down intently at Robbie. "I have canceled those instructions."

"This is preposterous," Burnett exclaimed. "I order you to leave my patient."

Dr. Fu Manchu moved a gaunt yellow hand in a fanlike movement over Robbie's forehead, then stooping, parted his lips with the second finger and thumb of his left hand, and bent yet lower.

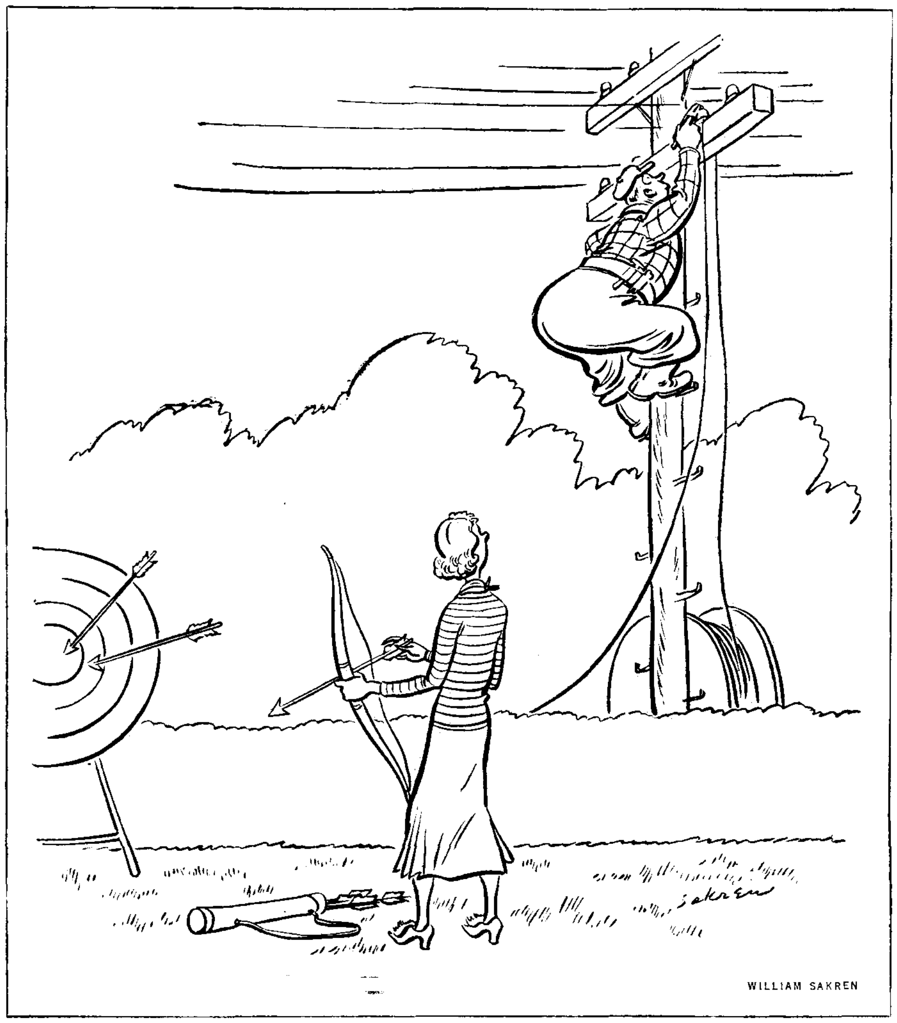
"When did you administer the antitoxin?" he demanded.

Dr. Burnett clenched his teeth, but did not reply.

"I asked a question."

The green eyes became suddenly fixed

(*Continued on page* 68)



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Furthermore, beer *COSTS LESS* in bottles, as proven by cost data compiled by certified public accountants. The price of a beer can is from two cents up. And the can is useless, must be thrown away, once it is opened. The original cost of a standard beer bottle is lower and this cost is distributed over many, many trips from the brewer to the consumer. The bottles are thoroughly sterilized each time they are used and re-use reduces the container cost *PER BOTTLE OF BEER* to but a fraction of a cent. Somebody must pay the difference.

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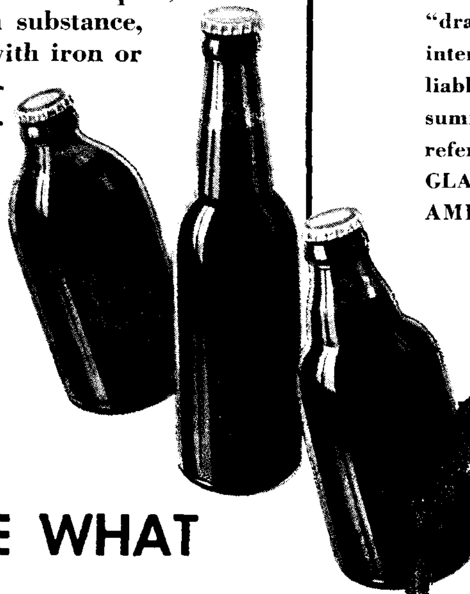


SEE WHAT YOU BUY—BUY IN GLASS

NOTHING CAN TAKE THE PLACE OF A GOOD, COLD *BOTTLE* OF BEER

# The Invisible President

*Continued from page* 66

upon Dr. Burnett, and Dr. Burnett replied:

"At eleven o'clock last night."

"Eight hours too late. The diphtheritic membrane has invaded the larynx. I am dispersing it."

Moya's hands closed convulsively upon Mark Hepburn's arm.

"God help me!" she whispered. "What am I to do?"

Her words had reached the ears of Dr. Fu Manchu.

"You are to have courage," he replied, "and to wait in the sitting-room with Mary Goff until I call you. Please go."

For one moment, Moya glanced at Hepburn. Then Nurse Goff, her face haggard with anxiety, put an arm around her and the two women went out. Dr. Fu Manchu stood up.

"Surgical interference is unavoidable," he said.

"I disagree!" Burnett in his indignation lost control, raising his voice unduly. "Until I have conferred with Dr. Detmold I forbid you to interfere with the patient in any way. Even if you are qualified to do so—which I doubt—I refuse to permit it."

Dr. Burnett found himself transfixed by a glance which seemed to penetrate to his subconscious mind. He became aware of an abysmal incompetence which he had successfully concealed even from himself throughout a prosperous career.

"Leave us," said the guttural voice. "Captain Hepburn will assist me."

AS Dr. Burnett, moving like an automaton, went out of the room, the fact crashed in upon Hepburn that Dr. Fu Manchu had addressed him by his proper name and rank!

And, as if he had read his thoughts:

"My presence here tonight," said Dr. Fu Manchu, "is due to your telephone message to Sir Denis Nayland Smith. It was intercepted and relayed to me on my journey. To this I am indebted for avoiding a number of patrols whose positions you described. Be good enough to open the case which you will find upon the carpet at your feet. Disconnect the table lamp and plug in the coil of white cord."

Automatically, Mark Hepburn obeyed the order. Dr. Fu Manchu took up a mask to which a lamp was attached.

"We shall operate through the cricoid cartilage," he said.

"But—"

"I must request you to accept my decisions. I could force them upon you but I prefer to appeal to your intelligence."

He moved his hands again over the boy's face; and, slowly, feverish bright eyes opened, staring upward.

Something resembling a tortured grin appeared upon Robbie's lips.

"Hello—Yellow Uncle," came a faint, gasping whisper. "I's glad . . . you come. . . ."

He choked, became contorted, but his eyes remained open, fixed upon those other strange eyes which looked down upon him. Gradually, the convulsion passed.

"You are sleepy." Fu Manchu's voice was a crooning murmur. The boy's long lashes began to flicker. "You are sleepy. . . ." His lids drooped. "You are very sleepy. . . ." Robbie's eyes became quite closed. "You are fast asleep."

"A general anesthetic?" Hepburn asked hoarsely.

"I never employ anesthetics in surgery," the guttural voice replied. "They decrease the natural resistance of the patient."

Nayland Smith, seated in the bulletproof car, a sheaf of forms and other papers upon his knee, looked up at Johnson, who stood outside the open door.

"What are we to make of it, Johnson? An impasse! Here is the mysterious message received by Fey half an hour after I left: a request from Hepburn that under no circumstances should we look for evidence at the apartment he had visited, as someone lay there critically ill. No hint regarding his own movements, but the cryptic statement: 'Keep in touch with Fey and have no fear about my personal safety. *I make myself responsible for Dr. Fu Manchu!*' "

"Fey is sure it was Hepburn who called him," said Johnson. . . .

"But that was early last night," snapped Smith; "it is now 3:15 in the morning! And except for the fact that our latest reports enabled us to draw a ring on the map of Manhattan, where are we? Dr. Fu Manchu is almost certainly inside that ring. But since we cannot possibly barricade the most fashionable area of New York, how are we to find him?"

"It's a deadlock, sure enough," Johnson agreed. "One thing's certain: Hepburn hasn't come out since he went in!"

And even as these words were being spoken, Mark Hepburn, in a darkened room, was watching the greatest menace to social order the world has known since Attila the Hun overran Europe, and wondering if Nayland Smith would respect his request.

He had witnessed a feat of surgery unique in his experience. Those long yellow fingers seemed to hold magic in their tips. Smith's assurance became superfluous. Dr. Fu Manchu, the supreme physician, was also the master surgeon. He had performed a surgical miracle—with his patient under hypnosis.

But it had left the little patient in a dangerously weak condition.

The night wore on, and with every hour of anxiety Moya came nearer and nearer to collapse. Except for the ceaseless, hoarse voice of New York, the sick room was silent.

That strange, supercilious gesture of Fu Manchu, before he began the operation, was one Hepburn could never forget; it had a sort of ironic grandeur.

"Call your headquarters," the Chinese doctor had directed, "at the Regal Tower. Insure us against interference. Allay any doubts respecting your own safety. I shall require you here. Conceal the fact that I am present, but accept responsibility for handing me over to the law. I give you—personally—my parole. Instruct the exchange that no calls are to be put through tonight. . . ."

Nurse Goff was on duty again, although it was amazing how the weary woman kept awake. She sat by the open window, her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes fixed not upon the deathly face of Robbie, but on the gaunt profile of the man who bent over him. Moya was past tears; she stood just inside the open door supported by Hepburn.

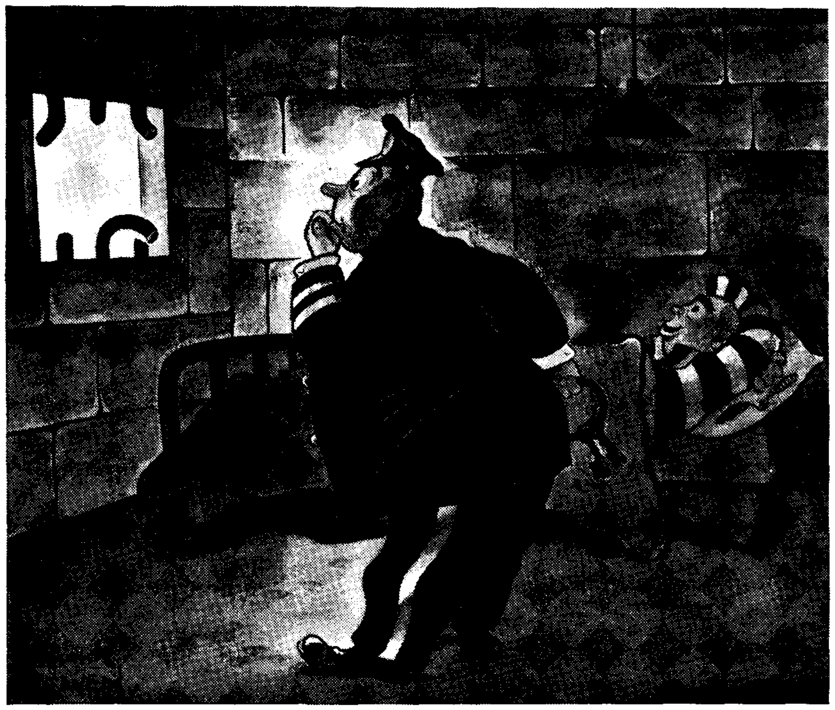
FOR five hours Dr. Fu Manchu had sat beside the bed. Some of the restorative measures which he had adopted were those that any surgeon would have used; others were unfamiliar to Hepburn, who could not even guess what was contained in the phials which he opened. Once, in the first crisis, Fu Manchu had harshly directed him to charge a hypodermic syringe. Then, bending over the boy and resting his hands upon his head, he had waved him aside. Now, as Hepburn's training told him, the second, the grand crisis, was approaching.

Moya had not spoken for more than an hour. Her lips were parched, her eyes burning; she quivered as he held her against him.

A new day drew near, and Hepburn, watching, saw (and read the portent) beads of moisture appearing upon the high yellow brow of Dr. Fu Manchu. At four o'clock, that zero hour at which so many frightened souls have crossed the threshold to take their first hesitant steps upon the path beyond, Robbie opened his eyes, tried to grin at the intent face so near to his own, then closed them again.

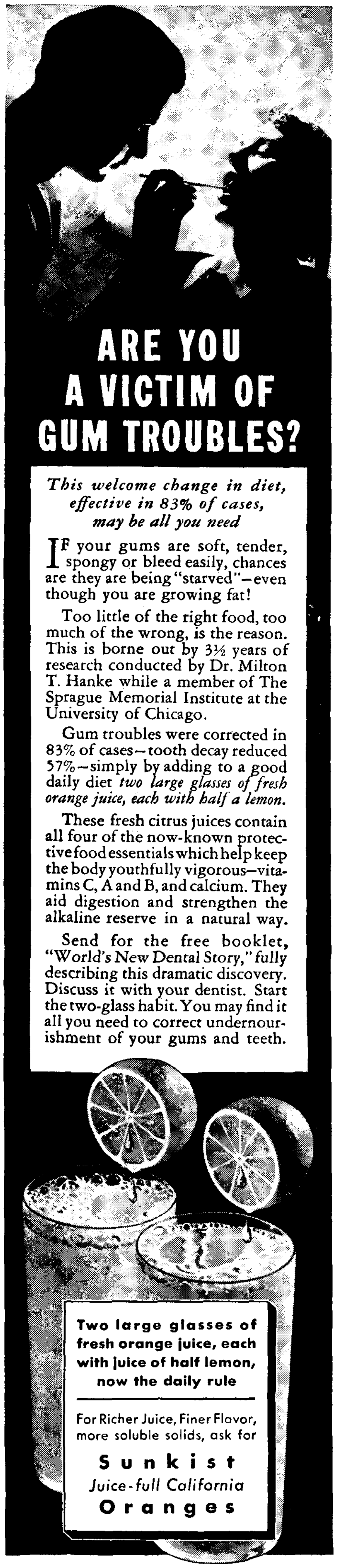
It came to Mark Hepburn as a conviction that that lonely little spirit had wandered beyond recall even by the greatest physician in the world, who sat motionless at his bedside. . . .

*(To be concluded next week)*



"Don't get excited, Chief! It's just a painting!"

FRANK BEAVEN



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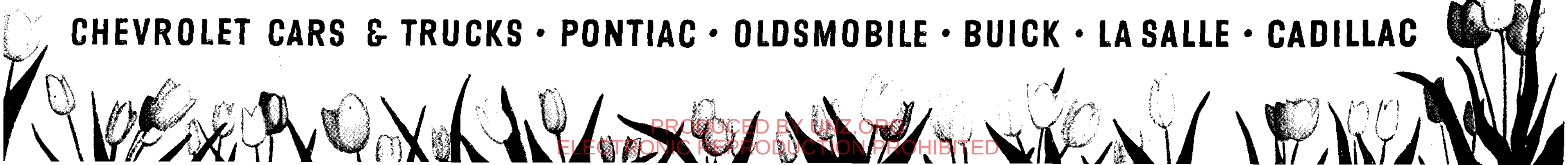

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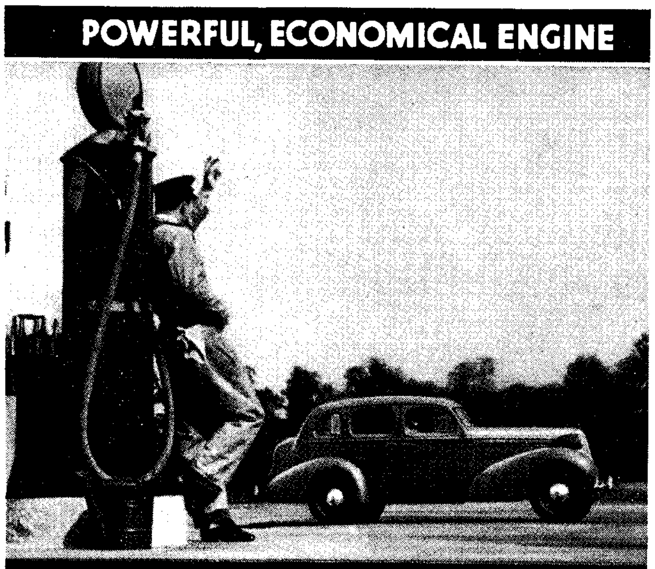

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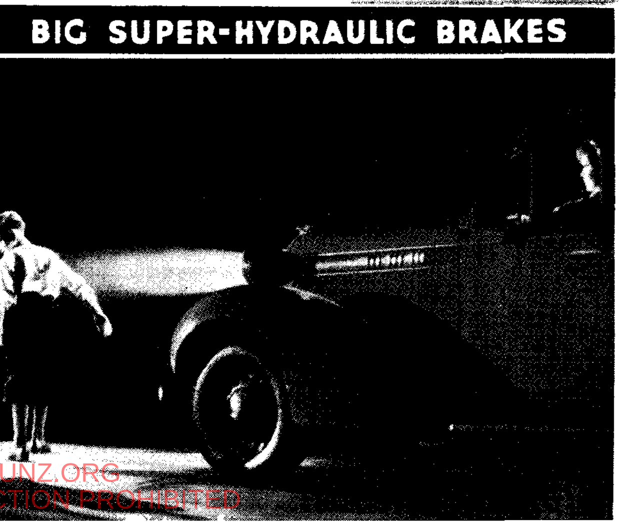
RUGGED KNEE-ACTION WHEELS



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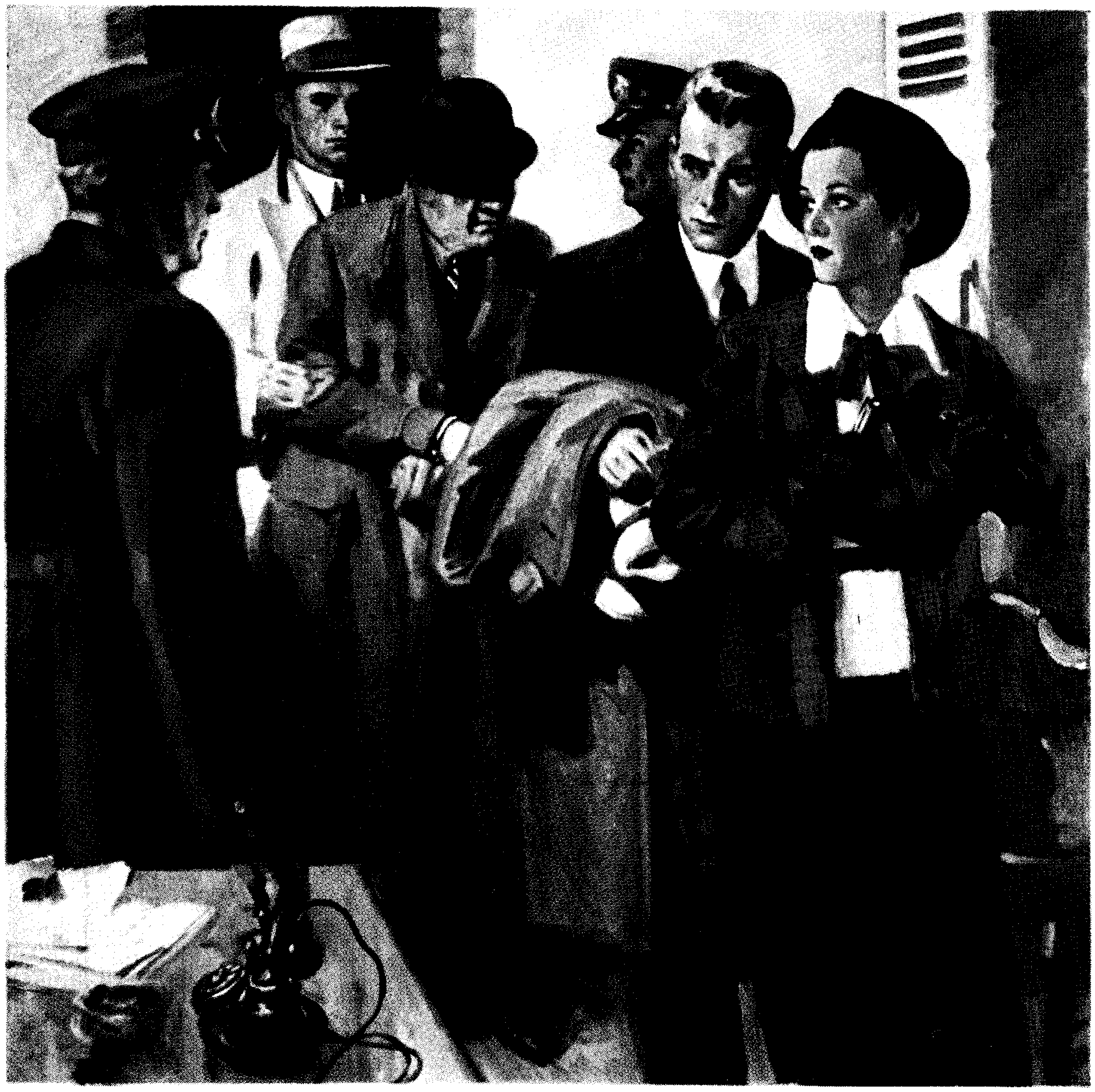

Markin was there and a pretty dark-haired girl, and they all went into the inspector's office

# The Vanishing Man

## By William MacHarg

***Detective O'Malley's latest: The Markin murder mystery, wherein the cops look for a man, but Mr. O'Malley begs to differ by looking for a motive***

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

"A LADY named Mrs. Markin got knocked off," O'Malley said. "I don't know much about it yet, except it happened where she lived. I got to go look at her and then go out there. A cop don't get much chance, so it'll probably turn out a routine case, or they wouldn't put me on it."

We went and looked at her. She was a housewifely-seeming person some twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old. I could guess she had lived a domestic sort of life. She had been beaten and choked to death. There was nothing distinctive about her but I liked her looks.

"Seeing her don't tell us nothing," O'Malley remarked. "There's a million dames like her in this town."

We went out to where it had happened. It was a huge apartment building on the West Side with half a dozen entrances. We found the right entrance and then the right apartment. There wasn't much sign of murder in the place. There were some cops there.

"Got anything on this?" O'Malley asked them.

"We got it all."

"That's good news. It saves a lot of work. How was it?"

"This Mrs. Markin had drawn a bunch of money out of the savings bank. We found the bankbook. She had the money here in the apartment. A guy named Eddie Davit that come here sometimes to see her come here and found she had the money here and knocked her off."

"Why do you think Davit done it?"

"The neighbors all say that. We sent a call out to pick up the guy."

"What did she draw that money for?"

"We don't know that."

"How do you know the dough was here?"

"She told the dame across the hall, the one that found the body."

We rang the bell across the hall. A motherly-looking woman asked us to come in. There were half a dozen neighbors gathered in her living-room.

"HOW come you found that dead lady?" O'Malley asked her.

"Her husband tried to telephone her. They didn't have a phone, so when he wanted to speak to her he called her on mine. I went across the hall to call her. She didn't answer but I was sure that she was in, so I tried the door and found it was unlatched. Then I went in and found her. I called some of the neighbors and the janitor and went back and told her husband. The janitor called the police."

"What made you sure that she was in?"

"Because of the money. She told me this noon she had too much money in the house. She didn't say how much, but I knew she wouldn't go away and leave it."

"You one of them that figures this Davit done it?"

"I know he did." The other women all nodded. "We all know he did. He came here to see her when her husband wasn't here, and he was here this afternoon. Some children saw him. Besides, she wouldn't have let a stranger in."

They gave us a description of Davit. It was a good description. We went around and rang the bells of some of the other apartments and talked with the other people. They all knew Davit by sight and name and gave us the same description.

"This looks remarkably simple, O'Malley," I remarked. "Davit will be easy to pick up. He has a personal peculiarity. Heavy-set and black-haired doesn't mean much, because too many men can be described like that, but he had a stiff left arm which he can only bend part way,

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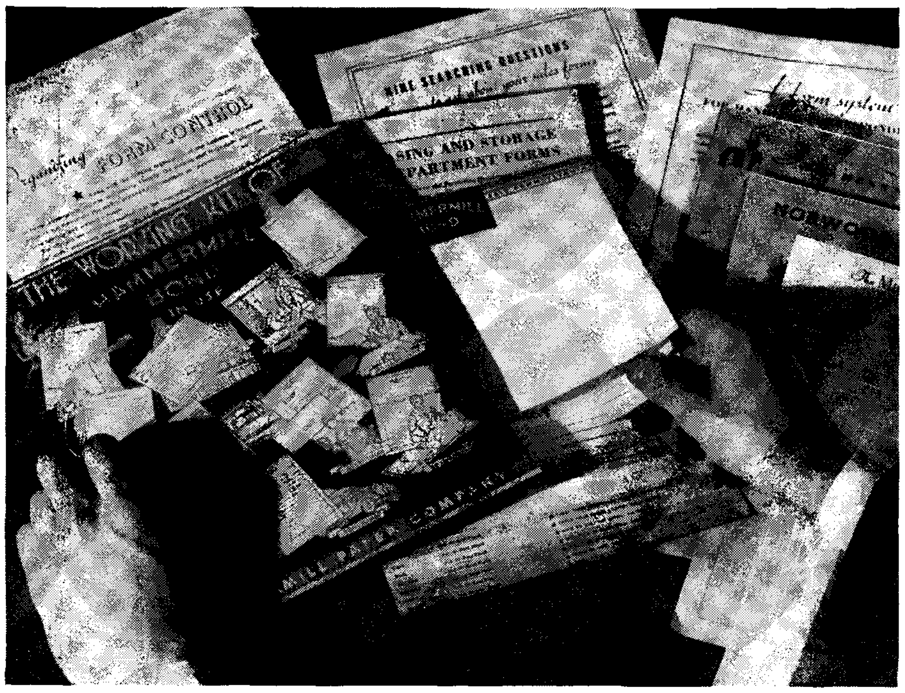
**KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY**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# The Vanishing Man

*Continued from page 72*

and that will mark him out in a crowd."

"Yeah, sure it would."

The cops told us Markin was at the station house and we went there to see him.

"I can't understand this," he told us brokenly. "Why should anybody kill Annette?"

"It looks like some guy had about a thousand reasons. Where was you when this happened?" O'Malley asked.

"At the real estate office where I work."

"I guess you got some witnesses."

"I don't need them, but I've got a dozen."

"Okay. We just check up on them things. What did your wife draw all that money for?"

"That's another strange thing. I didn't know she'd drawn it. The police say she did. I can't think of anything she'd want it for."

"How long you known this Davit?"

"Several months. I met him at a ball game. We ran into one another a couple of times and got acquainted and one night I took him home to dinner. After that he came to dinner several times and I saw him other places and he and my wife and I went to picture shows together."

"You know he come to see your wife when you wasn't there?"

"I didn't. The neighbors say he did, but I can't quite believe it."

"Where does the guy live?"

"I've told the police. He lives in the Bronx somewhere near 177th Street and Jerome Avenue. He used to work for the telephone company but they laid him off and lately he's been looking for a job."

"You think he killed your wife?"

"I don't know anything about it, but it seems it must have been him."

O'Malley went in and talked with the captain, who had the bankbook, and afterward we went to the bank to check on Mrs. Markin's drawing the money. I waited while O'Malley talked with one of the vice-presidents.

"She drew the dough all right," he said when he rejoined me.

"WELL, you guessed this one right," I told him. "The case is routine. Davit came there and learned she had the money and he killed her for it."

"Yeah? You tell me how it's routine. This dame saves her money a few dollars at a time, without ever drawing out a penny, till in about ten years she's got three thousand dollars. All at once she draws out a thousand bucks and there don't nobody, even her husband, know the reason. You can't tell nothing by how a woman looks, but she don't look to me like no dame that might be paying blackmail, or like one that would have some love affair. The neighbors think she maybe did with this guy Davit. Well, supposing she was figuring to run off with him, would she draw out part of her money or would she draw it all? But still she gets knocked off."

"Those things don't matter," I informed him. "You'll learn them later. The important thing is you know Davit killed her."

"If there is any such guy."

I was astonished.

"They ought to lock *you* up anyway," I told him. "A dozen people at that apartment house have known the man for a couple of months."

I didn't see O'Malley for a couple of days. The papers said Davit was being sought and kept merely repeating that. The third day I found O'Malley at headquarters.

"How is it?" I asked.

"How's what? You mean about Davit? There didn't no guy named Davit ever work for the telephone company. There ain't no guy by that name ever lived in that neighborhood in the Bronx. In my opinion there ain't no such guy."

"This is the worst example of police inefficiency I have ever known," I told him. O'Malley grinned.

We were leaving headquarters when we met Markin coming in.

"Have you got anything yet?" he asked.

"Not a thing, brother."

"It seems incredible," Markin declared. "They ought to put better detectives on it."

"I guess we're dumb. How much money was it your wife drew out of the bank?"

"The police say she drew a thousand dollars."

"The bank says she drew two thousand."

"What!" Markin exclaimed.

"I don't know only what they told me."

O'MALLEY was going out to lunch. I didn't go with him. The next day he called me up.

"You ever visit Brooklyn?" he inquired.

"Not by choice. I've been there."

"If you'd like to see what it looks like now, I'll pick you up."

He stopped for me with a police car. A plain-clothes cop and another cop in uniform were with him. We drove to Brooklyn and parked the car and left the two cops in it and went into a drugstore. O'Malley showed his shield to the proprietor.

"You got a billhead around?" O'Malley asked.

The druggist gave him one of his billheads and O'Malley made out a bill for a dollar and seventy-five cents to somebody named Harrison. Then we went around the corner into an apartment building and went upstairs and rang the bell of a second-floor apartment. A man inside asked who it was, but didn't open the door.

"I got a bill for you from the druggist on the corner."

"I don't owe no money to the druggist."

"Sure you do."

The man opened the door. He was heavy-set and black-haired but he didn't have a stiff left arm. He looked at the bill.

"You're nuts!" he told us. "This is made out to Harrison. My name is Hamison."

"Sure. I wanted to hear you tell that, fellow."

Two plain-clothes cops were coming up the stairs and another one was descending from the floor above, and Hamison tried to shut the door but we forced our way in. He fought, but the cops put the handcuffs on him. They searched the place and found nine hundred dollars. Then we went back to the car and took Hamison to headquarters. Markin was there, and a pretty dark-haired girl about nineteen years old, and they all went into the inspector's room. I waited and thought it over until O'Malley finally came out.

"Is Hamison's other name Davit, O'Malley?" I inquired.

"That's right."

"He's the one who murdered Mrs. Markin?"

"Right again."

"Well," I said, "this isn't very understandable. He must have used the name Davit only that once or you would have traced him easier. But he'd known the Markins for two months. He can't have known two months ago that Mrs. Markin would draw out the money, so why give a false name? Or was it blackmail? Or was there really something going on between Hamison and Mrs. Markin? Has Markin any explanation of the affair?"

"He ain't saying a thing, because we've locked him up."

I thought about that. "Oh!" I comprehended.

"Don't be that thick in the head. This Markin planned the murder. He wanted to get rid of his wife. He met Hamison at a ball game, just like he said, and found out he was a hard egg, and proposed Hamison should knock off his wife. Hamison bargained he'd do it for a thousand bucks. Markin didn't have no thousand, but his wife had, and Markin's a smart guy and figured to make his wife pay for her own murder."

"BUT," I objected, "why did they wait two months? Every time Hamison was seen as Davit made his detection more probable."

"It took that long to get Mrs. Markin to draw out the money. Markin told his wife he had a chance for a real estate deal, done on the quiet with a guy named Davit, that would net a lot.

"At first she wouldn't do it. Then she wanted to meet Davit. Then she wanted all the particulars. Hamison, as Davit, had to see her quite a few times to tell her more about it. Well, finally she said she would. She was to go to the bank and draw the money and Markin and Hamison would call for her and they'd go to a lawyer and sign up the papers. Markin wouldn't even go to the bank with her, because he didn't want to appear in it. She drew the money and called Markin up from a pay station to say she'd got it, and Markin called Hamison up and Hamison went and knocked her off and took the dough. Then Markin tried to get her on the phone to show he was in the clear."

"It was cleverly planned," I said, "but you seem to have seen through it."

"Yeah? When? I didn't see nothing except that this Davit guy looked phony. Everybody that seen the guy, even if it was only once, knew he had a stiff arm. A guy with a stiff arm don't go around making a show of it; he tries to hide it. Everybody knew his name was Davit like he was running for office. A bonehead guy does a murder and then disguises himself to try to get away, but a smart guy does the murder in disguise and escapes by going back to himself. I figured this guy's name wasn't Davit and he didn't have no stiff arm, but that didn't leave us any way to trace him. "'A heavy-set guy with black hair' don't mean nothing."

"I see."

"We wondered did Markin know more than he told, but we couldn't find no sign of it. He was too well covered up. The neighbors said he and his wife got on all right. His wife didn't carry no insurance. We couldn't find he took no interest in any other woman. But finally I seen we wouldn't never solve the case without he had been in it."

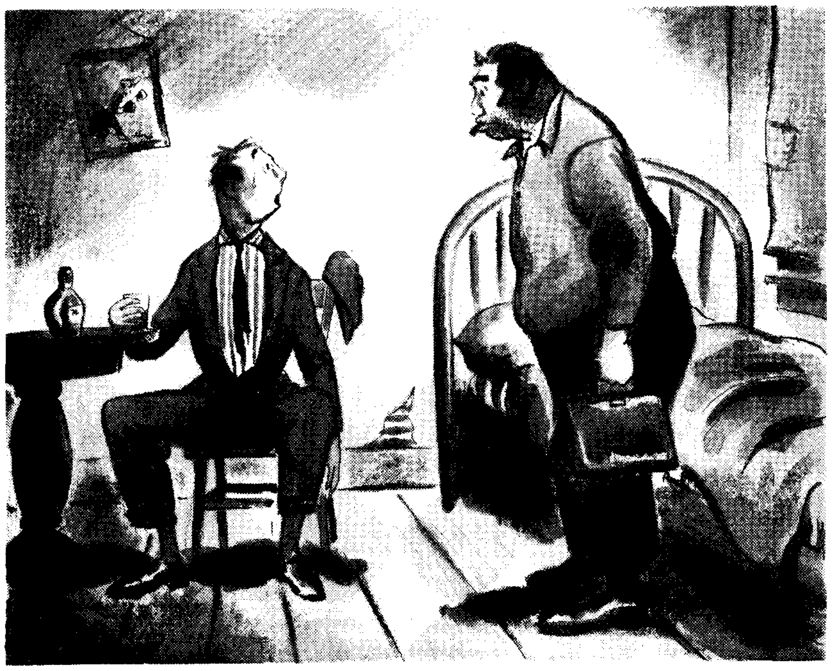
"Wait a minute!" I said. "What Mrs. Markin drew out of the bank was just one thousand, wasn't it?"

"You got it. I seen them people at the bank and said, if someone asked 'em, would they say two thousand, and they said they wouldn't; but I told 'em we wouldn't never solve the case unless they did, so then they said they would. I knew Markin would believe the bank, no matter what the police or his wife or anybody else had told him. If he was innocent it wouldn't hurt him. But if he was in on it, he was a smart guy and a crook, and a smart crook is always worrying and suspicious somebody is putting something over on him. So Markin checked at the bank. He and Hamison had agreed they wouldn't communicate with each other, but when the bank said two thousand, Markin called Hamison. He had to have him called to a saloon to answer the phone, and that give us time to trace the call and learn who answered. And Markin did more than that.

"You seen the girl them cops had here? She's why he wanted to get rid of his wife. The girl didn't know there was to be a murder. Markin was so smart he hadn't been near her since he first planned it. But Hamison knew about the girl; she was with Markin the day them guys first met. So when Hamison denied there was two thousand, Markin got more suspicious still and went to see the girl to find if she knew anything about it. Of course he was being followed, and while I and you were over in Brooklyn picking up Hamison, some other cops picked up Markin and the girl."

I thought it over again. "It was a shrewd trap," I commented.

"It worked. A cop's job ain't very tough when once you come to think of it. It ain't no trouble for us to catch the dumb guys, and the smart guys catch themselves for us."



"Was I embarrassed! They kept yellin', 'Stop thief, stop thief!'"

A. ROSS

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BIRELEY'S Orangeade

# Favor for a Friend

*Continued from page 13*

there was something almost predatory about the curve of her nose.

My quick glance passed on to the *señorita*, who was wearing a gay printed silk dress and had a red flower stuck recklessly in her hair. She was probably nineteen or twenty. I got an impression of slim, lovely lines; and I got an impression of white, gleaming teeth and warm red lips as she smiled. I'd heard all about Spanish beauty before, but I'd never believed it. Not until now. I guess, seeing it for the first time, I stood for a moment in a kind of breathless appreciation. Then the lights passed.

After I was in the little jump seat, looking at the back of the chauffeur's neck, we went along El Paseo Central, which is a very nice paved street with water running always in the gutters, past the bull ring and past the cathedral La Mejer *de* Cuoer, and at last to the plaza.

THE chauffeur stopped in front of the Grand Hotel, and I got out and murmured my thanks, hypnotized by the exquisite, flowerlike face of Señorita Murillo. Oscar got out, kissing her white hand with fervor, and kissing Señora Murillo's wrinkled one with respect; and then stood on the sidewalk bowing stiffly from the waist as the car rolled away.

"Gigolo!" I gibed, as we went up to his room. "Now, out with it. Where does a bum like you meet people like that? And why all this lying about the San Isidro run in the morning?"

He had a worried look as he unbuttoned his blouse and stretched out on the bed. "Charlie," he said, lighting one of his strong cigarettes, "there's a certain *señorita* in San Isidro. Her father's the *jefe politico* there, and tomorrow he's giving this *fiesta* for me. But I mustn't be there. Señora Murillo is taking her daughter on that plane tomorrow morning to visit some relatives near San Isidro. If she ever found out how things are—and she's sure to find out—" He broke off, inhaling with a quick, nervous agitation. "If she finds out about Carlotta, Charlie, I'm sunk!"

After a moment's evaluation of motives, which netted me nothing, I said, "What's it to her?"

"Well," he said soberly, sitting up and crossing his legs, "it's a good deal to her. She happens to be the wife of Rafael Murillo, who put up the dough for this air line. And it's a good deal to me—she's going to be my mother-in-law in a couple of weeks. You see the layout?"

I saw clearly enough. "What about this Carlotta?" I asked.

So I found out about that. I met her, eventually. She was a beautiful, vivid girl, older than Dyalá Murillo by three or four years. Oscar's fine clothes and Oscar's new arrogance won her, but I don't suppose he ever knew that. But I do know that they were deeply in love. Even now, when he spoke of Dyalá Murillo, there was an impersonal look, almost a calculating shrewdness, about him—but when he mentioned Carlotta, his face lighted up and his eyes actually glowed.

"Dyalá," I said slowly. "Dee-a-lá. There's music in that."

"There's an air line, too."

"Oh, is there? What happens," I asked, "when *mamá* discovers Carlotta?"

Oscar swung his feet off the bed and crunched out his cigarette with a violence that showed how he felt.

"There'll be fireworks," he said gratingly. "I've got myself sold to the old lady, but something's happened to Señor Murillo and me. He used to like me—liked me enough to put up the dough for this line. But now he's dickering with another guy from the States to sell out—and if he does that I'll get the boot. If I marry Dyalá, I'll be in the family, and the old lady will keep him from selling—she runs that family—you see? I can't figure out what's got into the old man."

"Maybe," I suggested dryly, "he got sick of that phony rig you've adopted. Those seven-inch wings."

He jumped up, and his eyelids crinkled down tight over his eyes, and he looked actually dangerous in a mild sort of way. He paced over and held his fist under my nose.

"Listen," he croaked in a shaking voice, "one more crack about my clothes, and you're through!"

I walked to the window and looked down over the plaza, at the milling crowds of peons and peddlers. Much as I dreaded the thought of going back to the States—the way I would have to go—I couldn't help telling him how I felt. In Chicago, I'd liked him a lot. Now I wasn't so sure.

"Any guy," I said, turning back to him, "who's rotten enough to marry a girl like that sweet Murillo kid, and do it just to keep his hands on a filthy air line, and plan all the time to go on keeping a dame on the side—well, okay, Oscar, I guess I'll be heading back to Limon."

For a bewildered minute he didn't say anything. He went back and sat down on the bed, elbows resting heavily on his knees, his eyes on the floor. Somehow, the spurious splendor of that bright uniform seemed to wilt.

"Charlie," he said finally, with a kind of fierceness in each word; "Charlie, this is the first job in my life that ever panned out. I've *got* to hang on to it—I'll never get another chance as good as this one. If I let this go, I'm—washed up."

"Does this Murillo kid—does she love you?"

His face had a helpless, almost a desperate look. "Charlie, I really don't know. They do things down here in queer ways. My deal is with Señora Murillo. But Dyalá seems willing enough."

"What a congenial home life you'll have!" I said acidly. "A beautiful young wife who doesn't love you, a father-in-law who'd like to cut out your heart—and a *jefe* mother-in-law! You can have it. I'll take vanilla."

"YOU mean—" Relief broke in shadows all over his face at my nod. "Look, then, Charlie. I'll write a note for you to give to Carlotta. I'll get your uniform out of the shop tonight, if I can locate the tailor. We'll go over the maps and I'll show you that pass—"

"Forget the uniform and show me the pass," I cut in. "And how are you going to keep *mamá* from knowing you're not flying the plane, before I take off?"

"We can't keep her from knowing it. There's no door between the cabin and the cockpit. I'll write her a note explaining that I couldn't go today—something happened at the last moment. If she refuses to go, why that's all to the good. But she won't. She's a stubborn wren. If you're in uniform, she'll think you're a good pilot."

I had no way of knowing it then, but I was going to regret not having a door on that cockpit.

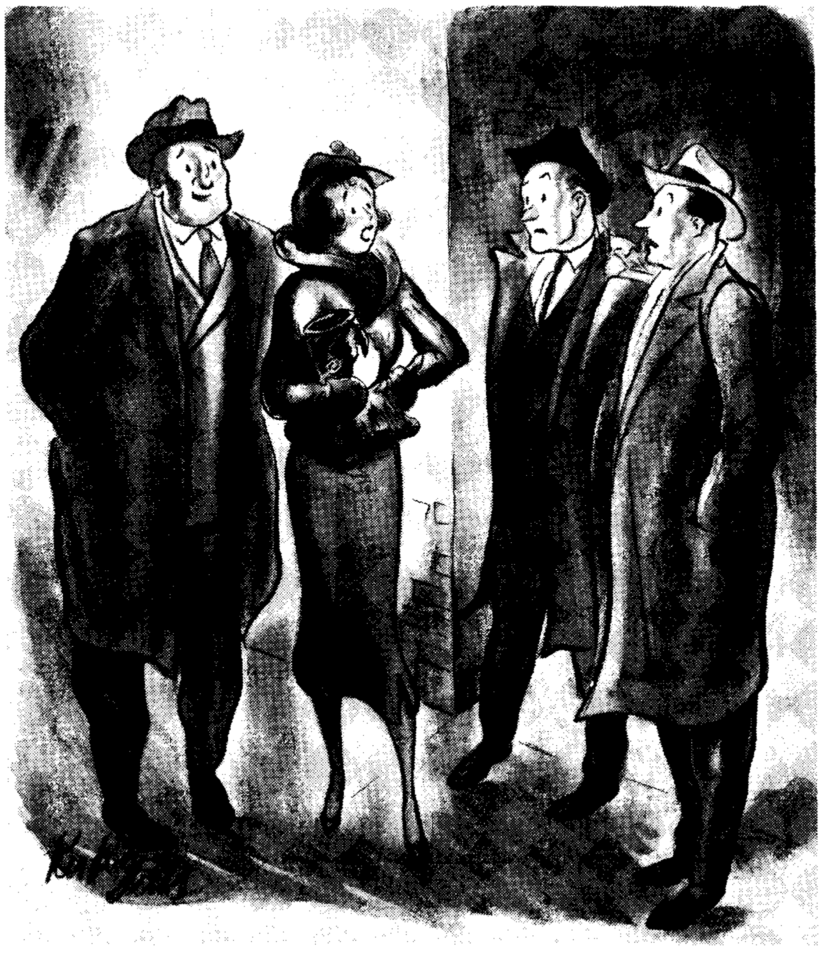
"Okay," I said. "I'll break down and put on the monkey suit, but I don't wear any seven-inch wings!"

"They are pretty big, aren't they?" he said, grinning sheepishly.

"Yes, and while we're confessing things, I think you're a dog and a bum."

He got up and buttoned his blouse and

*(Continued on page 78)*



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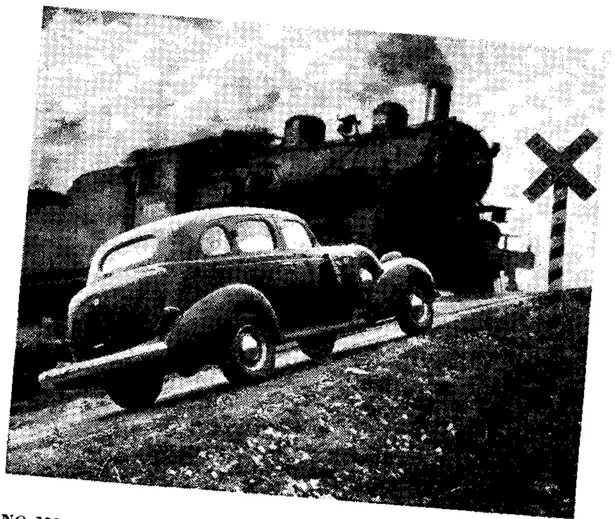

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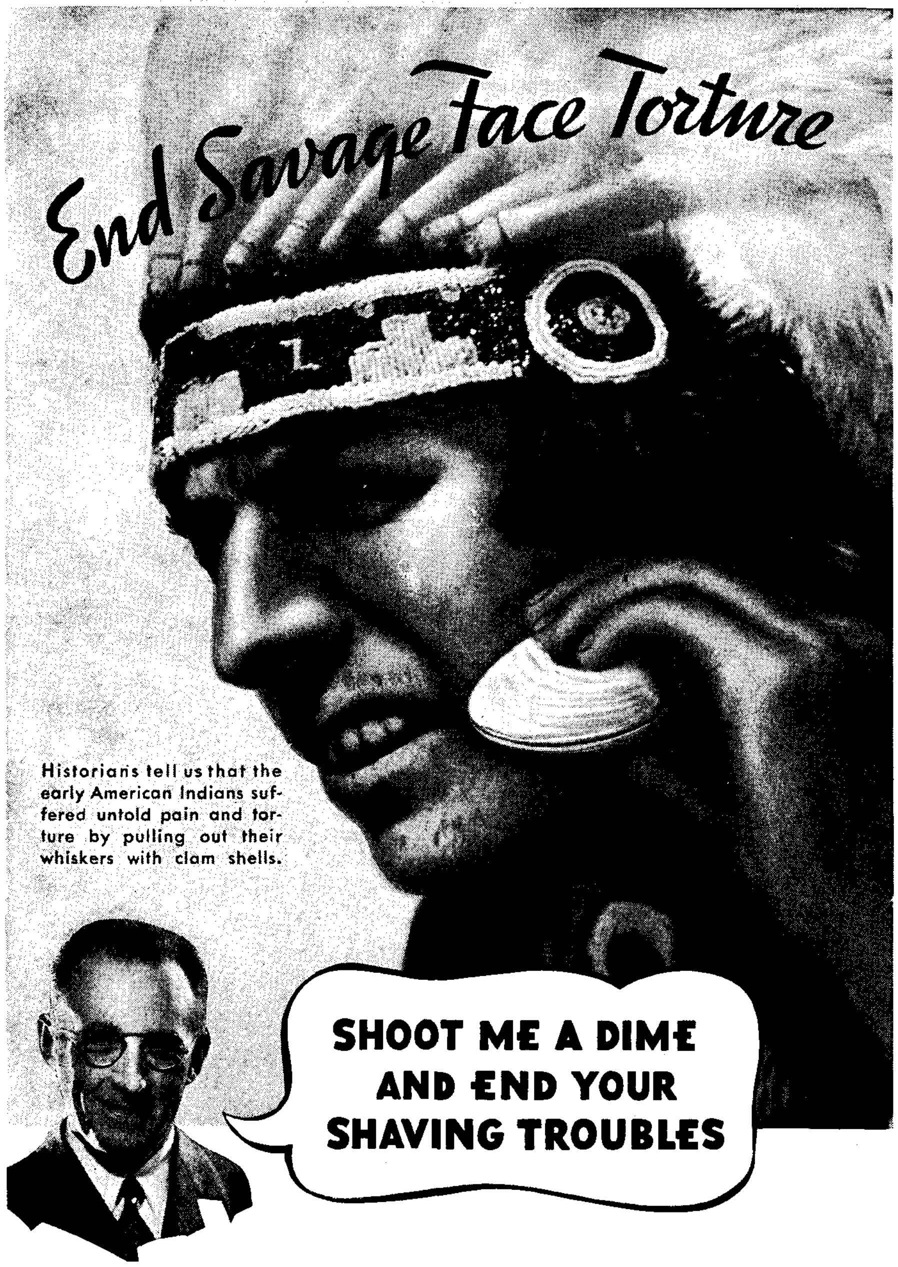
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Name..............................

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# Favor for a Friend

*Continued from page 76*

went out to get my uniform and the maps. For myself, I was too tired to think much of tomorrow, so I took a hot bath and rolled into bed. But I was unable to sleep. A kindly impulse had made me agree to this thing, and now I regretted it. I kept thinking profanely of Oscar, and seeing Dyalá Murillo again as I'd seen her down there in the car. . . . Then it was morning, and Oscar was shaking me—and outside my window a gray fog was pressed down over the square.

WE SPENT an hour studying maps, and then I dressed in those awful blue and cream clothes; and Oscar drove me out to the field. The fog was gradually lifting, and there was now a ceiling of three or four hundred feet. By the time I took off, the stuff would be higher—but there would still be a mantle over the mountains, and I'd have to climb out on top and hunt up that pass. The weather to the southwest, at San Isidro, was clear. But somehow it wasn't much of a reassurance to know that. I don't know why, but as we drove past the market, getting a whiff of *casu*, I felt nervous and fretful. We turned on Paseo Cartago and passed the foreign legations, and finally came to the field.

Oscar showed me my plane, an old trimotored crock he'd bought as a discard from a United States air line. Shorty Meighan, Oscar's mechanic, stood around while I checked it dubiously. The linoleum on the cabin floor had worn out from use, and Shorty had refloored it with corrugated aluminum; the whole crate had that look—of being patched up and rebuilt. But the wings were good. The plane was really airworthy. Oscar left orders about my taking the run. Then he wrote out the note he was going to have Shorty give Señora Murillo, and drove back to town.

Pretty soon the truckmen arrived with the freight cargo, and they started loading it into the plane. I wasn't prepared for that. I'd thought all I'd have would be a few pounds of air mail and the passengers. This morning there were two bundles of hoes, and a couple of plows knocked down and tied up in burlap, and four or five boxes of stuff. And an animal.

"What's that?" I demanded of Shorty as he started to put it aboard.

"Boar," Shorty said. "Shipping him down to some *hacienda*. Prize animal, him, so handle with care."

"Boar?" I suppose I must have looked a little upset.

"Yes, boar. Pig. Swine." Shorty grinned. "Oh, we haul anything! You'll get used to it."

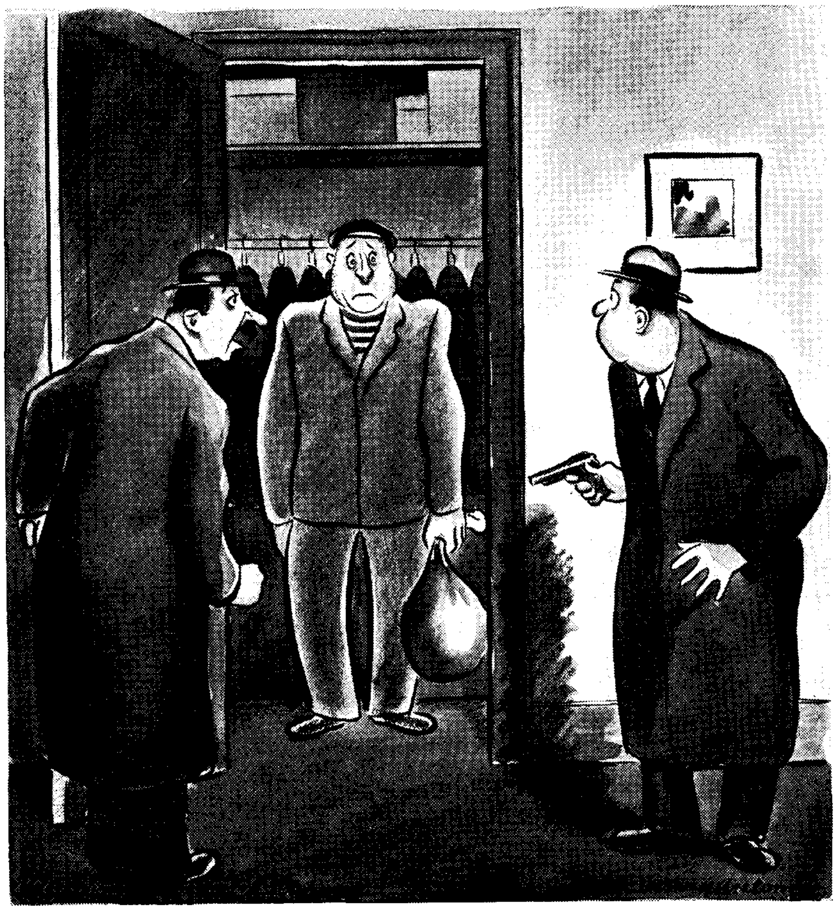
"I'm darned if I haul a wild boar—"

"He ain't wild, this here boar. And, besides, he's tied up with a rope." Shorty took me over to see. The pig had a sack over his head, through which one tusk protruded with a suggestion of truculence. But he was tied securely, all four bunched together. They lifted him, chuffing angrily under that sack, into the rear of the cabin—into the space at the back where two seats had been taken out to make room for such cargoes. He wouldn't fit into the small closed compartment behind, and anyhow they were afraid he might suffocate there.

"Time to go," Shorty added, nodding his head toward that long, gleaming car that had come rolling silently onto the field. I climbed up through the cabin, the ridged aluminum floor cracking tinnily at each step. In the cockpit, I sat down and fastened my belt and checked the gas valves and controls.

The Murillo women got out, and Shorty gave the Señora that note of Oscar's, and she read it. She cocked her head over in a quick, birdlike movement, looking at Shorty; and I heard her say with impatience:

"*Por qué?* But our trip was all arranged beforehand."



"Look, Casey! A clue!"

HENRY ANTON

Shorty shrugged. He didn't know much about it, but he tried to explain. The women looked up at me there in the cockpit, trying to make up their minds. I couldn't keep my eyes away from Dyalá Murillo. She said to Shorty:

"Is this new *piloto*—is he careful and good?"

"Charlie Buckley?" Shorty exclaimed, as though he'd known me all of his life. "*Perfectamenté*, Señorita!" he said, bowing. "Aerovias *de* Costa Rica provides only the best."

So they got into the cabin, and I caught the allure of that perfume Dyalá used, and it set my head thinking things. Things I shouldn't have thought, because who was I, anyway? I heard the door slam, and then Shorty ran under the wing, twirling his finger in a signal to go.

In ten years of flying, I'd made a lot of cross-country jaunts, finding my way with compass and map. But, somehow, this trip was different. Somehow, I felt a great weight of responsibility that day, as we climbed over the red roofs of San José and turned left, seeing the drab green of coffee plantations that reached away into the haze down the valley. The ceiling was high enough, here. But as we streaked southwest, toward that eight-thousand-foot pass, I could see the green walls of the mountains marching almost straight up into the mist. I respect mountains. One time, on the air mail, I flew into one. You don't forget a thing like that very soon.

Oscar had said that the lower layer of clouds would be thin, and that I should climb as fast as I could and get through them—and on top of them I could see the gap of the pass. So now, with the Whirlwinds snarling out eighteen hundred revs, with the rate-of-climb needle quivering at twelve hundred feet a minute, I turned southwest and sucked in a deep breath and plunged the nose into the overcast.

GRAY mist swallowed us. I got on the instruments, walking the rudder to keep the turn needle centered, jockeying the control wheel to hold the air speed at eighty, checking the compass as the card came to rest. My thoughts weren't really on that part of the task. My thoughts were on the calculation of time, because we had to break out of the overcast before we got too close to the mountains.

Then, after climbing three thousand feet totally blind, we did break out on top, and found ourselves skimming the flat deck of the clouds—with another overcast a few hundred feet higher. Short, choppy bumps jostled the plane as we emerged into this clear space. The upper overcast was torn by wind, plumes of mist being whipped out of the main cloud here and there, looking like frayed string mops suspended flat in the air. Ahead, seven or eight miles away, was the steep wall of the range, with the V-gash of the pass.

As I checked our progress, a sudden doubt cloaked me in a kind of smothering heat. For the bumps grew more violent, shocking the plane, rolling a wing down as suddenly as though all lift had been removed from it, time after time. Long, breath-taking lurches came one after another, as though the plane might be flying through some massive invisible convolution in the air structure. Watching the rate-of-climb, I was astonished to see it flick from zero to a thousand-foot-per-minute descent, and then, as suddenly, to a fifteen-hundred-foot reading in the other direction, while helpless, I was lifted into my belt and then snapped down hard against the seat cushion. There appeared, from this distance, to be a ceiling of perhaps five hundred feet above the floor of the pass; but I wasn't relieved by that knowledge. If these bumps got any more violent, a gust might throw the plane into the trees when we got into the pass.

All the time, a taut realization of what we were into was filtering into my mind. There was no turning back, now that we'd come this far. Oscar Toome might have turned back, for he knew the location and height of each mountain and hill in the valley behind us. But I didn't, and I was afraid to trust blind luck in letting down again through the low overcast. We had to go on, through the pass, and reach the clear weather. And I didn't know just how we were going to do that.

For already I could see that we weren't advancing much against the gale coming out of the pass. You've seen a broad river flow sluggishly until it came to a narrows, and then race into boiling white water at three times its previous speed. The air was like that, here, at this pass.

I CURSED Oscar Toome. He hadn't told me about the strength of the wind.

But we had to do something. The mouth of the pass was a mile or two ahead of us, now, and the wind was getting still stronger, so that we were suspended practically stationary between the two overcasts, changing altitude three or four hundred feet every minute as the gusts blasted the plane. I thought of making the extremely foolish attempt to climb over the top of the whole range. But the peaks went up to twelve thousand feet, and I didn't know how high this airplane would go. And if we drifted out of the pass before getting high enough to clear the jaws of the range, due to inaccurate instrument flying or a veering of wind, we'd end up in the trees. Trying to choose the best of two suicidal courses, I looked back into the cabin to see how the women were standing the ride.

Señora Murillo was sitting with serene calm, looking out over the lacy gray floor of the clouds underneath. She had to hold herself to her seat with her hands, although the belt would have done that; but there was no trace of alarm in her bearing. The blind confidence of passengers in their pilots has always amazed me.

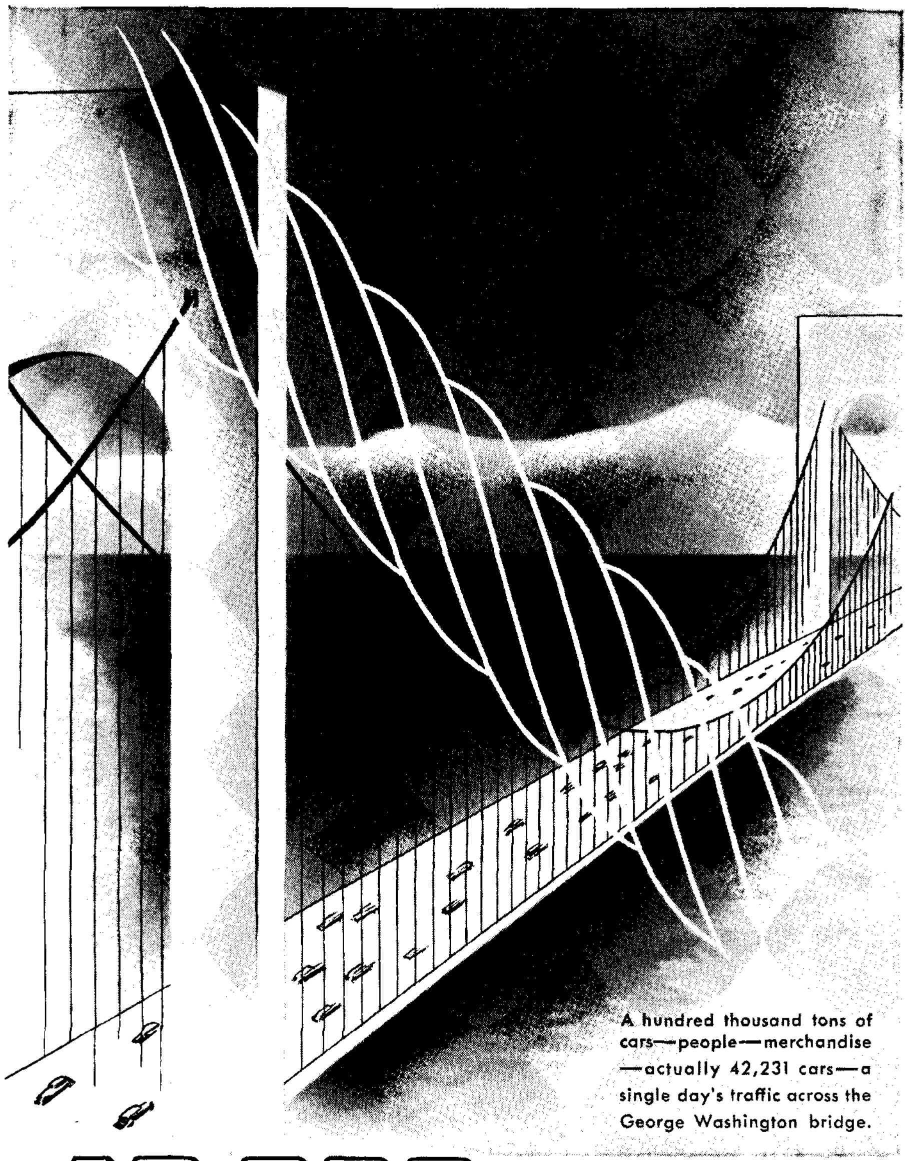
But Dyalá Murillo had no appreciation for the dreadful beauty of those wind-tangled clouds. She was sitting there tense, a worried look in her dark, beautiful eyes. As I glanced back, I smiled. Instantly her lips moved in a quick phrase which I was unable to read, and she turned her head to call my attention to something in the rear of the plane.

Seeing what she had seen, shock came over me in little trills of excitement. In the rear of the cabin, I saw the two-hundred-pound boar that they had put aboard at the field. He had been lying quietly on his side, the sack over his head. But now, aroused by the repeated jarring of bumps, he was struggling frantically. As I watched, in a tense, mounting alarm, I saw his front legs come free from the rope, and he struggled to a sitting position and tossed the sack off his head. His little, baleful red eyes focused on me.

Just then I felt the plane accelerate swiftly, and I had to turn back to my instruments. A wing had gone down and we were in a slow spiral, already deep in the clouds. Reacting violently, I pulled up the nose and kicked out of the turn and climbed steeply, thinking of how close that mountain wall was. We emerged from the clouds once more, and the green-timbered flanks of the range were even closer than I had expected. We were about to enter the pass.

Now, confined in that narrow gorge, hammered by bumps every second, I needed desperately to tighten my focus upon the job of flying the plane. The engines were wide open, the props fan-

(*Continued on page 80*)



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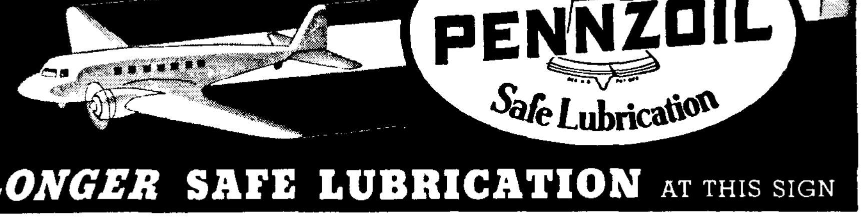

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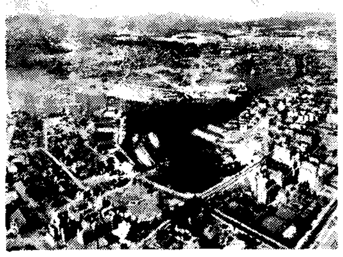


*Canada's cities have an "atmosphere" distinctively their own. You can spend fascinating days of sight-seeing or shopping.*

*Fine, modern highways—set against a rich, unspoiled background of scenic beauty—invite you to tour Canada this summer.*

CANADIAN TRAVEL BUREAU
Ottawa Canada

(*Continued from page* 79)

ning the air with a hollow-toned snarl each time a gust ripped furiously into them. We weren't making five miles an hour, but sooner or later, if we didn't run out of gas, we would get through the wind chute, and as soon as we did, I could drop down to a level where progress would be more or less normal. But I had to look back again, to see what was happening, flying or no flying. I knew we were in a bad spot.

Señora Murillo had come forward, and as I turned again, she spoke into my ear in a voice that was staccato with fright. I couldn't see along the aisle past her, so I motioned her to sit down again, in the right forward seat. Dyalá Murillo was looking back at the boar in a kind of frozen, rapt fascination. The coils of the rope were coming loose from the animal's hind legs. Three times, in quick succession, bumps knocked the plane downward, and each time the boar left the floor and thumped back again with a force that shivered the wings.

And the third time he hit, he was free.

I realized then how easy and how futile hindsight can be. I needed my gun. But my bag, with the gun in it, was back there behind the rear seats. If I had thought about needing it before the boar became free, Señora Murillo could have gone back and obtained it. But not now. That boar would have tusked her to ribbons. He had command of the rear of the cabin, and the only thing I could be thankful for was that the aisle was too narrow to let him come forward.

THEN I saw that I was wrong about even that. The animal, mad with fury, scrambled to his four feet and stood for a moment, ugly upper lip curled around those murderous tusks. The next moment he charged Dyalá.

It happened so quickly that she had no time to get out of his way. He would have reached her, had not the sides of the seats stopped him. On that roughly ridged floor his feet had a good purchase, and I realized in alarm that the seats wouldn't stop him after a charge or two more. The aisle members had buckled badly from the first impact.

I shouted to Dyalá to come forward, but that wasn't necessary. She was out of her seat in a flash, moving with a lithe, frightened haste. I motioned her to sit in the front seat across from her mother, and then looked forward to see where we were.

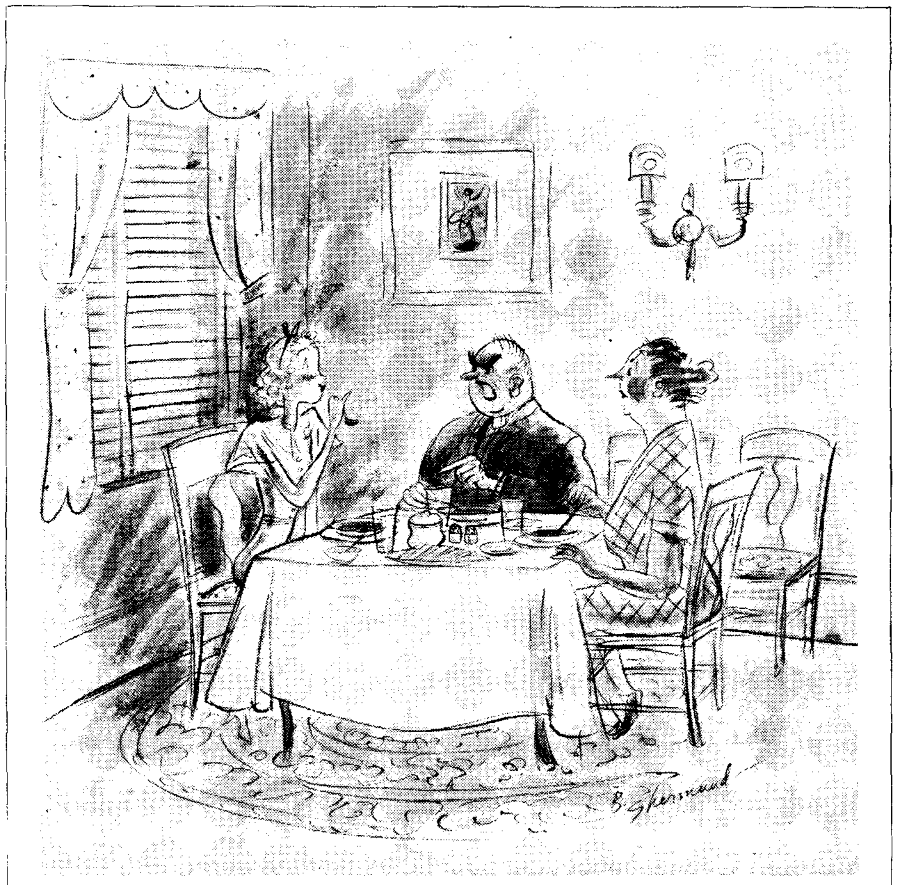
I think my heart stopped beating entirely, then. For the plane's right wing was not fifty feet away from the green mat of trees on that side. We were so close that I could see a gorgeous bronze orchid in one of the trees. But there was no time to appreciate it. It took all my strength to stop the turn which would have plunged us into that wall in another two seconds. I did stop it, somehow, and turned thankfully left, almost suffocated by the drum of my pulse.

THE boar, meanwhile, had backed up and charged again. I felt the shift of his weight, and felt the plane tremble when he came up once more wedged in between the sides of the rear seats. A quick glance told me that I had to take desperate measures if I was going to get the Murillo women to San Isidro alive. The boar's second and third charges opened the gap between the rear seats enough so that he could almost come through. It was only a matter of minutes until he would be up here in the cockpit.

If there had been a door to the cockpit, I could have crowded both women into the copilot's seat, closed the door, and fought the wind out until we crossed over the pass. It would have taken a long time, but it would have been possible. But there was no door, as I mentioned.

I decided there was only one thing to do. It was a slim chance, and we had to be quick about it. We had to climb up through the next overcast and get out of the wind-chute effect of that pass. I had no hope that the angle of climb would tilt the plane upward enough to stop the boar's charging, although it might lessen his impacts. This ship had a high angle of incidence, and in a complete stall climb the nose would be up only twelve or thirteen degrees. Up such an incline, even with the rough, corrugated floor in his favor, the boar couldn't have charged very fast. But the trouble was I couldn't tilt the plane at anything like that max-

(*Continued on page* 82)



"What if he did dance with you on the boat! I still insist you can't be queen!"

B. SHERMUND

# DISCOVERED! A TOOTHPASTE THAT GIVES 3 TIMES THE VALUE!

# THE NEW "SUPER-SOFT" HIGH-POLISH PEPSODENT!

*Just Out*
*—No increase in price*

Pepsodent's exciting $200,000 toothpaste formula contains utterly new type Super-Soft ingredient. You'll thrill to the way it safely cleans and polishes teeth to a brilliant lustre that can't be equalled the world over!

## 1 HIGH-POLISHES TEETH TO TWICE THE BRILLIANCE—SAFELY

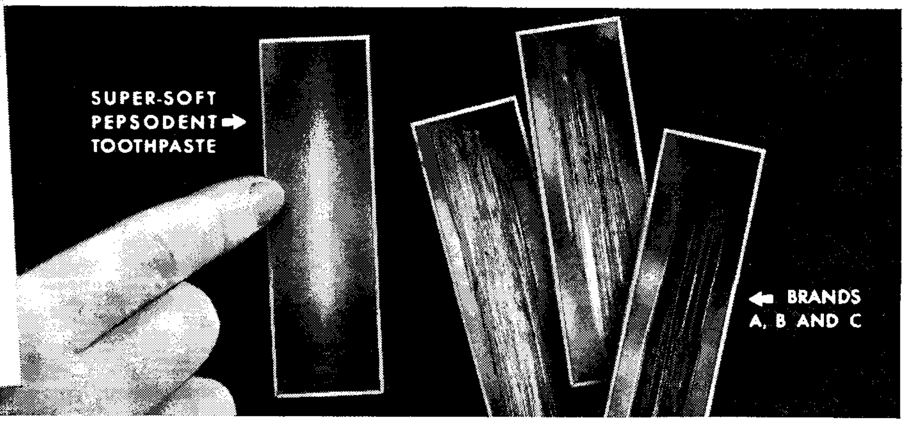
Expect to see your teeth sparkle and glisten as never before! So dazzling a lustre does Pepsodent's new $200,000 Toothpaste formula quickly restore to dull teeth, and to smoke-stained teeth, that you, too, will say it positively gives twice the polish!

## 2 MAKES TEETH LOOK WHITER TWICE AS LONG—SAFELY

Teeth look whiter, feel cleaner and film-free hours longer! About twice as long as with ordinary dentifrices, according to findings of dentists working for 3 months with 500 people in Illinois. And there wasn't the slightest injury to tooth enamel.

## 3 GIVES THIS SAFETY—BECAUSE TWICE AS SOFT

100,000 brushings on metal plates softer than your teeth prove Pepsodent Toothpaste twice as soft as the polishing agent generally used in most dentifrices. Dentists everywhere have seen these tests—know Pepsodent Toothpaste is super-soft, therefore super-safe, even for children's teeth and as a massage for tender gums.



## *See the difference when you really High-Polish your teeth!*

● "*I've got it!*" With these 3 words one of the Pepsodent scientists announced the end of an exciting 14-year search for an utterly new kind of toothpaste. One that would High-Polish teeth *safely!*

He had found the new Pepsodent! A toothpaste *both* Super-Soft and High-Polish. A toothpaste that gives 3 times the value of ordinary kinds because it polishes teeth to the greatest lustre ever known . . . *with double safety.*

### *New ingredient the secret*

This safe way to High-Polish teeth is the result of a sensational new ingredient. One never before used in a dentifrice. It is the secret of the astounding polishing power and cleansing action of Pepsodent's new toothpaste.

### *Does everything better*

Imagine! New Super-Soft High-Polish Pepsodent Toothpaste gives your teeth *twice* the polish. Your teeth look whiter, feel cleaner and film-free, *twice* as long. Yet this new toothpaste is *twice* as soft! Being concentrated, it goes farther, lasts longer. And it is an improved gum massage. You'll find flabby gums firm up remarkably when you use Pepsodent with regular and brisk finger massage.

### *Even smoke stains yield!*

No longer, now, need you think your teeth must remain dull, uninviting. Even smoke stains quickly yield to Pepsodent's new patented toothpaste formula, developed at a cost of $200,000. Gently, with super-soft safety, this new kind of toothpaste restores to your teeth the magnetic allure you admire in others.

For a real High-Polish, switch to New Pepsodent today. Look for the words "New High-Polish" on the box.

### High-Polish Your Teeth—FREE

This coupon entitles you to a Free generous supply of the new Super-Soft High-Polish Pepsodent Toothpaste. Just mail to the Pepsodent Co., Dept. 1605-9, 919 No. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.

☐ Check here only if you prefer free supply of Pepsodent's new High-Polish Tooth Powder.

*Name*..........................................

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*City*.................... *State*....................

Coupon not good after Nov. 9, 1936. *One sample to a family.*

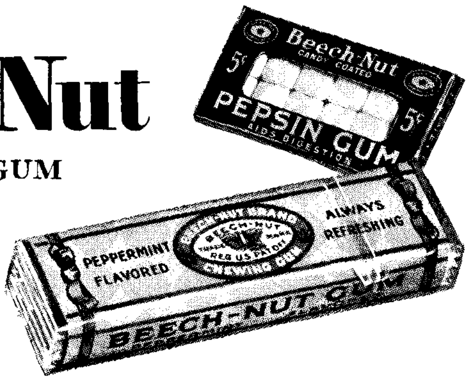
When the horse runs home and the ground is hard,
When you wish you were safe in your own back yard,
When your face is red as a riding coat,
When things get tough and they get your goat,
*Then it's time to test the flavor true*
That helps you forget you are black and blue . . .
Don't faint, don't swear and don't count ten,
*Just rip off the wrapper and yield to that yen . . .*

Compose yourself

WITH

**Beech-Nut**

THE *QUALITY* GUM



# Favor for a Friend

*Continued from page 80*

imum angle. In this thin, violent air I had to keep a good rate of speed, or a gust would slam us off into a spin.

With a queer, translucent concentration I tried to shut out thoughts of everything but my flying. Yet I was conscious of the almost tangible fear of the women behind me, and I couldn't quit thinking that we had to go up at least five thousand feet more, in rough, turbulent air, on instruments all the way—and dodge a few mountains that we couldn't see while we were doing it. I pulled up the nose.

Make no mistake about any courage on my part in attempting this. If someone had offered me ten thousand dollars right then, and it hadn't been necessary, I wouldn't have tried it. But I tried it now. It was one of those things that pilots don't often tell about later, if there is any later, because a lot of people might think they were making up lies.

We went up. Under that top overcast, at the last moment, I sighted down through the pass and got our direction and took a quick, sickeningly inaccurate compass reading from that. I had to hold that exact compass reading, no matter what happened, because for four thousand feet on each side of me there were solid rock walls.

AT THIS altitude, at the speed I was forced to maintain because of the bumps, the plane wasn't climbing so well. I had to fight myself to keep from hauling it up to its maximum angle. We staggered up at six hundred feet a minute at first, and then at four and then at three hundred. All the time, the thrashing, furious puffs tossed us around in the air, and the turn needle arced across its black dial until my legs ached from kicking the rudder to keep the nose headed straight down the gorge. The clouds flowed in a smothering press back over the windows, obscuring even the wingtips, so that I knew we'd not get even a glimpse of the trees until we went into them.

We had the one chance—to keep climbing and keep headed straight. I found myself holding my breath in a kind of tense, hollow dread.

As I flew, I counted the plunges the boar made up the aisle. Each one brought a shift in the plane's trim, and each one made the whole structure quiver. Time after time I restrained myself from turning my head to see what was happening. I had to stay on those instruments as I'd never stayed on them in my life. But I knew it when the boar got past the rear seats. Señora Murillo dived—yes, dived—into the cockpit, her face grave with fright, and sat down in the copilot's seat by my side. From the spill of my vision I could see her expression as she turned to help Dyalá.

Dyalá slipped forward into the cockpit and sank down on Senora Murillo's lap. I chanced a quick glance at her, there, and I guess I must have looked pretty grim. Dyalá's face wasn't gray, like her mother's. It was flushed with excitement, now, and her eyes were bright as she pointed back into the cabin. Just then a bump took us down a couple of hundred feet and she went up and her head struck the hatch. She came down again, and I knew she was hurt; the blow would have knocked out some men. But Dyalá only touched the place on her head, and laughed, and her pretty lips pursed an indignant "O-o-o-o!"

I don't know how long we climbed. Dyalá kept pointing back into the cabin, and I could tell that the boar was getting close to the door. Looking around for a weapon—quick, flicking shifts of my eyes away from the instruments—I lifted the fire extinguisher out of its brackets. Forcing it into Dyalá's hands, I shouted above the roar of the engines:

"When he sticks his snout in here, bust it wide open! But don't drop that fire extinguisher!"

"*Si, si!*" she said with a quick seriousness, and squirmed around to get into a position to strike. She had spirit, that girl.

THE plane roared on upward, inching its way, still slammed by the gusts. I didn't know how things were going to turn out. But we were at least out of the most violent winds, now, and the bumps were easing a bit. I still concentrated narrowly on the flight instruments, correcting my course a little, as necessary, to keep a straight path.

"*Por Dios!*" Dyalá exclaimed suddenly, and she bent down and I heard the crack of the fire extinguisher, and a squeal of pain from the boar. "Wham!" the sound came again. Dyalá held the extinguisher up to me proudly, and there was a dent in its case. "He does not like it, up here, any more!" she cried, laughing. "Señor, am I not *bueno?*"

Just then, the plane broke suddenly out of the clouds, and ahead there stretched a vista of verdant, jagged terrain, beyond a plateau of clouds underneath. The air became smooth, and I could look at Dyalá and then back into the cabin. The boar had retreated, blood oozing out of his nostrils.

"*Perfectamenté!*" I shouted; and I grabbed the extinguisher out of her hand just in time to wield it myself as the boar charged again.

Señora Murillo looked at me around Dyalá's shoulder, and I could see she was shaken and not unimpressed. "Señor," she said in that piercing voice of hers, "without your great courage we should have been lost!"

"Lady," I grinned, "I'm not one to deny courage, but this thing was luck!"

FROM there on down to San Isidro there wasn't anything to it. We were over the mountains and the weather was clear. I discouraged the pig with violence on several occasions, making a mess of the cabin and completely wrecking the fire extinguisher. And, for that matter, the pig. Dyalá sat there in her mother's lap, and we laughed and yelled back and forth, leaning to each other's ears now and then. I liked the flash of her eyes, and the soft curve of her cheeks, and the clean smell of her hair. Things hit you, sometimes, so fast and so hard; and I suppose it was that way with us both.

Spiraling down over San Isidro, I knew very well what I intended to do. A kindly impulse had made me get into this thing, but I could find no kindly impulse to make me back out of it. Luck is a queer thing. If Oscar Toome had been flying that plane, he could have had anything in the world, in spite of *fiestas* in San Isidro. I knew that as soon as I found out how much old Rafael Murillo thought of his kid, Dyalá. But I happened to be flying the plane. . . .

I live up at the *hacienda* north of San José now, and Señor Murillo and I get along fine. And while the Señora is hot-headed and strict—I mean Dyalá, not my mother-in-law—she doesn't object to my having Oscar and Carlotta come up for a day now and then. Oscar's my *jefe piloto*, white pants and blue coat and all.

But *jefe piloto* or no *jefe piloto*, I made him pay for that pig that I killed.

# Some Like it Wild

*Continued from page 21*

rest five. That levels out the road.

Up at the lookout station you'll find a small cupola, eight by eight or fifteen by fifteen, with a map spread out on a board. There are a telescope, most likely, and a compass. If a wisp of smoke rises from the dense timber, miles away down below, the lookout swings the telescope, gets the compass bearings, phones the information to another station, five miles away. The lookout there does the same thing. It's the work of a few seconds to draw lines from the stations to the smoke pillar and locate it exactly. A phone call to the ranger station and the crew are out in trucks in a jiffy, to stop the blaze before it gets started.

In some forests, this summer, they'll be experimenting with dropping fire fighters by parachute into areas that otherwise couldn't be reached for hours. Half a dozen fighters, on the spot in a few minutes, are worth several hundred half a day later. In Wyoming, too, the forest service has a radio net in operation for fire-fighting purposes.

### Bear Facts

In most forest areas there are historic spots and natural wonders that only the service knows about. A comparatively few spots get a lot of advertising, but there are just as grand places off the beaten path that the tourist who is willing to walk a mile can have all to himself. In our particular forest—taken just for an example—there are the ruins of an old Jesuit mission, built of logs in 1846. It has an interesting story, and the ranger will tell you all about it. Also, there's an old Hudson's Bay Company post site, dating from 1816, you might enjoy poking about in.

The booklet also tells you there are seven lakes in the area, and how to get to them; what's in them—probably eastern brook trout, stocked for you by the service. Waterfalls? Sure. Rivers and creeks? Here they are, all described. Like this: "Sherman Creek—a swift clear mountain stream twenty-four miles long, closely accessible by forest road throughout its length; stocked with eastern brook and rainbow trout."

The service has the dope on thousands of similar streams. No chance for the most citified tyro to go wrong.

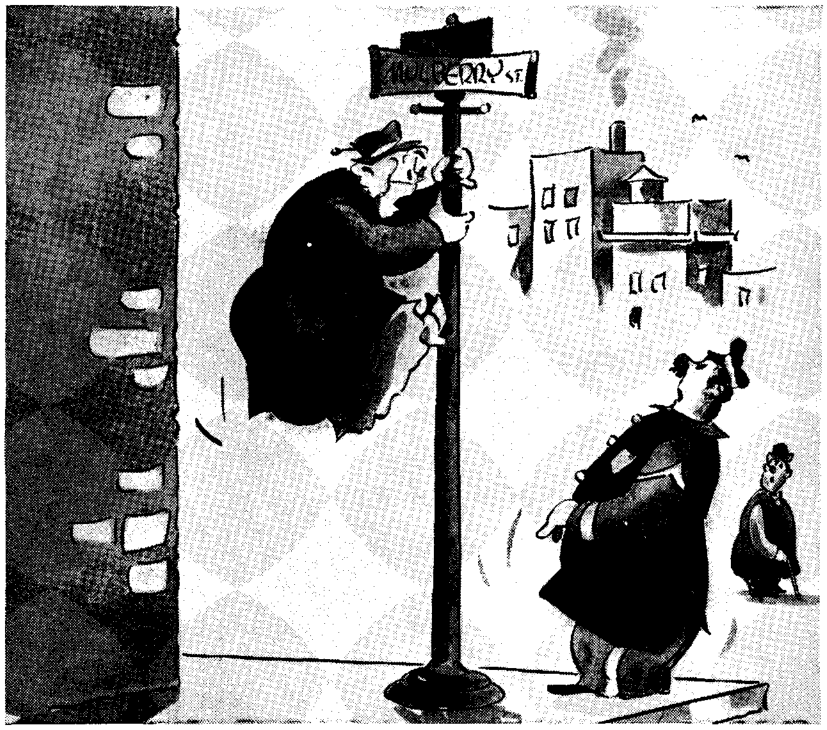
The booklet also will tell you where the nearest towns are, if you need supplies; where the commercial resorts are, if you want that sort of thing. It will describe the trees in the reserve and tell you how to distinguish one from another, if you have a yen for that. Finally, you'll learn where the game refuges are, where guns are outlawed; and about parts of the forests where you can fish or hunt, with the proper licenses.

This particular area we're using as an example has about seven thousand deer—mules and white-tails—and some black bear. There's this about bears: They have their prestige to keep up. Leave them alone and they'll leave you alone. But if you start showing your superiority, the bear just won't stand for that. He can't—because a lot of other animals may be peeking and the bear has to keep on bossing the place after you have gone back home. So be polite, and even deferential, and don't go chucking your weight about trying to make *him* get off the trail. And don't forget he can run faster than you can—in either direction.

It is etiquette in the forests to be particular, not to say fussy, about fire. There are closed areas where, in dry weather, you can't smoke or build campfires. Play the game and don't cheat. Nothing riles a ranger so much as carelessness with fire. Show him you know the ropes and realize what fire does to a forest, and he'll be your friend. Flaunt the reasonable rules—you'll soon be outside the forest, where you ought to be.

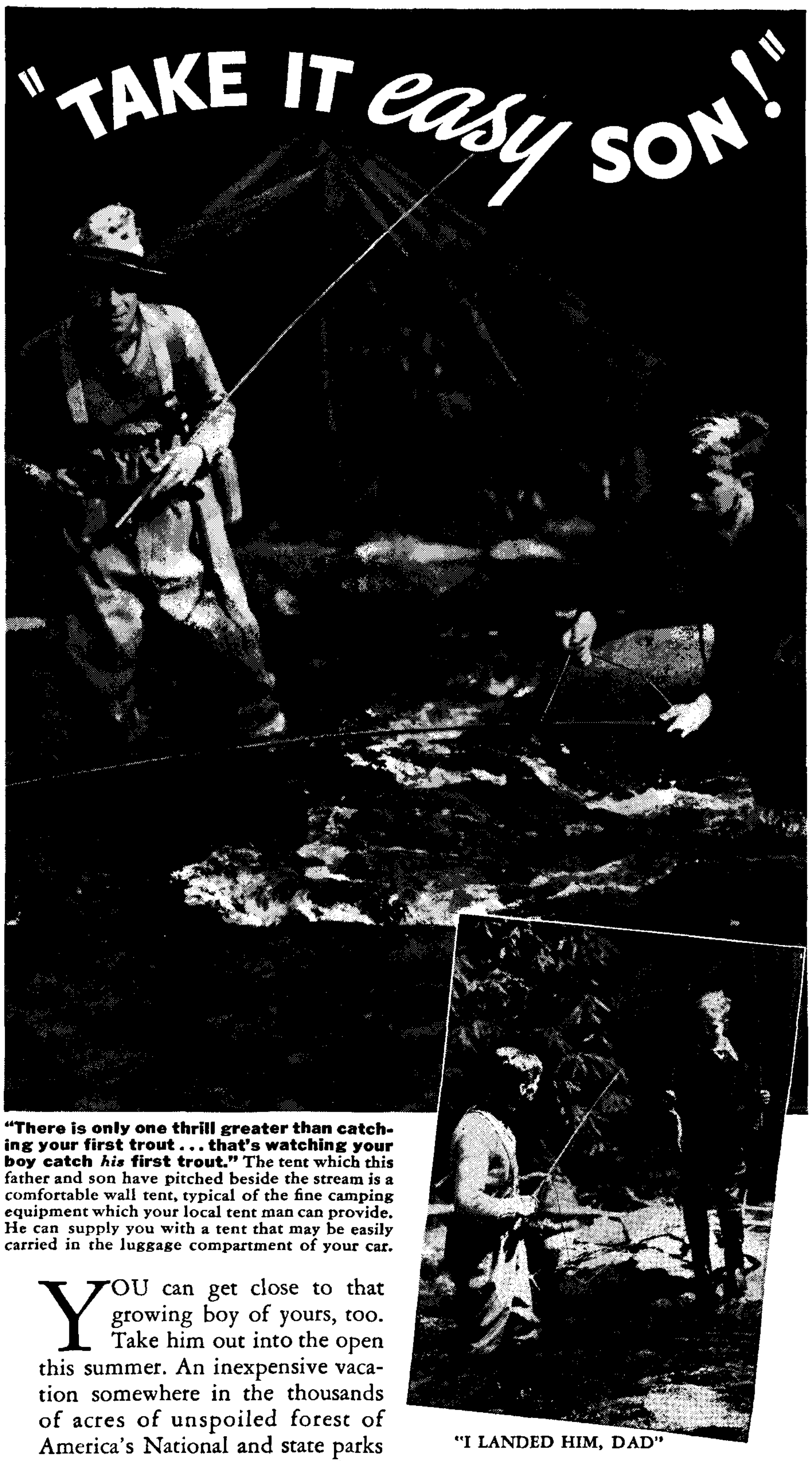
Many of the forests have what are called primitive areas—and when the forest service says primitive it means primitive. In these tangled, nature-gone-wild places, everything has been left just as it was when the last geological upheaval occurred—very untidy. The idea is to leave these parts just as they are, and there are strict rules to

*(Continued on page 84)*


MULBERRY ST.

"I'm getting stronger glasses tomorrow, Officer. I'm too old to be climbing around like this"

REAMER KELLER


"TAKE IT easy SON!"

**"There is only one thrill greater than catching your first trout . . . that's watching your boy catch *his* first trout."** The tent which this father and son have pitched beside the stream is a comfortable wall tent, typical of the fine camping equipment which your local tent man can provide. He can supply you with a tent that may be easily carried in the luggage compartment of your car.

"I LANDED HIM, DAD"

YOU can get close to that growing boy of yours, too. Take him out into the open this summer. An inexpensive vacation somewhere in the thousands of acres of unspoiled forest of America's National and state parks will be a memory that both of you will treasure for years.

Teach *him* how to raise an elusive trout, to build a fire, to pitch a tent. Show him the ways of the wild and the rules of the game. You'll enjoy each other's company beyond words.

An adventure with you, fishing in mountain streams, tramping forest trails, and sleeping under canvas will help you to know your boy and your boy to know you. Start planning now—get your maps and select your equipment. Of course you'll need a good tent.

So see your local tent man today. (He's going to be *mighty* busy later on.) He will repair your old tent, show you a new one, or make one to your own special design. And, he'll give both of you a lot of help with everything in canvas from tarpaulins to duffle bags. We supply him the tent duck*—he'll do the rest.

**Where To Go This Summer**

Through Governmental action, thousands of acres of National Forest Reserves have recently been opened to the public in almost every State. For maps and other information, write to *National Park Service, Dept. of Interior, or Forest Service, Dept. of Agriculture, in Washington, D. C.*

WELLINGTON SEARS CO.

65 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

* SUPERIOR Army Duck — MONARCH Double Filling Duck — MAGNOLIA Single Filling Duck — OCEANIC Numbered Duck

YOU'RE
Collar fresh
FROM MORNING UNTIL NIGHT . .
IF YOUR SHIRT COLLAR IS
Trubenized

● Talk about "afternoon fatigue"!—What about your late-in-the-day *appearance?* There's nothing quite so dampening to your spirit as to know that your shirt collar—which was resplendent at breakfast—has gone sloppy, wilt-weary and dog-eared in the afternoon.

You can say farewell to all that by wearing TRUBENIZED COLLAR Shirts! From morning until night you're "collar-fresh" because the TRUBENIZED COLLAR simply refuses to wilt, wrinkle, pucker, curl or kink. It's just an old "smoothy". And if you're partial to high-style collars, like the Duke of Kent (illustrated above), remember that TRUBENIZING *keeps* them *smart.* Fact is, all high-style collar shirts are *smarter* when Trubenized, because their lines are permanently *fixed.*

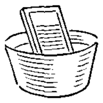
Millions of Americans and sixty-seven of America's better shirt-makers can't be wrong! Ask for shirts with TRUBENIZED COLLARS IN YOUR FAVORITE STORE.

**INSIST ON THE GENUINE!**

Shirts with collars made according to the genuine Trubenizing Process are manufactured by 67 of America's leading shirt manufacturers.

***Wash Day Note to Wives:***

- Draw collar through wringer flat.
- Dampen the fold-line of the collar freely before collar is turned down for ironing.
- Snap collars out vigorously before pressing to eliminate mechanical shrinkage.



LOOK FOR THIS LABEL
LIC. NO. PAT. 1968409-10
TruBenized
NO STARCH NECESSARY IRON WHEN DAMP
OR PAT. NO.'S 196840 9-10

© 1936 T P Corp.

TRUBENIZING PROCESS CORPORATION
Empire State Building • New York City

(*Continued from page 83*)

accomplish this, because there are always people who want to improve everything. Hardly a western peak that hasn't been surveyed by an improver who wanted to run a funicular line up it, or build a stucco resort complete with hostesses and bellboys at its base, or locate a chain of pink and blue hamburger joints along the trail.

When you go into a primitive area you're on your own—just as much as Kit Carson or Jim Bridger or Lewis and Clark were a century and more ago. Just as much as were Narcissa Whitman with Eliza Spalding and their old handcart back in 1836. You can get lost, if you try hard—which wouldn't be so bad if your food and water held out, because income tax collectors, umbrella borrowers and such fauna are strictly barred.

### Going Primitive

For most primitive areas you need a pack train. This, if you run it yourself, necessitates knowing how to throw a diamond hitch, pry stones out of horses' hoofs, cook flapjacks and do numerous other stunts. You also will have to figure out a drug supply, and assemble and pack ironmongery, clothes, tents, bedding and what-not, in order not to turn up nineteen miles from the nearest store without a dry match.

The cheapest way is to hire a packer and a string of horses and let him do the worrying. Divided among a party, the cost isn't great.

You can get to the edge of most wild areas by car. Take the Uinta Mountains, in Utah. That's the only range in the country that runs east and west, barring the Little Ozarks. It's a wilderness. There's a road in through Provo Canyon, up to Mirror Lake, and another in from the east end of the range. Between roadheads, there's fifty or seventy-five miles of virgin territory for you to roam in, where very few people, including Indians, ever have been. If you want to get away from everything for a week, that's one place you can do it. And there are plenty more.

Taking the Uinta wild area as an example, you'll find about one thousand lakes, and the headwaters of the Green, Bear and Colorado rivers. For an extra thrill, don't tell your life-insurance agent, but get a boat and float down Green River through the mountains, to come out in southern Utah near the dinosaur quarries. The peaks are thirteen thousand feet up, the bighorns stroll around and the hills are dense, almost impenetrable masses of aspens, firs and spruce. . . . And practically no trails.

Well, you wanted something wild, didn't you? That's just one wild area. Biggest primitive spot probably is over on the Olympic peninsula, in the extreme northwest corner of the country. Not a road through it. A few trails. Plenty of elk and cougar, and fine fishing.

### A Dollar a Day

For short trips into wild areas you don't need a pack train, if you have a reasonably strong back. You can carry what you need in an old army pack, or get the nearest Boy Scout to tell you about scout packs. They'll hold a lot and are easy to carry, once you get the swing of it. Food is cheap in most places, and you don't have to go in for the trick chocolate-and-currants diet that some explorers are nuts about. Most of the trails are negotiable by any city girl or even for wives who don't do their own housework. A dollar a day ought to support anyone on any trail and a family can live high in the reserves for twenty-five dollars a week or less.

You can thank the CCC boys for many miles of new trails and roads in your forests this summer. Most of the lads were city boys, from New York, Buffalo, Boston, Brooklyn. They got into the hills—and the hills got into them, too.

So many thousands of white, thin bodies from narrow city alleys grew tanned and muscled in the hills, as the boys worked, stripped to the waist in the keen winds and clear sunshine of the high country. Don't sympathize with the poor fellows. Most of them came out last fall fifteen pounds heavier than they went in, and with a disinclination for hanging around pool halls.

Don't get the idea that a national forest is just a lot of trees. In some places, it's true, you can't see the forest for the trees, but in others, you can't see the trees for the forest. There are plenty of high, wind-swept prairies, miles of open parks and mountain meadows in which, if you hit them at the right time, are league-wide gardens of alpine blooms like nothing you ever saw.

Biggest national forest of them all is in Alaska—the Tongass—a triflin' chunk of land three times as big as Vermont. Eighty-two forests you own in the United States proper run from one to two million acres each. Two—the Tonto in Arizona and the Santa Barbara in California—boast more than two million acres apiece. From these giants, the reserves grade down to little bits of things, only fifty thousand or sixty thousand acres in extent.

Beside the national areas, there are state forests, with much the same rules. To find out about them, write to the forestry department at the state capitol of the state in which you wish to go hiking. It isn't always called the forestry department, but that address will get your inquiry to the right place.

It's interesting, in many forest areas, to figure out the sort of men who first explored them. You get into one area and find Dumbell Lake, Fryingpan Mountain, Jug Creek and Saddlehorn Peak. That area was mapped by a stern, practical fellow. Across a ridge you come upon some sentimentalist's stamping ground and discover Mount Ethel, Gladys Creek, Moonlight Peak and Caroline Valley. Over another divide are Gnome Mountain, Silver Tip, Ghost Lake and Hidden Pass to tell you the sort of ranger who first hacked his way through. Some areas preserve old Indian names—but very few are defiled by the names of half-pint politicians.

The forest service is very patient about Indian legends and faithfully records them for people with warped minds who love such things. In the Columbia National Forest, for example, they'll show you the place where an Indian girl leaped eight miles from Lemei Rock to a lava bed. "Here," solemnly asserts the service, "are found the tracks of human hands and feet in the lava." The Indian girl's, of course. The service has carefully measured the eight miles, too, and knows what it's talking about.

### Your Forests Await You

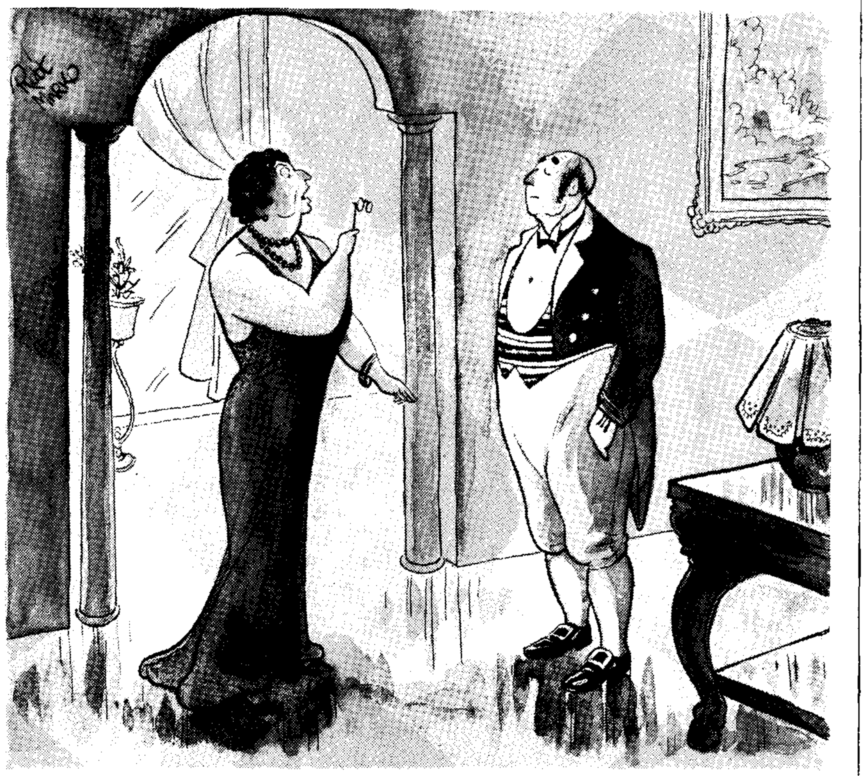
There are at least a hundred Indian lovers' leaps in the forests. The Amerind of yore seems to have done little else. In the Shoshone forest, near Cody, Wyoming, an Indian maiden leaped twenty-two miles, but is said to have had a running start. This holds the leap record at present, but the forest service searches patiently on.

Patient research is one of the service's virtues. It heard recently of a lake in one western forest which was shunned by the Indians—and when an Indian shuns anything, there's something haywire about it. Tests of the lake water showed it was quite pure. But that didn't satisfy the rangers. They studied history and found that, years ago, there was an Indian battle near by, and all prisoners were drowned in the lake. Their spirits still scream pitifully—for the Indians—at sundown every evening.

One good idea on forest trips is this: Don't gang up with a lot of other chance-met trail-pounders. Go along by yourself, with one good friend, or with your own family. There never was a hit-or-miss crowd yet that didn't include some human blister who had to shoot the trail signs, or carry a portable phonograph to jazz up the silent hills, or carve initials on trees, or touch a match to resin-flows from growing pines to see if it would burn. So stick with people you know, and let the half-wits get lost and perish miserably, let us hope.

So, there are your forests waiting for you to look at them, walk through them, enjoy them—live in them, if you like. And don't say you can't do it. If a couple of girls from New York could do it a century ago, before the forest service built a foot of trail or nailed up its first sign, it ought to be duck soup for you.

Try it and see.



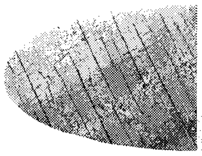
"Darbs! You're wearing my stockings again!" ROBERT MARKO

# "DEVOE'S NEW 2-COAT SYSTEM SAVED ME 50%—

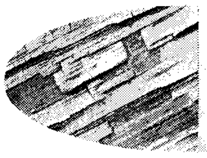
## *On a House-Painting job where Old-Style Methods would have Cost me Easily $275!"*

**Says W. W. Brainard, Jr., prominent young insurance man of New York City and Greenwich, Conn.**

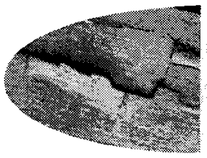
### Avoid these 4 Paint Evils



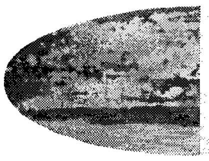
**CHECKING. Oil-thirsty wood or old paint robs conventional paint of its life. But Devoe oils stay in the paint film. Keep it young and fresh looking.**



**CRACKING. Second step to destruction. Elasticity gone, checks open wide. But the Devoe film retains its resiliency.**



**PEELING. Sun and moisture do the rest. You've seen it . . . conventional paint literally falls off your house. Devoe wears, instead, by slow, even chalking.**



**FADING. Sun bleaches out and fades conventional paints quickly. But the new Devoe House-Paint System fights those destructive sun-rays.**

## *Blotter test shows how new paint method cuts costs in half!*

YOU CAN PROVE WITH A BLOTTER what Devoe chemists proved with their microscopes.

You can actually *see* how Devoe House-Paint saves you money . . . how it stays on top, while other paints seep through.

### *Proved in nation-wide test*

Tests on 2,400 homes in 30 States . . . proved beyond all possible argument that Devoe outlasts others 2 to 1—makes a paint budget go *twice as far*.

And, if you are painting new wood, or painting a dark house white—operations that require 3 coats of conventional paint—you can do a far better job with 2 coats of Devoe . . . and pocket the difference!

### *New paint principle*

Devoe chemists found that your home needs *two different kinds* of paint . . . one made to go next to the wood, another made to go next to the sun.

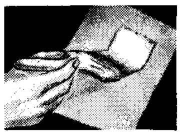
They made an undercoat with non-penetrating oils that seals the surface pores of the wood and lays a solid, non-cracking foundation.

Next, they developed a perfect top-coat with 18% more hiding units . . . that is shades whiter . . . that conquers the arch-enemy of paint, the sun. Together, these two coats combat destructive sun-rays. Four former paint evils—checking, cracking, peeling, fading—are effectively combated.

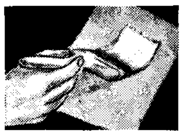
### DEVOE BUDGET PLAN

**YOU DON'T NEED READY CASH. If painting at the moment happens to be a financial burden, don't forget the average home can be painted for approximately $5.75 per month (labor and material included) under the Devoe Budget Plan. The coupon will bring you full particulars.**

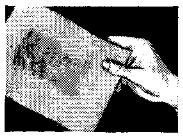
### SIMPLE BLOTTER TEST EXPLAINS AMAZING STORY



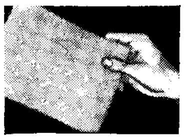
**This blotter painted with conventional paint.**



**This blotter painted with the new Devoe House-Paint Undercoat.**



**Back of blotter shows conventional paint soaks thru.**



**No paint on back of blotter! Devoe stays on surface.**

***Wood, or the old paint, is as effectively sealed as this blotter!***

***See this test at your Devoe Dealer's.***

# DEVOE HOUSE PAINT

*The New Two-Coat System*

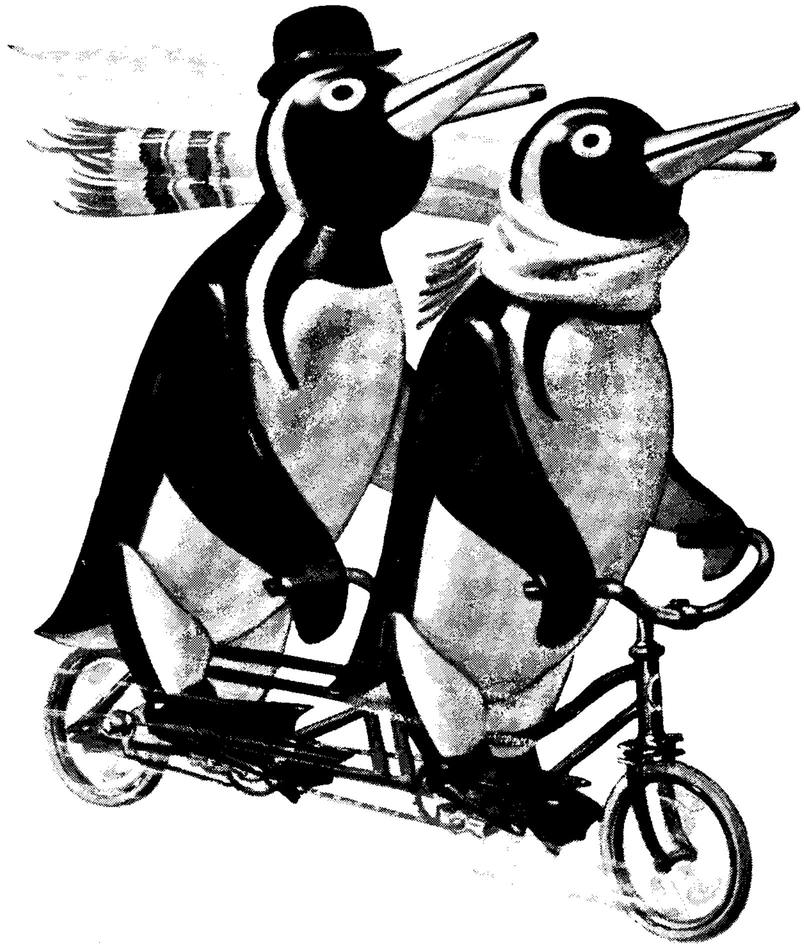
*Employ a Reputable Painter*
**SPECIFY DEVOE**

*Free Book*
on how to cut your paint costs in half!

DEVOE & RAYNOLDS CO., INC.
1 West 47th St., New York, N. Y.
C-3

Gentlemen: Please send me without obligation on my part your booklet which (1) tells all about the new Devoe House-Paint System; (2) shows the blotter test; (3) gives full information on the Devoe Budget Plan for Home Painting.

NAME____________________
OWNER ☐ PAINTER ☐ DEALER ☐
ADDRESS____________________
CITY____________ STATE________



**ROLL UP TO A PACK OF KOOLS** and see how much more you get for your money! A blend of tobaccos to win your tongue, mildly mentholated to cool your throat, cork tips to save your lips. And a valuable B & W coupon to save for handsome premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Let's go! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, P.O. Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.

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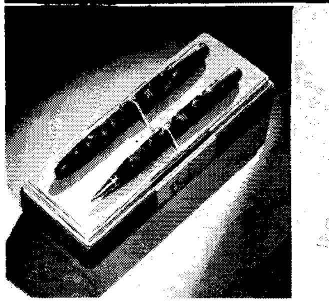

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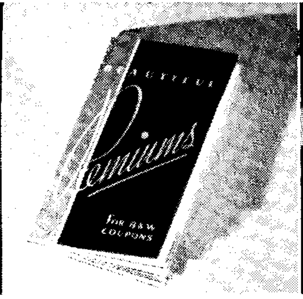

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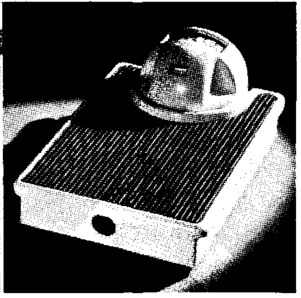

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MAY 2, C.B.S. COAST-TO-COAST NETWORK

# So She Took Up Golf

*Continued from page 26*

of golfers who are wonders on the practice green but who flop woefully under the mental hazard of competition. This was one hazard Patty never had to hurdle. Her attitude was this: There is the hole. Here is the ball. You hit the ball into the hole. You hit it the same whether you are alone or there are five thousand people watching you.

Now the girl grew older and Patty was seventeen and the Woman's National Championship by a happy coincidence was to be held in Minneapolis. No one outside of her own city had heard of Patty Berg as yet. They heard of her now, though, as she mowed down one opponent after another.

She got to the finals of the Interlachen Tournament and then gave the peerless Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare a great fight before succumbing 3 and 2. Throughout that tournament Patty's putting amazed everyone who saw it. The seventeen-year-old had the confidence of a veteran and she went out after everything. She went after one putt often when caution might have dictated that she take a safe two. But not Patty. She played golf as she had played football with the boys—taking gambles, disdaining safety-first methods.

### On to the Nationals

It was during this past winter, however, that she really stepped out. Two big southern tourneys for women are the Punta Gorda and the Miami Biltmore tournaments. These events attract the best of the women golfers and they are dress rehearsals for the national event which comes later. In the Punta Gorda event she defeated the experienced Maureen Orcutt Crews, and in winning she showed true golfing greatness.

With eighteen holes to go in the final of that tourney Patty was five down—an almost hopeless handicap when playing one of the caliber of Mrs. Crews.

During the luncheon intermission O. B. Keeler saw the kid standing at the hotel door waiting to go out to the course to start the afternoon round—5 down. Patty looked a bit serious but returned his salutation with a flashing grin.

"Pretty bad, isn't it?" she said.

"You never can tell," said the veteran golf reporter. "She got you 5 down in 18 holes, this morning. There are 18 holes left out there this afternoon—if you play them all."

Patty played only 17, in the afternoon. She went from 5 down to 1 down, in the first nine and, starting the homeward journey, she used exactly one putt to the green on the next five greens. The *coup de grâce* was a 15-footer, right in the can, for a man's birdie 3 at the fourteenth. This put Maureen 2 down, and Patty held that lead to the finish.

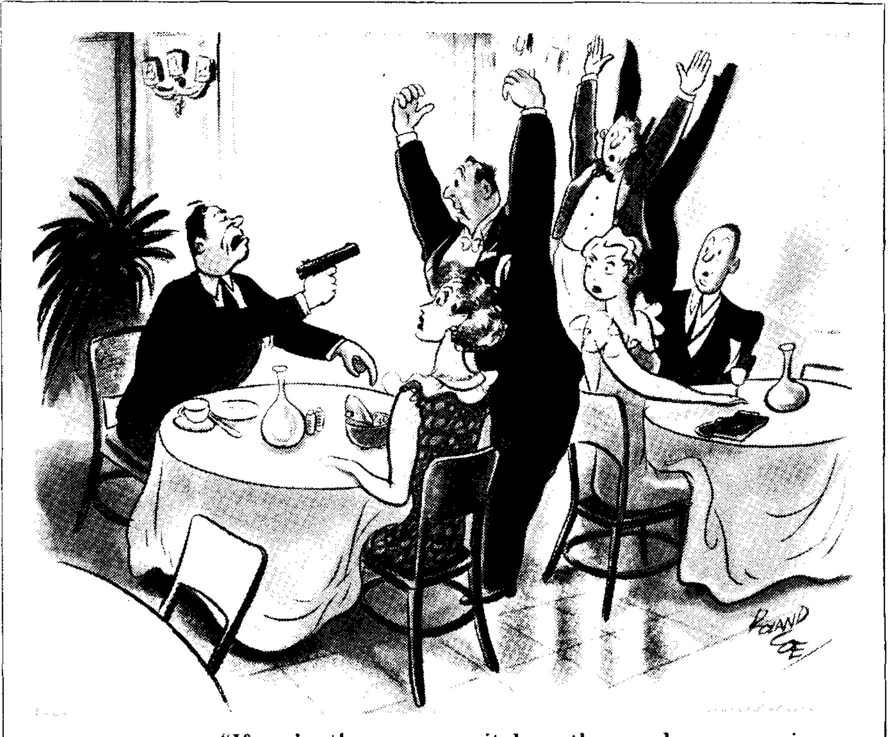
At the largest of the women's winter tournaments, the Miami Biltmore event, Patty won her first three matches handily and then, in the semifinal round, beat Mrs. Opal Hill of Kansas City, perhaps the most formidable match player in America.

After this victory Patty went on to win from Marion Miley, western and trans-Mississippi champion, in the final. She had to work for this one too, for at the luncheon interval of the 36-hole match she was one down. But once more she pulled the match out to win the title that had previously been held by such competitors as Jean Bauer, Maureen Orcutt and Helen Hicks.

Today she looks forward serenely to new worlds and her new worlds must necessarily be national championships. She has won everything else of note. The professionals who have watched her are apprehensive only about one thing. Some day she may find that putting isn't as easy as it seems now. Today she walks up to the ball with the greatest of nonchalance and bangs the back of the cup with it. In important tournaments she has been sinking putts that Horton Smith would be proud of sinking.

"I like games," Patty said, when I asked her if she enjoyed tournament play. The fact that she still looks upon golf as a game and not as a life-and-death proposition may be the explanation of what the experts call her "looseness" and her refusal to tighten up when the going is tough. Or it may be that she is blessed with the same kind of a competitive temperament that Gene Tunney possessed.

If so, Patty Berg is the most attractive "killer" to appear on the sports horizon in years.



"If you're the manager, sit down there and take the wrappers off those sugar cubes!"

ROLAND COE

# Before the Wedding

*Continued from page 32*

I remained at the Provence Club, nodding sulkily to passing acquaintances and drinking first a cocktail and then a stein of lager and in due time, I entered what might be termed a faint fog. That was about six in the evening and one eye had quit on me. From that point, memory failed completely, but I must have left the club and roamed about idly.

It was the next morning, the hour being eleven, and when I opened the Oldaker eyes and slowly focused them on the bathroom doorknob, I was conscious of a distinct feeling of ill-being. In my ears was the roaring of a distant surf and my tongue tasted like a garage roof. The room went around nine or ten times and I wondered how I happened to be in bed at eleven in the morning, the sun streaming in, instead of at my office.

While I was still holding my hand over my eyes to see which one could be used for seeing purposes, there was a knock and Mrs. Murgatroyd entered, wearing the look of a woman who knows the worst. Her manner was chilly and formal.

"There's a gentleman downstairs to see you," she announced or rather intoned.

"A gentleman to see me?"

"Yes. He said to tell you Butch was here. He said you would know."

"I do not know, Mrs. Murgatroyd, but I shall arise and see."

PULLING on my Christmas bathrobe with the pretty Chinese dragons, I discovered I could walk and made my way slowly downstairs, holding carefully to the rail. In the sitting-room, with his cap on, sat one of the most repellent-looking strangers I have ever beheld. I paused on the bottom step and looked at him in some surprise. He was closely shaved, but you could still see his whiskers; a rugged, bulky type, with a truly hard countenance.

"Har you?" he said in a hoarse tone.

"How are you?" I replied, "and in this house, the visitors usually remove caps."

He removed his with no sign of emotion.

"You wish to see me?" I went on.

"Sure. I'm all ready."

"You are all ready for what?"

"To get on the job. Where's the guy?"

"What guy?"

"Listen, pal. I'm in no mood to be kidded. You hired me. Okay. I'm here. Okay. Let's get on the job and get going."

I shook my head gently, hoping to clear away the drifting haze.

"I'm afraid I don't understand you, my good fellow."

"Don't give me any of that. You hired me to knock his block off, didn't you? You paid me twenty-five down and I get the seventy-five when the job's done, one hunnerd in all. Well, I'm ready and let's move, because I got other business."

"I hired you?"

"You sure did."

At this point, I could hear Mrs. Murgatroyd moving quietly in the hall. She is a woman who disapproves of anything unusual and has no horror at all of eavesdropping or listening at keyholes.

"Let us stroll upstairs to my rooms," I suggested and the unpleasant fellow immediately acquiesced. I closed the door and learned that my caller was one Butch Brennan, quite obviously from the lower social stratum, that I had encountered him the preceding evening at a place called Riley's Pool Hall, no doubt a resort of the city's underworld, and had entered into a formal contract with him to administer a sound thrashing to a gentleman I disliked, a gentleman who had stolen my lady friend, the whole being on the terms he mentioned. When he finished speaking, I laughed heartily.

"Just a prank," I explained. "I must have had a few aboard and you know how men go about nights and talk. Pay no further attention to the incident, Mr. Brennan. You may keep the twenty-five for your trouble and we will forget it."

"Oh, no we won't, Mister. With me, a deal is a deal and we go through with this one. I'm ready to put the blast on this guy of yours and then you hand me the dough. That's what we said last night and that's what we do—or else."

I DIDN'T like the way he said "or else." and I distinctly didn't like the pointed glance he gave me from under those beetling brows. My further participation in the enterprise was merely to be the finger-man, show Butch the street through which the victim walked to his abode, tell him the probable hour, and let him select a tree behind which to conceal himself until Wally's arrival. I now deeply regretted sitting so long in the Provence Club, downing the cocktails, for Mr. Brennan seemed to know something of my affairs. I shrank in horror at the mere idea of Butch's assaulting Wally, knocking his ears off or otherwise maltreating him, much as he deserved a good black eye.

"About how badly do you generally beat up a person?" I inquired anxiously, seeing the ruffian was determined to go through with it, or else probably turn on me.

"You said knock his ears off. Okay with me, pal. If you want me to half kill him, that'll be fifty more."

"I don't want you to half kill him. A mild thrashing might do him no harm, as he deserves it, but we have to stay this side of murder. I would like to know just how bad will it be."

"Don't worry, Mister. I'll beat him up plenty good. You won't have no kick at all on the job. Just show me where to get at him."

"I wish you could give me a little time to think it over. My head doesn't feel any too bright this morning."

"Sure. I'll be down at Riley's."

I managed to work him out of the house about noon and thereafter sat miserably on the bed, wondering what on earth to do. After all, snake though he was, Wally was a friend and you can't bear the thought of sending a friend to the hospital, possibly with a broken collarbone or all his teeth gone. A light smacking might be fair enough, but what was Butch's notion of a light smacking? How hard did he hit? Would he use brass knuckles or a blackjack?

These reflections sent me into deep thought and I dressed rapidly, left the house, called in at Riley's and asked Mr. Brennan if he would kindly stop at my residence the following afternoon at three o'clock. To this he assented in his usual gruff way. I then hurried straight to the newspaper office.

NEXT morning, Mrs. Murgatroyd brought up my coffee and the morning paper and I turned at once to the advertisement section. Staring at me from the classified-ad column was my simple request in large type: "Wanted—a man of fairly rugged constitution to take a sound thrashing. Fee, twenty-five dollars. Probably gloves worn. Apply. 1625 Verlitz Building."

(*Continued on page 88*)

"We've never owned a NEW car

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NEW CAR PERFORMANCE with SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS"

"Why, SURE! We'd like to own a shiny 1936 model. But the budget says 'no!' So we grin, pile into the car, give 'er the gas, and go! . . . Our car had 30,000 on the speedometer when we bought it—but it was the best we could afford. Lazy at lights, a laggard on hills, not very fast anywhere—it gave 11 miles to the gallon on good days, and we 'put in a quart of oil' every time we filled the gas tank. Then a Sealed Power Repairman told us about Sealed Power Sta-Tite Piston Rings, engineered especially for WORN motors by one of the oldest and largest of makers of rings for NEW engines . . . Of course, we had Sta-Tites installed."

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SAFE FOR GENERATOR, starter or distributor . . . protects parts and body hardware against "dry" wear. Mobil Handy Oil, the new, specially compounded lubricant, penetrates quickly...cuts rust easily...yet stays put. Fine for tools, household oiling, delicate mechanisms. At Mobiloil stations and leading dealers.

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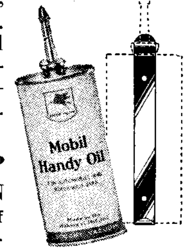
Keeps oil handy on wall of garage, shop, kitchen, etc.



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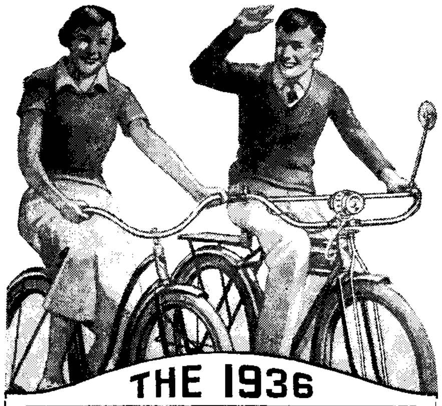

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New York 85 Chambers St.
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Established 65 Years

(*Continued from page* 87)

I chucked in mention of the gloves as an afterthought, being uncertain whether Butch would consent to wear them and wishing to encourage applicants. Upon reaching my office within the hour, I found a line of waiting men, possibly fourteen or fifteen, all eager to earn twenty-five dollars, and I admitted them, one by one, to my private office. There were all sorts and a few of them looked hungry, some being obviously unfitted to take a licking, even a mild licking. Butch would have killed two or three of them with a wallop. Looking them over, I finally selected one named Andy Whitehead and I chose him merely because he was as large as Wally and as thick through the chest.

I then dismissed the others with a word of encouragement and some cash. Mr. Whitehead remained standing, hat in hand, awaiting instructions.

"Who's going to give me this beating?" he asked, a not unexpected query, "and how's he going to do it?"

"Just with his hands," I explained. "Probably won't hurt you a great deal. It's a sort of experiment."

"As long as he don't use an axe on me," said Andy, "it'll be okay with me."

"Will you kindly call at this address this afternoon," I requested, "and here is five dollars on account. You'd better eat something nourishing."

I TOOK the afternoon off, stopped at the sporting goods shop and purchased a set of light boxing gloves, hurried along home and informed Mrs. Murgatroyd I would be using the back yard during the afternoon. "Butch and another gentleman are calling," I explained and she looked at me coldly.

When the tough fellow arrived, I thought it best to explain the new turn in the situation.

"It's like this, Butch. I am naturally anxious to know how badly you will assault and maim the low creature who betrayed my friendship, as I do not care to have him half-killed, or even quarter-killed. Merely a goodish cuffing. Should it turn out that you are too powerful a fellow, not knowing your own strength, or too utterly brutal, then we can proceed no farther and the deal will have to be called off."

"Just knock his ears back, eh?"

"Work it out your own way and I shall be a spectator. I shall know this afternoon just how badly you beat a man up when you beat a man up, and for that reason I have employed Andy Whitehead to take a demonstration licking. He will be here any minute."

"Who's he? You mean I got to bust up a couple of mugs?"

"Mr. Whitehead will provide a tryout or preliminary gallop. The real assault comes later."

"Yeah, but I don't do no trial work for nothing. If I have to slap down another bozo, then that'll be twenty-five extry."

The enterprise was slowly running into money, but I was along too far to retreat. Butch turned his wicked eye upon me and I nodded twenty-five more away.

On the stroke of three, Andrew Whitehead came sauntering down the backyard walk, avoided the clothesline and approached. Although not thin or enfeebled, he had a pallid complexion and his expression was that of a man who is not greatly interested in those about him. I introduced slugger and sluggee and Butch gave him a supercilious glance.

"This is the man who is going to give you the thrashing," I explained. "He has to assault another gentleman later on and I desire to see what sort of job he does."

"Oh," said Andrew. "That's it. Do we use gloves or fists or what?"

"I have gloves," I stated, glancing at Butch to see how he took it. "They're just light gloves, very thin."

"Fists or gloves," Butch grunted, "it's okay by me."

"Do I stand here and take it?" queried Andrew, "or do I try to stop the massacre?"

"It seems to me," I said thoughtfully, "that to get an accurate picture of the scrimmage, the person being attacked would naturally offer some feeble resistance, even though the assault was unexpected. Yes, I would say, Andrew, that you should try to defend yourself."

"Okay by me," remarked Butch, who had his back to us and was unbuttoning his shirt.

The three of us thereupon repaired to the far end of the yard near the incinerator, where it is quite roomy and green, the whole being surrounded by a high fence, an ideal spot for an experimental thrashing. For the last time, I requested Butch not to let his innate brutality carry him to extremes.

"You can begin any time," I said, "and let me see what you consider a fair beating in the underworld."

"Okay, pal," Butch replied and with that he took off his coat, hung it on a nail and moved toward the emotionless Whitehead, who wore his clothes, hat and all, as the victim of such an assault naturally would. Butch decided not to bother with the gloves, but just to smack Andrew about with his fists.

"When I give him enough," said Butch, continuing to move toward Andrew, "just holler and I'll quit. If you want me to go on killing him, that's okay, too."

He lifted his hands to commence the slaughter and as he was much larger than Andrew, I felt a momentary pang of remorse and sympathy for the sad fellow who was merely trying to earn an honest dollar, but without the slightest warning, with no intimation whatever, Andrew suddenly raised his gloved hands, hit Butch on the chin and almost knocked his head off.

I stood up, dumfounded. Without the slightest pausing, Andrew struck Butch six hundred and thirty times, or maybe six hundred and forty, smiting him hip and thigh, smacking him on every part of his carcass, bloodying his nose, bashing his nose, sideswiping his nose, knocking out teeth, knocking teeth in, breaking small bones, such as thumbs and little fingers, raising welts, contusions, lumps, knobs, abrasions and black eyes, and in no time, or maybe three minutes, Butch was a total wreck, sprawled on the lawn. Mrs. Murgatroyd, hearing the unaccustomed noises, walked down the steps and asked what we were doing.

"THAT'S about all, I suppose," remarked Mr. Whitehead, and he removed his gloves and waited for me to pay him off, which I did without delay. The alarmed Mrs. Murgatroyd trotted inside, telephoned the near-by hospital and came back with information that a mercy ambulance was already clanging to the scene and soon we could hear the onrushing bell.

"I believe you had better give up your rooms, Mr. Oldaker," she said coldly. "This is the last straw."

"I think so, too," I agreed, gazing over at Butch, who was slowly regaining consciousness. "I am a man that believes a person ought to travel."

Mr. Brennan was partly conscious and before the men laid him gently on the stretcher he turned to glare at me with a baleful eye. "I will be getting out of the hutch in a coupla days," he spoke through the space where his teeth had been, "and I will call on you again and after that you will know how I beat a man up."

I shivered, but indicated to the surgeons that the poor fellow was delirious, so they removed him and I went on up to my rooms, followed by Mrs. Murgatroyd.

"As soon as you can pack," she said, "I'd like the rooms, as a gentleman is moving in."

"I shall be departing at once, and I fear I have made a mistake."

"You'll be making no more mistakes in my back yard," she said and went down to answer the doorbell.

I opened a trunk, tossed in a few shirts, looked up and there stood Wally in the door, as though nothing had happened.

"Hello," he said. "You going away somewhere?"

"Maybe I would be going up to Silver Lake," I answered freezingly, "where the balsam air is so excellent for my health."

I tossed in another shirt and Mrs. Murgatroyd clomped up the stair with a telegram, which she handed me in stony silence. It was from Maxine and read: "Arriving at six. Please meet me at the station. Love."

MY HEART stepped up several beats and I looked over at Wally with slightly diminished loathing.

"Where are you going?" he demanded again.

"It is none of your confounded business. You're no friend of mine and I wonder at your superb gall in entering my home—or what was my home."

"Alan, old boy," he continued genially, "I am glad everything is turning out fine."

"What is turning out fine?"

"You are still the lucky dog, although little do you deserve your fortune. You and Maxine should have been married months, yes, years ago and would have been, except for your procrastination and sublime stupidity."

"I'm smart enough to leave town so that you could steal my girl."

"Don't talk like an idiot. You have been keeping company with one of the sweetest girls in America for years, monopolizing her time, neglecting to ask her to marry you. First thing you know, some bright lad will get her away from you and then how will you feel?"

"Not very well."

"That's why I tried to demonstrate what the loss of Maxine would mean. I have been taking her about so you would understand what a magnificent prize you were trifling with. Do I make myself clear?"

"You do. I begin to understand your motives, but like the good friend you are you have pushed me into a fearful scrape."

"Do you know Maxine is arriving on the six o'clock train?"

"I do. Here's the wire."

"Then go down and meet her. Take her in your arms and ask her humbly to be your bride. Everything is all right and you have nothing to fear."

"Not a thing, except that I am going to be assassinated."

He gave me an incredulous look.

"There is a man in the hospital with general contusions," I explained. "When he comes out, it is his intention to assault me."

"Who is he?"

I informed him of my project to have his ears knocked off and of the unhappy consequences for Butch Brennan. Wally grinned.

"What's his name?"

"Butch Brennan, one of the toughest characters I have ever beheld."

Wally's grin widened and he leaned against the wall.

"What's funny about it?"

"Butch Brennan—that's my trainer, the new one. He was going to make a man out of you if you'd train. No wonder he didn't show up today."

He continued his silly merriment, and after some reflection, I went downstairs to inquire of Mrs. Murgatroyd if I could keep my rooms until after the wedding.

TOMMY'S GOT A GIRL

His beard in time may get as tough as Scottish gorse.

But Barbasol will handle that; his father told him so. So did Grandpa Meggs.

It's really on another point that Barbasol has Tommy all steamed up.

*Barbasol is the shave that keeps skin smooth and young, attractive to the eye and touch.*

(He's got a girl, remember, and doesn't want her saying he looks old at forty, like Aunt Alice says of Uncle Stephen.)

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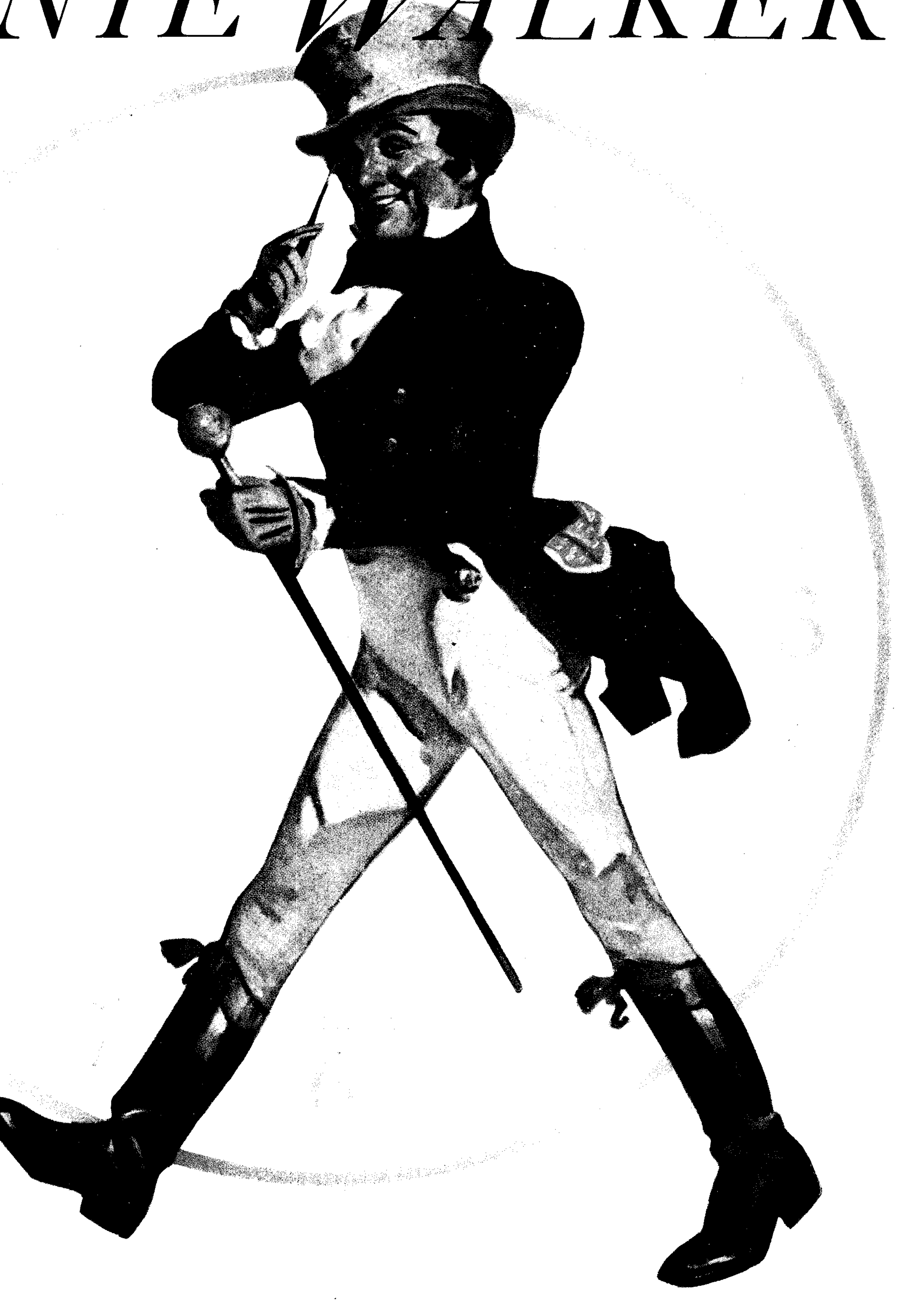

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# Under Pressure

*Continued from page 15*

Guadalupe. But the instant they beheld Joyce their expression underwent a startling transformation. It did not occur to her she was staring at the babe she had nursed at her breast; what she thought she saw was that babe's mother to the very life.

She dashed to the rescue, screaming as she went, "Señor Maximiliano! Julio! Leonardo! Plutarco! Riqueta! Nataniel! Hurry!"

As the last cry left her lips she sprang through the air to pounce like a cat, claws out, on Joyce's assailant. Heedless of the shattered hip which was uppermost she dug knowingly under his other thigh and presently tugged into view a sheath knife with a glittering blade a foot long. Gripping the handle with both hands she raised it on high. The man promptly gave up. He released his hold on Joyce, rolled over and with a faint sigh of relief exposed his breast to descending death. But he counted without Joyce. She seized Luz's wrists and wrenched them upward.

"No, Luz, no!"

AT LUZ'S call doors had opened on every side and people were coming on the run. As the wondering group gathered Luz looked up, her face distorted in bewilderment. An instant later she dropped the knife, threw herself on her knees, bowed her head to the ground and began kissing Joyce's feet with a fervor interrupted only by elucidating wails.

"Joycita! Cita! Ciquita! My baby! At my breast—my own breast!" She looked up at the crowd through streaming eyes. "Our baby has come back!"

Joyce lifted her up and kissed her tear-wet cheeks. "Luz! Oh, Luz! But we can't talk now; we must get a doctor."

"What for?" asked Luz.

"This poor man—"

"He's dead," said several of the crowd in unison.

"Wait!" called a sonorous voice. "Wait for me."

Joyce looked around and memory, not quite sure of itself, stirred in her breast. An imposing figure was approaching along the gallery of the patio with carefully measured steps accompanied by the regular thump of a rubber-tipped staff. The man was tall and erect, clean shaven save for a drooping gray mustache and with whitening hair cropped close to a finely shaped head. He was dressed in the flattering costume of the *charro*—short bolero and trousers fitted tightly to his calves.

"Who is he?" asked Joyce hurriedly.

"You have forgotten Don Jorge, Señor Maximiliano?" asked Luz. "Because he became blind," she explained, "they left him life."

"Of course," said Joyce, remembering. "Maxie, the superintendent. But blind!"

LUZ stepped forward, caught Señor Maximiliano's free hand and kissed it with respect. She explained the baby of long ago had returned. He let fall his staff, reached out and laid both hands on Joyce's shoulders.

"Maxie," she breathed, "I used to call you Maxie."

He wrapped his arms around her and held her close for a long moment of silence. "The babe is become a woman," he rumbled, "but she will always be a child to me. Welcome back to your home and to our hearts. Leonardo!"

"Señor," answered Leonardo.

"Summon the people; let them greet their mistress."

There was no need for Leonardo to issue a call since men, women, and children were already swarming into the precincts of the inner patio. They came from the outer court, the *tienda* and the scattered houses beyond the gates. Silently, their black eyes staring in wonder, they passed before Joyce, each pausing with bent knee to kiss her hand. A toddling infant closed the long procession, five hundred strong. Joyce snatched up the baby and faced the throng.

"As this child is one of you," she called, "so am I. Boundaries divide peoples; they can't divide the human family. Love me and I will serve you; serve me with faith in your hearts and I will love you." She turned to Señor Maximiliano and laid her hand on his arm. "Was that all right, Maxie?"

"Your father might have spoken the words," said Don Jorge, "and I know no greater praise. But I am confused. Let us go aside—you and Luz and I—and talk."

Don Jorge Maximiliano de la Sierra was a gentleman, a scion of a collateral branch of the family which had originally owned La Barranca. Riotous living on the part of the proprietors in combination with a dishonest steward had forced foreclosure, enabling Cutler Sewell to buy the *hacienda* from a bank at one fourth its value in its prosperous days. Don Jorge, knowing nothing of the deal, returned destitute from abroad. He headed naturally for the family domain and upon finding it in the possession of strangers suffered a shock which was to make him into a man. He had himself announced as Señor Maximiliano, applied for the position of superintendent and got it.

It was months before Mr. Sewell, struck by his extraordinary control of the *campesinos*, learned his true identity. But long before that the two men had become friends, each holding the other in deep respect. Together they worked for the rehabilitation of La Barranca.

Seated in the little room which had been her mother's boudoir, with Luz standing before them, Joyce told Don Jorge of her father's death and the dreary years culminating with the arrival of the warrant for ten thousand dollars. Then, interrupted by several sharp questions, she gave him the exact facts as to what had happened in the week since she had returned to Mexico.

"Now you, Maxie," she said, touching his knee with a finger. "Your eyes—how did it happen?"

"Do you remember the great bulls?" he asked.

"N-no. Oh, yes! Yes, I do. They were all in a row in the new stable on the south side. It was lovely and sweet and clean but I was never allowed to go in there."

◆

DON JORGE nodded his whitening head and tears trickled from his sightless eyes. "Eighteen of them," he murmured, "and one we called the King. We had five hundred registered cows and as many heifers coming along, to say nothing of the steers. When the Zapatistas came they shot down the cattle on the open range and I didn't care—not too much—remembering the bulls. I sealed their stable at both ends and hoped the bandits wouldn't find it. But they did. They started shooting the bulls the way they had the cattle, not to eat, not even to take the hides. They shot them out of a blind fury against anything fine, anything they couldn't understand. When it came the turn of the King I put my head in the path of the bullet. It didn't save him. He lost his life; I lost only my sight."

"Maxie — poor Maxie!" whispered Joyce.

"Let's say farewell to the past," said Don Jorge, the frown returning to his forehead, "and face the present. What you have told me about Onelia troubles me profoundly. Why did he accede to your request? Why did his men kill Dorado and then abandon you?"

"They didn't," said Joyce quickly.

"You're not abandoned? Are some of them still here?"

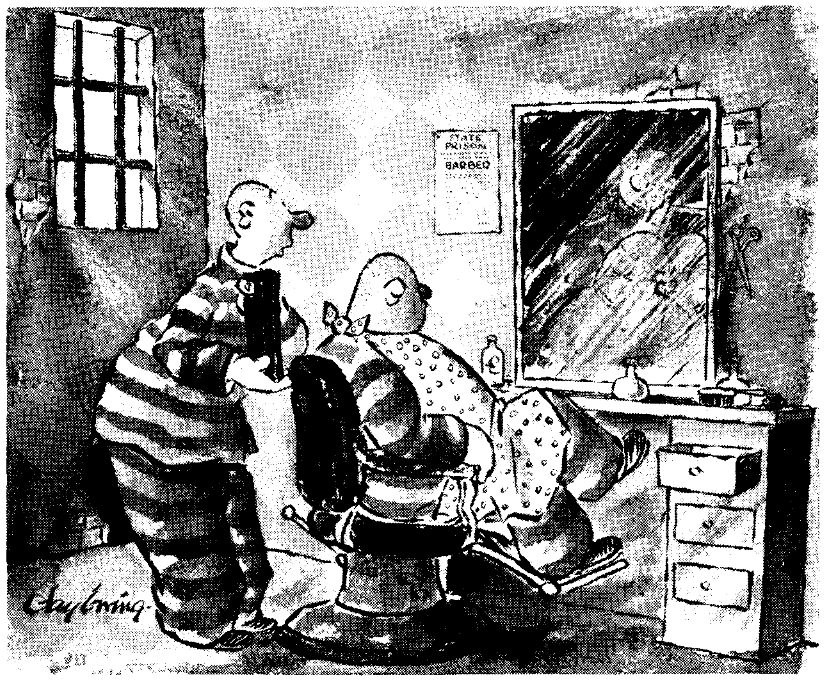
"No, no," said Joyce. "I mean they didn't kill General Dorado."

"What!" cried Don Jorge, straightening in his chair. "Are you sure, my child?"

"Quite sure, Maxie. Didn't I tell you Onelia told Pancho Buenaventura that Dorado mustn't be killed at any price? They chased him away—I saw them with my own eyes—but they didn't kill him."

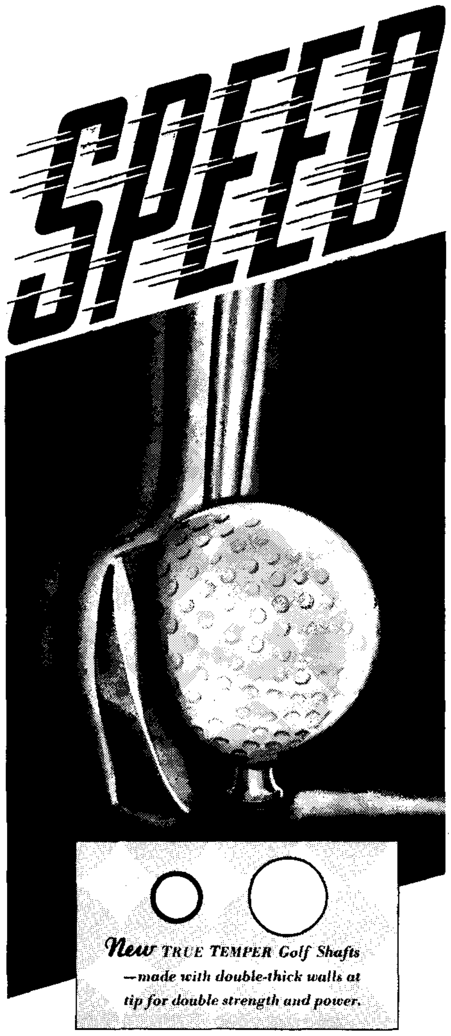
"Then the thing becomes simple," said

(*Continued on page 92*)



"Okay, sir?"

JAY IRVING



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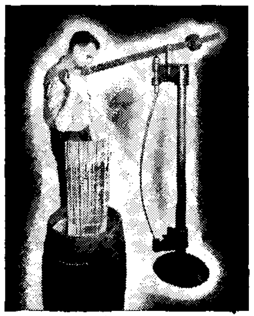

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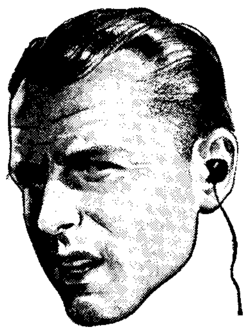

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*(Continued from page 91)*

Don Jorge slowly. "I don't mean I can fathom the thought back of Onelia's action, but at least I know where we stand—you and I and all our people. You're here, Luz?"

"*Si, señor.*"

"Call Leonardo."

"What are you going to do?" asked Joyce as Luz slipped from the room.

"I'll tell you, *chica,*" said Don Jorge, sitting very straight with his hands clasped over the head of his staff. "I'm told five or six of Dorado's followers lie dead. Owing to the suddenness of the attack no doubt his private arsenal is still intact. That gives us plenty of rifles and ammunition, and all the rest becomes easy."

Leonardo entered the room.

"We stand a siege, Leonardo," said Don Jorge, "certainly for weeks, perhaps for months. Call in all our people, corral the stock, close the gates and man the towers with your best shots. You will find the necessary rifles and ammunition where they lie. At present the moon is at the full. Shoot anybody who comes within range by night or by day whether it's friend or foe."

"Oh, Maxie," interrupted Joyce; "why?"

"Since we ourselves are our only friends," said Don Jorge, "whoever comes from without must be a foe."

YEARS of peace and months of inaction had caused routine to lay its grip on the American Embassy. Routine decreed that the second secretary's waking duty was to epitomize the local papers and lay before his chief by ten o'clock all such items as were worthy of his attention. But fate ordained that on this morning at the said hour Dirk Van Suttart should be contemplating with astonishment one bullet hole through his radiator, another through a front tire and a third that had punctured his windshield, fortunately on the side away from the driver.

Coincidentally the embassy butler murmured in the ambassadorial ear: "The Minister of War on the telephone, sir—the minister in person."

Ten minutes later the ambassador was being shown into the most private room of the very private residence of the Minister of War. It was strictly an unofficial visit—so unofficial that the minister had done the necessary telephoning without bothering to mention the matter to his secretary. Furthermore, the invitation was for *desayuno,* a meal without food, certainly the last word in informality.

"Excellency, how can I express my gratitude that you should condescend to come to my humble abode for a mere sip of coffee?"

"Mr. Minister, I am delighted to be here. I've already had my coffee but I'll gladly accept another cup."

"Permit me to help you to it myself since our privacy is such that no servant is in attendance."

The ambassador, though a diplomat of the first water, felt enough time had been wasted on preliminaries. "I take note of the privacy, Mr. Minister, and see no reason why you should postpone telling me what is troubling you."

The minister's eyebrows went up. "It doesn't trouble you also, Excellency?"

"I must know what we're talking about," said the ambassador, startled. "Forgive me, Mr. Minister, but it happens I haven't done my usual reading of the news this morning."

"Ah!" said the minister and pushed forward a newspaper, folded and marked.

The ambassador stared at the item. Though it was in a box on the front page it did not at first glance seem of any particular importance. It was not until he was halfway through that his head went up with a jerk and his eyes back to the beginning for a fresh start.

"Raid at La Barranca," he read. "We give space to an extraordinary rumor from our correspondent in Toluca not by reason of its fantastic interest but because should it prove true it may develop into an event of colossal import. Some years ago General Dorado, whose services to the Republic require no epitome, took possession of the abandoned *hacienda* of La Barranca and has been doing his best not only to restore it to usefulness but to put into effect the fundamentals of agrarianism on which the future happiness of our people depends.

"Now word has come to us from a reliable source that a certain Joyce Sewell, said to be the daughter of the decamping former owner of La Barranca, suddenly appeared on the scene accompanied by eighteen of her fellow countrymen, popularly known as *gringos.* Disguised to look like our own *campesinos,* by artifice these men introduced themselves into the innermost recesses of the *hacienda.* Opening fire without warning they are reported to have massacred the few Doradistas on guard and driven the general himself into the near-by hills. That he should have escaped is only one more proof of the astuteness and bravery with which—"

The ambassador read no more. "A bad business," he said, scowling at the floor.

"I wonder if you realize how bad," said the minister.

"I can see various complications," said the ambassador, and waited.

"They are innumerable," said the minister in a tone of exasperation. "No sooner do I estimate them from one angle than another slant presents an entire new crop. I doubt whether you can mention any aspect we should consider before all others."

"I certainly can," said the ambassador promptly. "The matter of the eighteen Americans supposed to have accompanied the girl. I don't believe it. I don't believe there was even one American with her."

THE minister threw out his hands and let them fall in a despairing gesture. "Excellency, please! It is of no consequence whatever whether they were Americans or not. Personally—strictly as between friends—I'm inclined to agree with you. But the public has been led to believe they were Americans—eighteen of them—and as long as it continues in that conviction it's exactly as if there had been. You of all men don't have to be reminded that in these matters it is essential to distinguish between a condition and a fact—and we face a condition. Do we, or don't we?"

"I admit it," said the ambassador grimly. "Nevertheless, I intend sending a declaration to the papers that no American accompanied Miss Joyce Sewell. I shall state we can prove it by our passport records."

"Routine," said the minister, shrugging his shoulders, "mere routine. Since the reporters have to eat, naturally they'll play it down."

"Not if you order a full spread on every front page."

"I assure you that you miscalculate my powers and my position. As regards the latter, I'm beginning to think you miscalculate your own. Will you permit me to attempt a summary of where we both stand?"

"Certainly."

"For years claims by your nationals amounting roughly to two hundred and fifty million dollars have been in abeyance. I am aware that you and my government have been bending every effort toward arrival at a lump sum which would be accepted as clearing the Mexican slate. Would it be indiscreet to ask the approximate amount of that lump sum? You realize it's a purely academic question."

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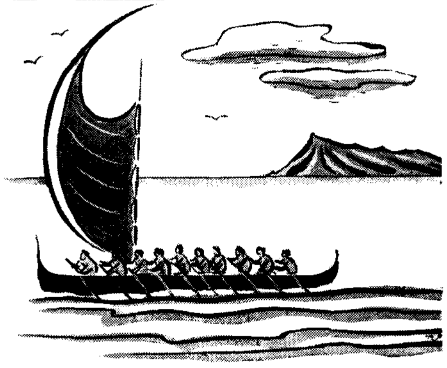

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"In the neighborhood of fifty million dollars," replied the ambassador after a moment's thought.

"Quite so, but I wished to hear you say it. Now fasten your mind on the spread between fifty and two hundred and fifty millions. It permitted us a certain leeway which explains why we instructed our embassy in Washington to pay Miss Sewell ten thousand dollars as compensation in full for the death of her mother."

"Your government did that?" exclaimed the ambassador with a sudden deepening of his frown. "Yes," he continued almost at once, answering his own query, "I can see why—and a mighty clever move. La Barranca is the strongest of all our cases, exceeded as an outrage only by the Evans killing. In securing a quitclaim from Miss Sewell you have established a yardstick. May I ask through what channel the payment was made?"

"Inevitably through your Department of State or it would have been futile." Suddenly color stained the minister's sallow cheeks. "Excellency, you didn't know of it?"

THE angry red of the ambassador's face was answer enough. The two men stared at each other, each realizing he had committed a blunder of which a schoolboy might be ashamed. They looked away quickly with the air of two guilty persons agreeing tacitly never to tell on each other.

"Your statement," said the ambassador, "explains a number of things quite unconnected with any international negotiation. The disappearance of the girl, Joyce Sewell, has been causing considerable commotion not only in my country but throughout the English-speaking world. It was thought she was penniless, consequently her parents were mystified as well as worried."

"Her parents? Are you speaking in the Spanish or the English sense of the word?"

"The English. She has a stepmother and a prospective stepfather who is expected to arrive here today."

"Ah," breathed the minister, "one more aspect, but perhaps encouraging. What is his mission?"

"I'm not sure but I gather he is determined to take the girl home at once."

"Good. If she still lives we must help him by every means in our power."

"Mr. Minister," said the ambassador gravely, "you have just let slip a phrase which disturbs me profoundly. In fact, it does away with the necessity of your continuing your summary of the aspects of this case. Here and now I admit I've been dumb. You are aware that in proportion to the numbers involved more Americans died by violence in Mexico than were killed in the World War and we did nothing about it beyond sending our usual notes on the subject. But I wish to assure you that if disaster overtakes Miss Sewell it will shake the present pleasant relations between our two countries to their very foundations. Don't misunderstand me. I'm not implying that Miss Sewell's life is of greater importance than that of any other American living abroad. I'm merely taking into account that for the last ten days every man, woman and child in the United States has been reading about her and in my country such a flood of publicity automatically transforms her into a colossal bomb."

"At last!" murmured the minister, sinking back in his chair. "Now we can talk."

"In my opinion she should be rescued at once."

"An excellent idea—but how?"

"By sending a government force."

"To do what?"

"Bring her back to Mexico City, hand her over to her stepfather and bid them both farewell and good riddance."

The minister looked at the ambassador with mingled wonder and pity.

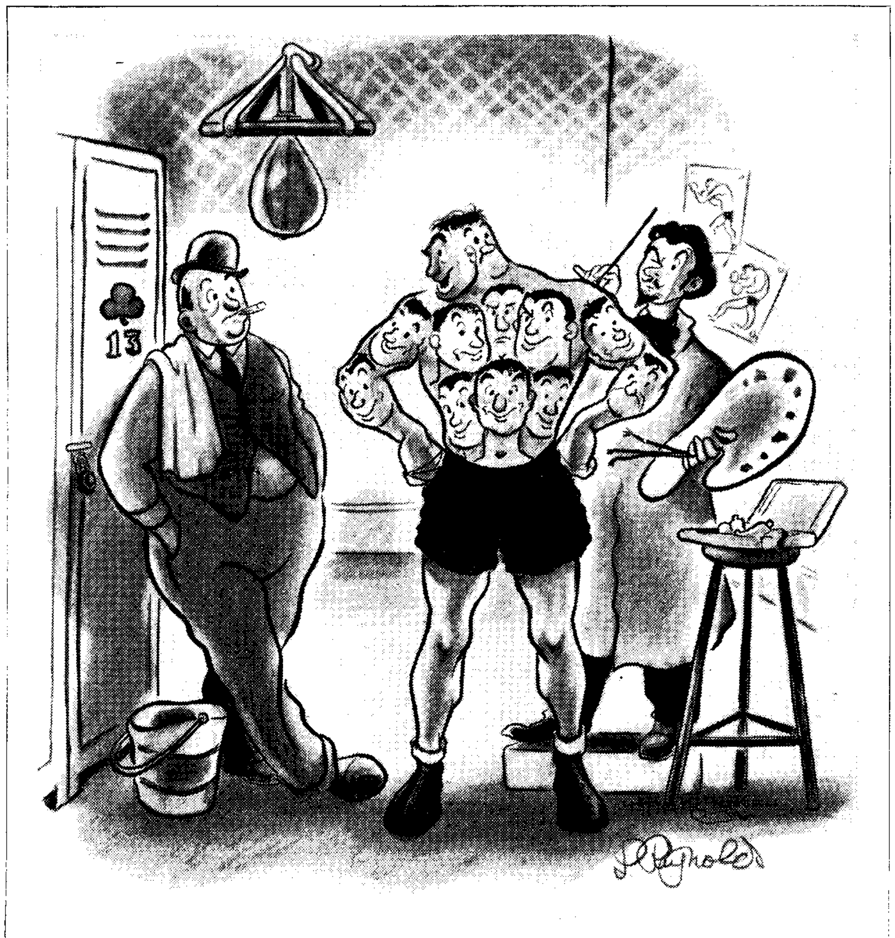
"The trouble with any lovely dream," he murmured, "is the inevitable awakening."

"Hunh?" grunted the ambassador.

"Excellency, have you ever visited any of our major *haciendas*—especially La Barranca?"

"No; my duties—" began the ambassador vaguely.

(*Continued on page* 94)



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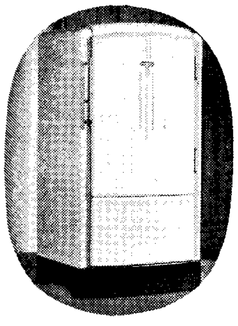

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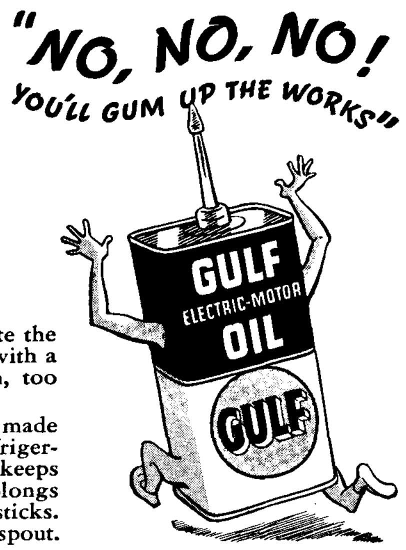

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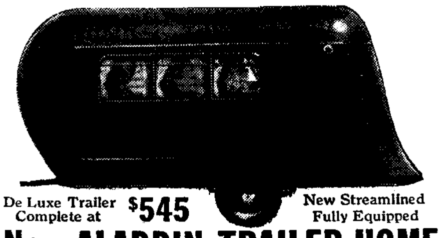

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(*Continued from page* 93)

"Of course," interrupted the minister. "La Barranca happens to be a fortress more easily defended than any castle existing in Scotland today. At this season it has stored within its walls enough provisions to keep a small army for five years, to say nothing of unlimited water. With six high-powered rifles and plenty of ammunition I would guarantee to hold it indefinitely against a force of a hundred regulars. The only answer to La Barranca on its guard is artillery. Now let's see what your dream amounts to. You suggest that the Mexican government send a battalion against a young girl in whom your whole people happens to be particularly interested in order to kick her off her own property!"

"I withdraw the suggestion," said the ambassador gloomily. "I admit I spoke too hastily, but the possibility of resistance had not occurred to me."

THE minister gave a gasp of amazement. "Excuse me, Excellency, but apparently you continue to underestimate the situation. A girl, supported by eighteen men—call them Americans, Mexicans, Chinese or Fiji Islanders—massacres an entire garrison in order to assert her rights and you state it hasn't occurred to you she might defend the position so murderously secured!"

"I'm through suggesting," said the ambassador. "From now on I listen. The whole thing is fantastic, so unbelievable my mind hasn't had time to adjust itself. Are you sure, Mr. Minister, we aren't making a couple of fools of ourselves? Are you convinced all this has really happened? Remember the papers speak of it as a rumor."

"I happen to know it isn't a rumor at all," said the minister promptly. "My source of information is unimpeachable. There are certain elements of mystery which threaten my official neck, but the facts themselves are unalterable. The story is so true I regret I happen to be Minister of War at the present juncture."

"Strange," murmured the ambassador with a wan smile. "I was thinking the same thing about my ambassadorship! What is your plan, Mr. Minister?"

"Subterfuge and cash. I have no illusions about the Señorita Joyce Sewell. Perhaps by long association she has absorbed into her person some of the attributes of La Barranca. I consider her as a fortress. The question now arises, how shall she be taken? The answer is so simple it's classic. By an emissary bearing gifts, preferably a sack of gold. We'll find the gold, you find the emissary."

The ambassador scowled in concentration, then suddenly smiled. "Her prospective stepfather!"

THE minister raised questioning eyebrows. "It is most rare that a strong current of affection should run between a girl and her prospective stepfather. Now romance—ah, lovely romance! I would have wished we might invoke its overwhelming power. It seems to me that a young man—almost any young man—would be better than a prospective stepfather."

"I have it!" exclaimed the ambassador. "My second secretary of embassy is an unusually attractive young man and, as it happens, he has already enjoyed the privilege of meeting Miss Sewell."

"Much better," said the minister, "excellent. May I suggest that we summon him at once?"

The ambassador reached for the telephone, called his own chancellery and a moment later was asking the Counselor of Embassy what explanation Van Suttart had given for his late arrival.

"None, sir. He hasn't arrived."

"What?" cried the ambassador. "Telephone him at once. Send around to his house. Tell him—" Interrupted in the midst of his instructions he leaned forward, gripping the apparatus tighter and tighter. When the murmuring voice at the other end finally ceased he hung up and turned to face the minister. "I regret the young gentleman I had in mind is not available since we don't know what has become of him. Though his room is in considerable disorder he did not sleep in his own bed. He's gone—disappeared."

"No clue?" asked the minister, frowning.

"Unfortunately there is," said the ambassador, "and I'm ashamed to be obliged to mention it. He was last seen at about two in the morning in the most questionable night club in town seated alone before a magnum of champagne. Needless to say, my first action upon returning to the embassy will be to recommend his immediate dismissal from the service."

The minister, who had knotted his fingers together, began to crack his knuckles one by one. "Be patient, Excellency. As each complication adds itself to the array that has gone before it is fitting you and I should remind ourselves we occupy a small boat whirling on troubled waters a lot darker and deeper than we thought. Though it's none of my business I recommend you postpone action regarding your young secretary until a more plausible cause is established for his absence than a bottle of wine."

"What do you mean?" asked the ambassador quickly. The minister shrugged his shoulders. "What are your suspicions?" insisted the ambassador, suddenly face to face with a possibility more alarming than any development so far. "Should one of my official family be dragged into—" He stopped and rose to his feet.

"No, no," said the minister soothingly, "I don't think he's been kidnapped. If I did, naturally, I would have urged you to carry out your original intention, thereby saving my government considerable embarrassment."

FOR a moment both men forgot etiquette and became natural human beings, each absorbed in his own worries. The ambassador perceived he stood in the path of an avalanche of trouble and felt sorry for himself. Why had he abandoned the peace of a full life at home to sit on the lid of a powder magazine? He needed neither honors nor prestige and if a young girl should set off the powder how much glory would he get when he came down? He would become a part of history to be sure, but only to occupy one of the pigeonholes reserved for the bunglers who have plunged their people into war.

"There's still this Blackadder fellow," he muttered hopelessly.

The minister was thinking of certain matters he had not voiced. Bloodshed did not worry him, nor national upheaval; they were his natural air. What worried him was the unseen hand at which he had merely hinted once or twice during the interview. He cared nothing about Joyce or her fate. She was a pawn, moved into the open by a clever brain. Somebody was out to get him—perhaps had already got him! There was but one way to save himself and that was to take the pawn without making the expected sacrifice. A phrase used casually by the ambassador hovered in his thoughts. What was the most questionable night club in town? El Tenebroso. A gleam lit in his eyes.

"Ah," he half sighed with relief, "you can put your trust in stepfathers, Mr. Ambassador, but I'll send a young friend of mine."

"Who?"

"His name is Arnaldo—Adán Arnaldo."

(*To be continued next week*)

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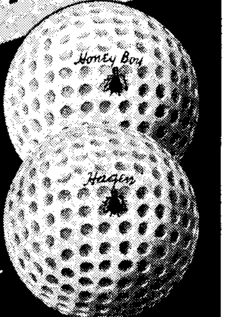
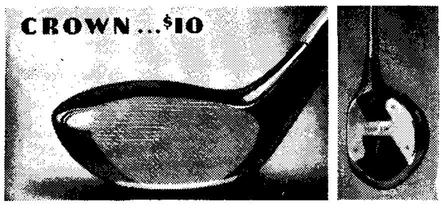




# The Young Man Went East

*Continued from page 9*

Kappa, and had become so accustomed to lack of sleep that he went on the debating team in addition to studies and janitorial duties.

Graduated in 1920, he fell down on his try for a Rhodes scholarship, and trudged back to Yakima to teach English and Latin in the local high school, acting as coach for the debating team on the side. The salary of $1,300 a year seemed princely, amply able to provide a nest egg, but at the end of two years, what with his own and the family expenses, he found himself with only fifty dollars saved up. Expressing a trunk to New York with his meager belongings, he committed his skinny frame to an open boxcar, and headed East.

September, 1922, was the date of his arrival in New York. He had exactly six cents in his jeans. Blissfully ignorant that all the gates of opportunity were closed, Bill Douglas entered the Columbia law school, and dug up some odd jobs for immediate needs.

### Answering His Country's Call

The joyous Yuletide proved a bad, black time. Jobs disappeared from the face of the earth. Just then word came of a man who wanted some bright person to write him a correspondence course in law. What did it matter that Bill had been studying for only six months? Taking three months off for the job, and working night and day, he wobbled back to Columbia with six hundred dollars to show for his labor.

Tutoring work poured in, and by summer he had more than one thousand dollars tucked away. This wealth permitted him to travel West by passenger train, and back in Yakima he lost no time in marrying the sweetheart of his high school years, a girl credulous enough to share his own faith in himself. His second advent in New York was triumphal compared to his first, for this time he had thirty cents instead of six. Now, however, he knew the ropes, and what with tutoring, editing a law review and acting as assistant to a professor, he finished his course with flying colors.

Picking out the most prominent firm of corporation lawyers in New York, he walked in and dwelt so lovingly on his many merits that they took him on. Two years of it, and he was well on his way up, but suddenly concluding that he did not like the work or the type of clients, he ambled back to Yakima with his bride. In the small town of twenty thousand he found some sixty-five lawyers, and after ten days he kissed the practice of his profession a fond farewell, and returned to a position on the faculty of Columbia's law school.

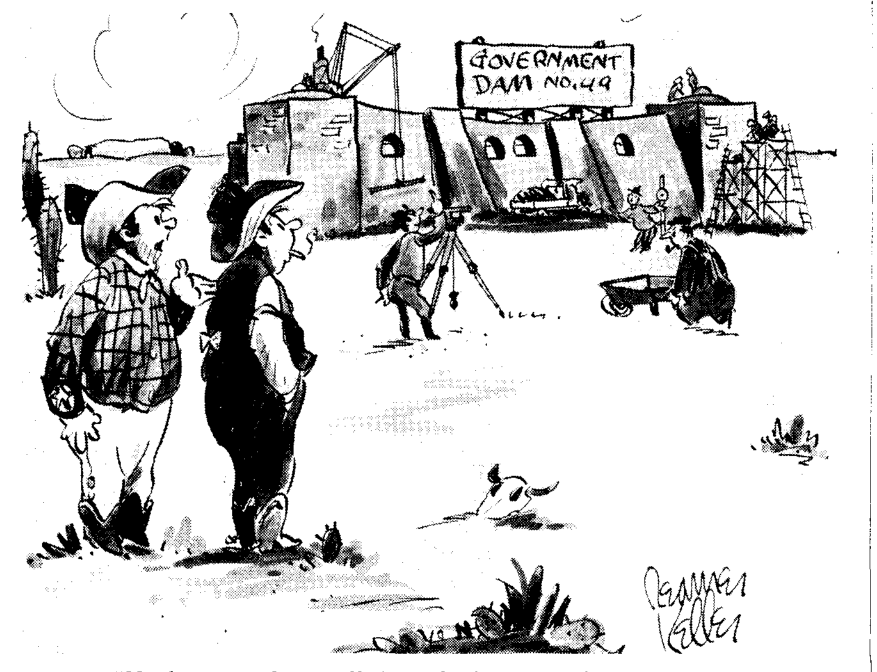
In 1928 he crossed over to Yale, taking the chair of commercial and corporate law, and refused to be lured away even when Bob Hutchins, the youthful president of the University of Chicago, acclaimed Bill as "the nation's outstanding professor of law," and tried to hire him at a larger salary.

Public service, however, was quite another matter, so when a call came from Joe Kennedy, the brisk head of the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Yale professor answered promptly. What Mr. Kennedy wanted was some able, fearless chap for the investigation of the two hundred thousand "protective committees" that spring up whenever a business goes on the rocks.

From February, 1935, to January, 1936, Mr. Douglas investigated a situation in which $36,000,000,000 was at stake, and, despite a very deceptive air of diffidence and a gay and most appealing grin, no gimlet ever had any keener bite.

The job finished, and a report all ready for filing with Congress, he went back to his professorship, but before thirty days had passed, he was asked to take the place on the Commission left vacant by the resignation of Mr. Kennedy. The President had come into contact with the man from Yale, and liked and admired him as did everybody else. The vigilant Mr. Farley was out of town at the time, and so the matter of political affiliation was not raised. A fortunate thing, for "Bill" would have had to confess himself a confirmed independent, although an equally confirmed progressive.

Acceptance of the Washington job entailed no mean financial sacrifice, but "Bill" Douglas did not hesitate. Curiously medieval, for all his bustling thirty-seven years, he had never heard that politics was a dirty game, and proceeded on the ancient theory that every decent American should answer his country's call.



"Maybe we ought to tell them that's just a mirage they saw"

REAMER KELLER

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*asserts eminent scientist,*

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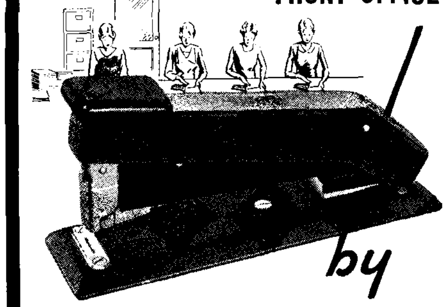

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# Shock-Proof Lady

*Continued from page 28*

defects, and the culotte instantly gained over its slight headstart last summer to a point where it promises to clutter every beach this year.

Such canny maneuvering is pleasant for Mrs. Schnurer, but the breath of life to her is not in helping women to conceal their bad points, but in urging them to reveal their good ones. About a year ago she saw, on the Riviera, a bathing suit made of black silk net so loosely woven that a dime might have been placed on it almost anywhere without touching anything except the lady herself who was wearing it; three brief accents of black satin, two above the waist and one below, were—well—accents. Mrs. Schnurer was the first to copy that suit in America where, displayed in a Fifth Avenue store window, it attracted such crowds as to obstruct sidewalk traffic and demand the presence of two policemen with furrowed brows, who had certainly never heard of Mrs. Schnurer. The black net suit (later sissied up with a lining) became known as the fish-net bathing suit, and it is only one example of derring-do to come out of Mrs. Schnurer's workroom. Back in 1931 she introduced the combination of a bra-top and pants with a good expanse of bare tummy between, and found it so rash a novelty that even her own models shrank from putting it on. Miss Juliet, a dauntless blonde, finally consented to model it at a fashion show and it caused a sensation—although Mrs. Schnurer will tell you that it sold slowly at first, and then only to rich women. The more money a woman has to spend on clothes, it appears, the less she wears whenever possible. Psychological things like that are always coming to Mrs. Schnurer's attention since her business is concerned with women, a sex notable for its psychological hanky-panky.

### Up from Petticoats

She was impatient with women for a good many years while they clung to sleeves and skirts in their bathing suits. "How could anybody make them look attractive?" she wants to know; "and besides, think of all the health they were missing, out in the good fresh air and sunshine, all covered up." But Mrs. Schnurer understands that the trend of the times is a thing that is slow but sure. "After all," she says, "I started out in the petticoat business myself."

It was really Mrs. Schnurer's husband, Bert, who was pretty well established in the petticoat business when he married Mrs. Schnurer (then Louise Elizabeth Teller) some thirty years ago. But it was Mrs. Schnurer who, when her husband's firm added a line of mohair bathing suits, marched downtown from the bridal flat on 116th Street and more or less defiantly created a bathing suit for the collection made of taffeta with a sea of ruffles all around it. She had mentally abandoned mohair even before it reached its height as a material for bathing suits. With the success of that innovation Mrs. Schnurer started out on a busy career that paused only briefly for the birth of her son, Harold. She left the baby in the care of her mother, who had come to live with the Schnurers, worked all day and, when she decided that she knew really little about designing, went to a school of design every night.

As the business grew, she designed (on orders from retail stores) all the bathing suits and beach costumes for Alice Roosevelt's trousseau when she married Nicholas Longworth, and the famous black velvet bathing dresses in which—with the addition of a pair of long, black kid gloves—it was Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein's fancy to stroll by the sea. With the advent of wool jersey as a fabric, bathing suits became simpler and, to Mrs. Schnurer's pleasure, more revealing. Her best-known wool jersey suit was the one with bows on the shoulders, cut to the waist in back, which you and I wore all over the place a few years ago. But it took her a long time to develop that one. The earliest jersey suits were cut sometimes as low as ten inches in the back.

It was not until 1924—the glorious year when the sun-tan craze hit the public with a bang—that Mrs. Schnurer achieved her heart's desire of seeing women loll about the beaches in the health-giving sunshine, and it cost her several thousand dollars to achieve it. The reason for that was that women, when they finally do go in for lolling, loll like anything and do a good deal of stretching besides. Bathing suits began coming back to Mrs. Schnurer from stores whose customers had returned them, with the complaint that, with the slightest gesture of relaxation, they split at the seams. Mrs. Schnurer, realizing that a new era was at hand as far as bathing beaches went, installed expensive new machinery whose only purpose was to reinforce the seams of each suit when it was finished, so that any woman who wore it could give herself to the sun with all the abandon that was in her, without disturbing a stitch.

In 1925, almost at the beginning of that heaven-sent period for bathing-suit designers, disaster descended upon Mrs. Schnurer for a while. With all the ideas for the new collection in her head, she was rushed to the hospital gravely ill and, at the same time, her bookkeeper decamped with a couple of thousand dollars out of the office safe. The showing of the collection was not postponed, however—neither the Palm Beach season nor the summer resort season will wait for a designer who happens to be sick. From her hospital bed, Mrs. Schnurer sent for materials from the workroom downtown and draped them on a couple of startled trained nurses. "You couldn't get into her room," her husband will tell you, "for the crowds of people, doctors and everybody, who wanted to see what was going on." All that Mrs. Schnurer remembers about it is that the collection was a good one, and ready on time.

### Curtains for Coats

It was a pair of cretonne curtains that accidentally established her reputation for setting fashions. In the early days, she kept the bathing suits in her showroom in a kind of high cupboard which she had decorated with curtains made of flowered cretonne, to give the place a tone. One day a buyer came in and, passing lightly over the collection, pointed to the curtains and said, "I'd like a beach coat made of that." The material couldn't be duplicated, so Mrs. Schnurer took the curtains down and had beach coats made of them, and put up new cretonne curtains in their place. After the second pair of curtains had been taken down at another buyer's demand to make beach coats, Mrs. Schnurer just let the cupboard go bare and concentrated on making coats. And *that*, it turned out, was the beginning of the craze, some ten years ago, for cretonne beach coats.

Since then she has been one of the first to introduce, among other things, the overall for beach wear and lastex as a fabric for bathing suits. Some of her greatest successes come straight from her own workroom, others are ruthlessly gleaned from her annual, eagle-eyed trips to European resorts. About eight years ago she stayed at the same hotel at Cannes as the then Prince of Wales, and saw him dashing around in a beret. Mrs. Schnurer bought a cheap beret at a local shop and had it copied when she got back to New York—and nobody needs to be told what that started.

One windy day, last summer, she happened to be walking along some fashionable promenade or other in Europe, just behind a girl who was wearing one of her own culotte suits; the girl had taken the sash off her culotte and wound it around her head to keep her hair from blowing. When Mrs. Schnurer came home to America, she mentioned this whimsy to all of her customers as a pretty attractive idea, and they are all—buyers, other designers and Mrs. Schnurer—now placidly awaiting the summer, when probably every woman who wears a culotte will have a strip of matching material bound around her head. You wait and see.

### Disaster in the Family

She winces a little when anyone refers to her chosen work as "the bathing-suit business." What Mrs. Schnurer designs, as her stationery accurately announces, is Activewear for Beach and Play; and if you don't get it the first time Mrs. Schnurer, or her husband, or her son Harold (who are both connected with the firm and have a way of hovering protectively around Mrs. Schnurer) will remind you of it implacably. Harold, a devoted son, has twice been connected with mild disaster in the family. The first time was when Mr. and Mrs. Schnurer, great stamp collectors in what remains to them of their leisure time, sent a letter from Europe to Harold in New York boasting a rare stamp, newly acquired. It was supposed to be an intellectual treat for Harold, but Harold, anxious for news of his family, ripped open the envelope and tore the stamp in two, and it took his father and mother quite a while to get over that when they heard about it. His second connection with catastrophe was when he made the water-polo team at C. C. N. Y. and his mother, as a gesture, presented the entire team with navy-blue swimming suits—a failure because the suits were made of the finest silk, and the boys just tore them off one another's backs.

At home Mrs. Schnurer is domestic, affectionate, a wife and mother. In the kitchen of the Schnurer's four-room flat she likes to help Gladys, the colored maid, whip up a dish for supper on the frequent nights when friends drift in for a visit. She pays little attention to her own clothes, almost none to her own beach wear (although she did have a pet bathing suit last year). But a continual parade of color, fabric and line occupies her mind, and any alien comment upon it can rouse her to something like fierceness. Once a visitor to the showroom made conversation by asking Mrs. Schnurer if she liked to swim.

"Swim?" repeated Mrs. Schnurer vaguely, "yes, I like to swim, I guess." Then, as she caught the stranger's train of thought, the fire of creation which habitually lights her eyes condensed into a birdlike gleam from behind her spectacles. "Who wouldn't like to swim," she said, "in bathing suits like these?"

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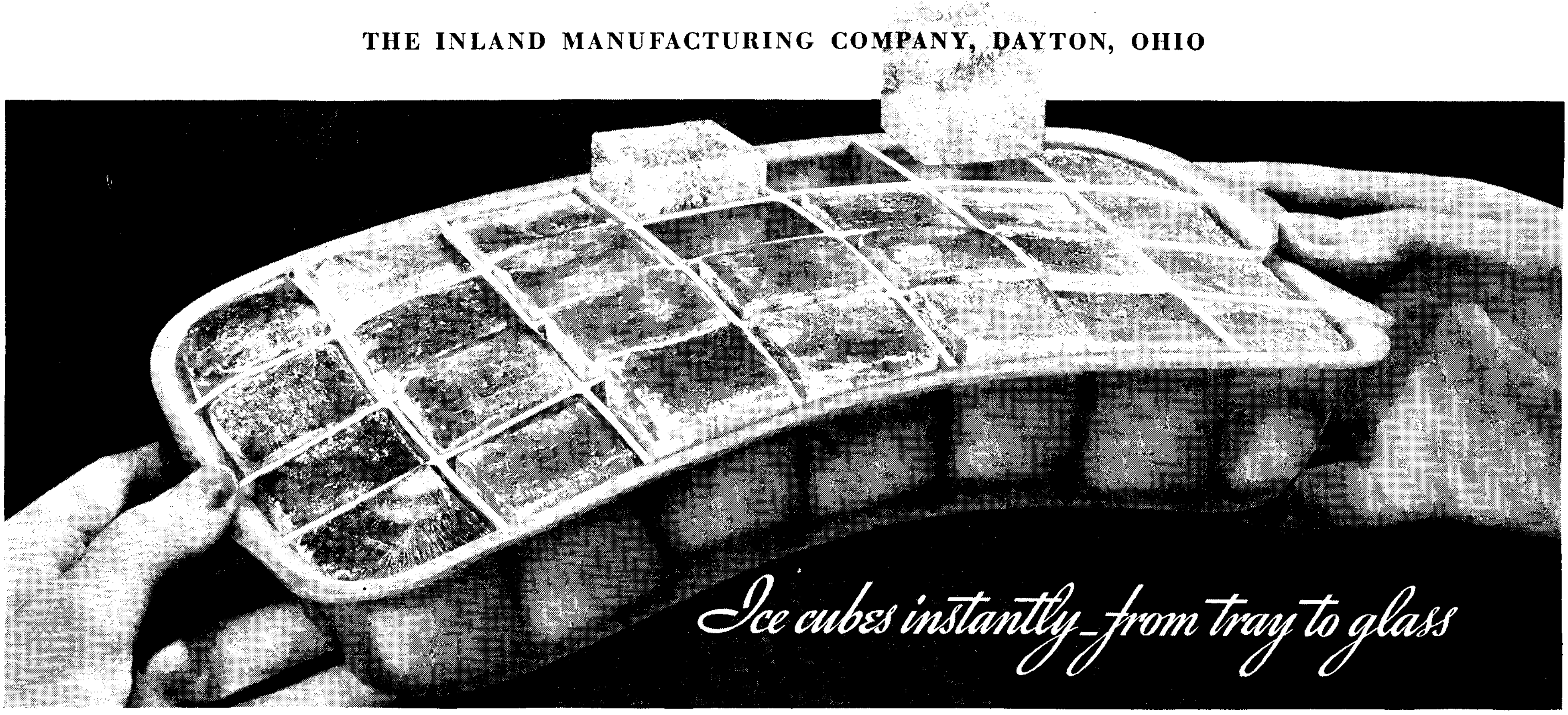

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# Men Out of Work

*Continued from page 11*

These and a dozen other questions have got to be settled by the statistician before he makes his estimates. Depending on how he settles these points, his estimate of unemployment will be high or low. And as statisticians are like the rest of us, swayed by their emotions and their philosophies, they are apt to settle these questions in accordance with the point they want to prove.

It is for this reason that these different agencies arrive at different estimates of unemployment now. Here are the estimates of these four agencies for the beginning of December, 1935:

| | |
|---|---|
| National Research League | 13,000,000 |
| American Federation of Labor | 11,600,000 |
| Robert R. Nathan | 10,735,000 |
| National Industrial Conference Board | 9,092,000 |

These differences are explained almost entirely by the differing answers which the different agencies made to the questions I outlined above.

I went carefully over the figures of each group, spent some time asking explanations of how their various statistical points were settled and decided to adopt the figures of Mr. Nathan as perhaps being less open to criticism than the others.

He was loaned to the President's commission named to study unemployment as a preliminary to the Social Security Act. He had an adequate staff. He is an able statistician and he seemed to be least interested in arriving at any pet conclusion. He was objective and seemed to make the most sensible and cautious allowances for all the points which arise in such a study. His figure is a little over a million more than the Industrial Conference Board's figure, but it is three million less than that of the National Research League and a million less than that of the American Federation of Labor. On the whole I think it is the most reliable.

### Camped in the Treasury

The figures I was least interested in were those which came from politicians of any party—extreme radicals or extreme conservatives, Administration officials anxious to prove how much Mr. Roosevelt had accomplished or political enemies anxious to prove how signally he had failed.

But one question pops up. Back in 1932 when unemployment was about the same, the streets were filled with panhandlers, the cities were defaced with long queues of men in breadlines, the presence of the unemployed was everywhere visible. Of course, things are not as bad as they were in 1933, but they are about what they were in 1932. But where are the breadlines? Where are the panhandlers? Where are the soup kitchens? Where are the pitiful tales of starvation and family disaster? There are no evidences of this vast unemployed army. Where is it camped?

The answer is that most of it is camped in the United States Treasury.

There are six million people on relief, in one way or another. This does not mean there are that many actually receiving direct payments. Relief is given, in the case of families, not to any individual, but to the family. And there may be two or three or even more employable persons out of work in the family. The Relief Administration estimates that the average number of employable workers in each relief family is one and a half. However it is computed, it will be seen that as of December, 1935, there were six million workers who were directly or indirectly the objects of aid from the government.

This leaves 4,700,000 who are not getting relief. What are they doing? That is a little bit of a mystery. First, there are a lot of people of working age who do not work—don't have to or don't want to. Then there is a very great number of young people who are normally employables who are now in school because there is no work. They would probably go to work in a hurry if there were any. Then there is a large number of men and women who are not working, who are living at home with parents or relatives, whose shelter and subsistence is assured and who do not have to resort to relief. Then there is a large group who have gone from the city to the farm—back to the old homestead to remain with dad for the period of the depression, who would come flocking back to town at the first sign of good times.

### No Soup Kitchens, No Bread Lines

But it is clear from this that the severe pressure of the depression is mitigated by the relief rolls and their six million victims or beneficiaries. That is why there are no soup kitchens, no breadlines, no evidences of disaster and want such as we saw in other years.

But it enables us to realize what would happen if these six million people were to be turned loose upon the world.

Well, what's the bill for all this? And who, by the way, is paying it?

It's pretty hard to tell just what the damages are. Some of these accounting officers of ours have been pulling some fast ones in the way of bookkeeping. Uncle Sam has been making funny little marks all over his ledgers and as for the state fiscal reports—most of them are about as unreliable as an income tax return.

Uncle Sam has been spending rather freely and a lot of economical businessmen whose knees, as one columnist put it, were shaking in 1933, are now shaking their fists at the federal government for throwing the money around. But just how much of this spending has been for relief and the jobless and how much for other purposes it is very difficult to tell.

From July 1, 1933, to December 31, 1935, the dear old Uncle has spent on what he calls emergency purposes $9,333,533,306. He will spend at least another three billion this year. But a lot of this money has gone to farmers as subsidies, to railroads for loans, to banks as loans and for preferred stock and in various other ways. Of course it could be contended that all these outlays helped to restore confidence and to restart business, and that made work and provided jobs. There could be, and of course there are, two sides to that, as you can tell any night by listening on the radio. But there aren't two sides to some other figures—figures of what is spent directly on relief and work projects. If we isolate these sums from all other government-emergency spendings, we find that since July 1, 1933, up to October 1, 1935, the United States government spent $4,726,015,731.14.

But the states and cities and counties have also been spending some money for relief. How much, there is simply no way to tell. We can guess from the amounts they have borrowed and from the income taxes levied. These have been mostly for relief. The states have borrowed on bond issues from January 1, 1933, to October 1, 1935, some $461,665,918. The local governments have

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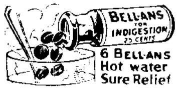

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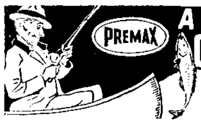

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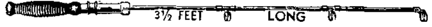

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borrowed in the same time $621,206,115.

Then they have raised funds by means of sales taxes. About $109,000,000 of the sales taxes collected by the states since June, 1933, have gone for relief. Hence it would be a fair estimate to say that all our governments have spent something in the neighborhood of six billion dollars on doles and "made-work" for the jobless in the last three years.

This is what it has cost. But who has paid for it? Who, indeed? The answer is surprising. No one has paid for it. With the exception of that tiny fraction collected in sales taxes, it has all been financed with borrowed funds. We have handled the bills with I. O. U.'s. Some day, we imagine, someone will pay these bills. Perhaps our children or our grandchildren. Obviously we cannot go on doing this indefinitely. Even if we could swing it—which of course we can't—it would be a foolish thing to do.

### The Turnover in Relief

That is why we haven't dealt with the problem—because we haven't been paying the bills. One hears of a great burden on the taxpayers. But we have laid no taxes to pay for relief. We haven't raised enough in taxes to pay the ordinary costs of the government these last four or five years. When we get around to dealing with the problem of unemployment, we will have to stop borrowing and start taxing. That is why politicians prefer to keep silent about the subject.

But we'll have to get down to brass tacks sooner or later. And hence, while the Honorable Silas Q. Blather is floating around spouting from the rear of his campaign truck, this is a good time to ask him what he intends to do about this piece of business. But before we do that—that is, before we give the Honorable Silas a chance to fog up the picture—there are one or two popular misconceptions about this whole thing which ought to be cleared up.

First, there are a lot of people—and particularly a lot of businessmen—who think that the whole relief outlay is just a big racket; that these people on the relief rolls are for the most part a flock of congenital will-nots and that they can be depended on to squat on the Treasury as long as the dole holds out.

Of course this is one of those statements very easily made and those believe it who would like to believe it. But it just isn't a fact.

First of all, there are over four million workers who are not on the relief roll. They can't be accused of being dole grafters. But as to the six million who are the beneficiaries of relief or government "made-work," of course there are a lot who will never get off of relief; there are ne'er-do-wells among them. And there are, by now, people whose morale has been broken and still others whose earnings when working are so slender that they are better off on relief. But as to the great mass of relief cases, the facts which are known about them make it perfectly clear that they will go to work gladly and quickly as fast as jobs appear for them. The best evidence of this is that they do get off.

We perhaps have a notion that those on relief now are the people who have been hanging around the government's free-lunch counter since it opened for business. But the fact is that of the millions on relief two years ago but few of them are still on relief. That is, people are getting off relief all the time and their places being taken by others. There is a complete turnover of the relief rolls in two years.

Of those on relief now, a very large number are people who, despite the depression, have held out until now. Either they have been working these last four or five difficult years and have only recently lost jobs or, having lost their jobs earlier, they have held out in spite of hell and high water hoping for a better turn. This seems to me to dispose completely of the fear that these people won't work.

In the next place these people are not a lot of bums. They represent almost every class in the nation. And they include millions of men and women who have been accustomed to making excellent money, many of them, for that mat-

(*Continued on page* 100)

"One of you boys will have to swim back!"

JOSEPH EASLEY

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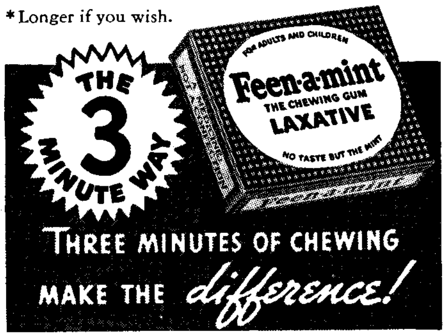

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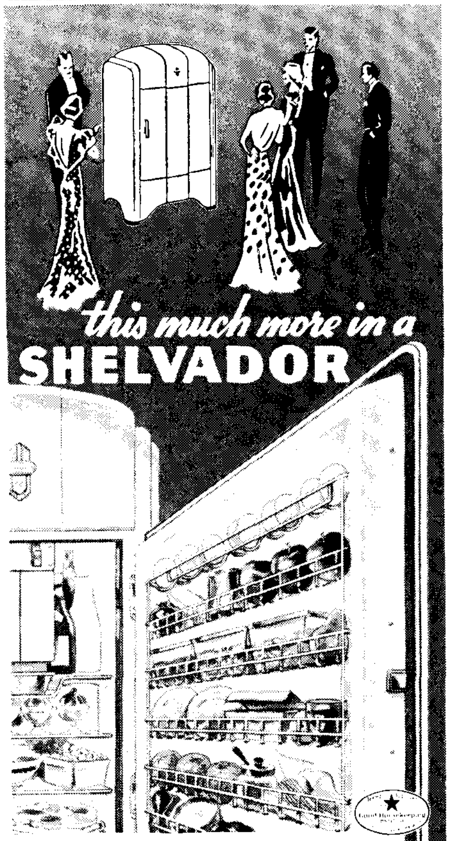
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*(Continued from page 99)*

ter, as proprietors of their own business. There are, in fact, over eighty thousand proprietors, managers and officials on the relief rolls. There are over nine thousand building contractors.

There is a vast army of professional people—architects, chemists, metallurgists; thousands of draftsmen, over sixty-two thousand engineers and over twenty thousand teachers. You could start practically any kind of enterprise your imagination could conjure up and man it completely from manager down from the relief rolls.

Now what can our political and business leaders do about this?

Obviously the best remedy for unemployment is employment. Many businessmen say that the best thing to do is to "let business alone" and it will go ahead and absorb all of this great army that really wants to work.

How many will business be able to re-employ when it is fully recovered? And how many will still be left in the army of the unemployed?

### Inspecting the Jobless Army

At present the industry most affected by unemployment is the building industry. In March, 1929, the building industry employed about two and a half million people. Today it employs about eight hundred thousand. Most of these are employed on work being done by the various governments or being financed by the federal government. If we have a building boom, it is fair to assume that these two and a half million men will be put back to work. It is also fair to assume that at least another million will find employment in the industries which contribute to building. It is also reasonable to suppose that with the purchasing power of these people revived at least another two million people will find work in the great consumers' goods industries. Here is work for six million people. As there are now eight hundred thousand employed at building, this means the rehiring of another 5,200,000. But even if this happens there will still be five million out of work.

This is a large army. But it ought not to defeat us if we still just recognize it and plan for it. But above all we dare not ignore it. And will anyone assert that any of our political leaders—Democratic or Republican or Socialist—has put his finger on the means of *dealing with it? Of course, it is entirely* possible that a boom might develop of sufficient proportions to wipe out a large part of this. But of course, after all our lessons, we surely are not going to pin our hopes upon a boom. We don't want too much boom.

Let's see what this jobless army looks like. It is not easy to classify it. But it is possible to divide it into certain fairly well-defined groups.

First, a large number of them—perhaps a million or more—would be made up of men temporarily out of work. In so large a country there cannot be precisely the same number of jobs and men—a perfect balance. Men are passing out of their jobs continually for all sorts of good reasons—dissatisfaction with the work, suspension of the work, factories going out of business, seeking better opportunities, fired for good causes and so on. They are idle for a brief period and then are taken into jobs again.

Second, a large number are young people who are really of school age, but who prefer to work when there is work.

A large number are old men and women over 65. But I do not consider them because in the unemployment estimates those over 65 have not been included.

Third, a good many men who lose their jobs cannot get new ones because of advanced age, even though they are under 65.

Fourth, there is always a large number idle because of sickness, injuries, etc., This number is perhaps as much as half a million.

Fifth, there is a large number who are shiftless people who do not want to work if they can avoid it.

Sixth, there is a large number who do not have to work—either they have sufficient income without work or they get money from Dad.

If we look at it this way, then we can see that if industry by rehiring could reduce the jobless load to 5,000,000—the job of dealing with the problem of unemployment might not be unmanageable.

At the beginning I pointed out that in our little community of 100 workers in 1929, there were 94 at work and 6 idle. The same community would now be 104. If we had in a community of 104 workers 95 employed and 9 idle, it certainly would not be impossible to handle the problem of dealing with those 9. That's what it would be if we could reduce unemployment to 5,000,000.

It must be remembered that some of those 9 would be professional will-nots, sick people, people temporarily out of a job and looking for another one and hence not public dependents at all and also some would be people who did not have to work.

In this article I have not set out to propose a remedy, but merely to state the problem, to get some fairly dependable figures and facts about it, to make a picture of it for the benefit of those who wish to discuss it. But I can indicate the lines of approach to a solution of it.

First, I am sure we must assume that business can reabsorb all but five million. If we for once assume that business cannot do this in its process of recovery, then, of course, the problem is more serious and will certainly lead us to search for more radical remedies. And second, *it is also plain that achieving this by* business is going to depend on the revival of the construction and heavy-machinery industries.

We can divide the unemployed then into two groups. First, those temporarily unemployed—people going through that unpleasant interval between losing one job and finding another. Second, those who form part of the unabsorbable surplus of labor.

### Job Insurance and Shorter Hours

The first we can most certainly take care of through a system of unemployment insurance. To that policy we are already committed. Men of all faiths and forward-looking businessmen all endorse this principle.

But we ought not deceive ourselves into believing that we have taken care of the problem in the Social Security Act already passed. So far as unemployment insurance is concerned, the federal act merely puts the problem up to the states and the states have done very little about it. However, this is one thing we can do for a fairly sizable chunk of these jobless people.

The second group constitutes those who cannot find work over long periods. Unemployment insurance at best can pay only limited benefits for a limited time—eight, ten, twelve, perhaps sixteen weeks or a little more. This gives a man who has lost his job a breathing spell to find another one. But the remaining section of these five million out of work will be those who either have no unemployment insurance or who have exhausted its benefits.

One remedy here is shortening of hours. The American Federation of Labor supports the compulsory 30-hour week. Organized industry is opposed to this. But it is not wholly opposed to some adjustment of the work week to new conditions. How many would we have unemployed if we were still operating on the ten-, eleven- and twelve-hour day of fifty years ago? Perhaps the 30-hour week is too drastic a cut. Maybe the 36-hour week with some provision for flexible schedules would be more practicable and attainable. But there is no doubt that some cutting of the hours would tend to increase the number who would be employed. And a large section of the idle could be absorbed into work that way.

### Without Boondoggling

Then there is the problem of machinery. This is referred to as technological unemployment. Personally I have never believed that this problem has been correctly stated. Technological unemployment must be looked upon in two aspects to be understood. Considered over the long range I do not believe that machinery makes fewer jobs. Looked at in particular cases for brief periods, there can be no doubt that machinery does throw many men out of employment.

The simple fact is that a larger proportion of the population is employed now in normal times than was employed in normal times 100 years ago when machine production was in its infancy. In other words, there are actually more jobs now than there were then. If we compare normal times now with normal times in the seventies—sixty years ago—we find that a larger number of the population is employed. Machinery has not, on the whole and over long periods, reduced the number of jobs. It has increased them.

But while this is true, it does introduce temporary and difficult maladjustments. Put a great crane into a factory yard with two men to operate it and it will displace 100 hard workers. Those 100 men are out of work. They are the unhappy victims of this improvement. We *must not put an end to improvements,* particularly in the back-breaking work taken over by handling machinery, because of this. But we must try to take care of the temporary dislocation caused by the displacement of men. In the last two years of mounting prices of raw materials and wages, it is natural that employers should seek to decrease production costs by improving the efficiency of machinery. This, undoubtedly, accounts for some of the lag in employment. This problem employers and the state have got to deal with.

But when all is said and done, there will still be several million—maybe three million over and above those cared for by unemployment insurance, sick benefits, personal independence plus the ne'er-do-wells who will have to be considered if we want our system to work. Here is the great problem which is as yet untouched.

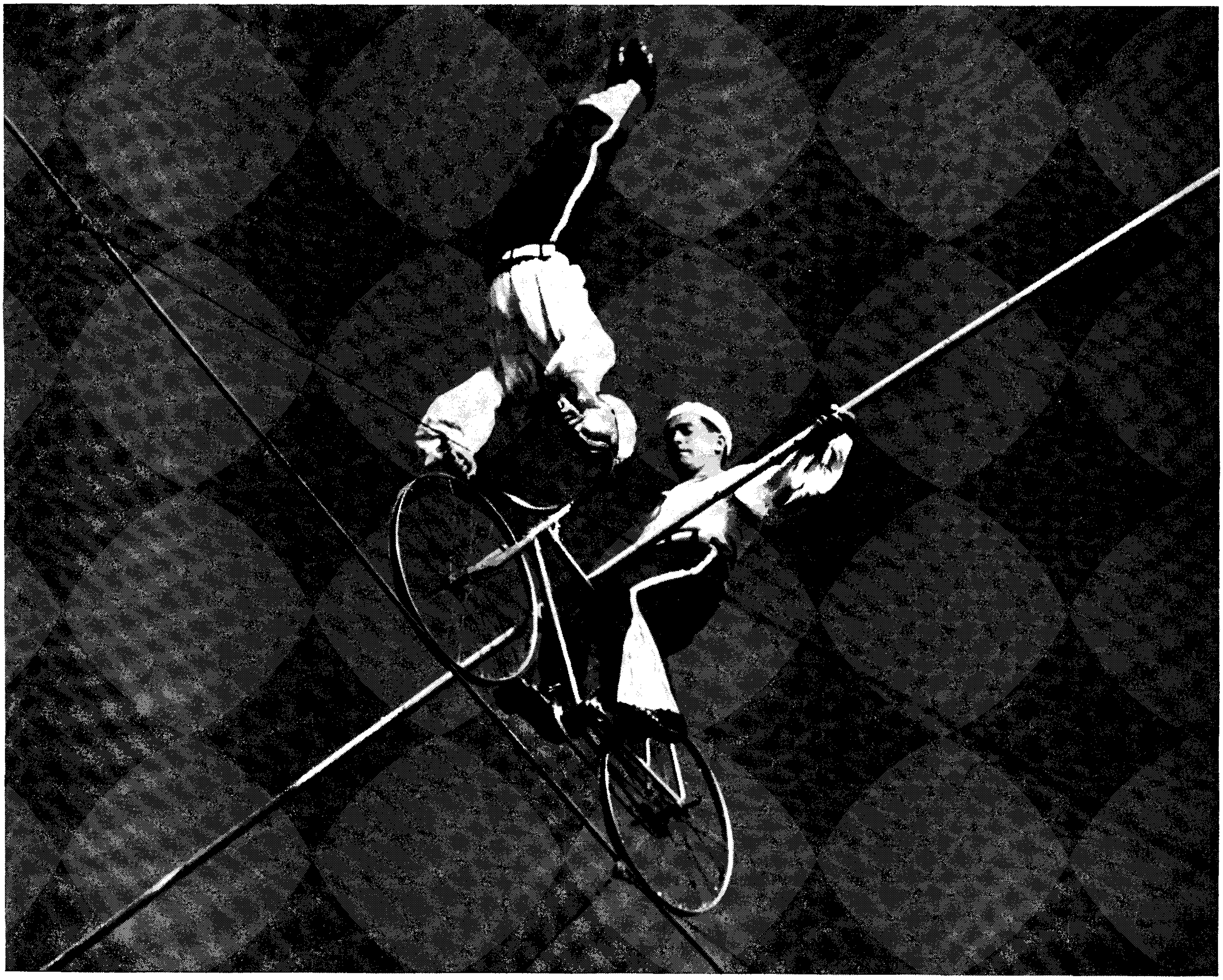
Is the government to give them doles or work?

Work is the answer, in my humble judgment.

What government is to provide it—the state or the nation? The funds, as I see it, will have to come from the nation, though perhaps they should be administered through the states or at least through some of them.

Who should administer them? Certainly not the political machines in the states or the nation. Some sort of personnel unconnected with the political machine will have to be provided.

What kind of work? No useless work, surely; no boondoggling, certainly. I can only indicate the answer. We must survey the field of public needs and find out what are those things which the nation needs but which private business does not produce because they are not profitable. There we must find the kind of work which will be provided for the unemployed.



The Grentonas, famous high-wire bicycle act

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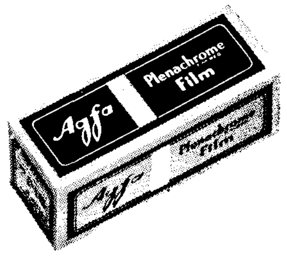


**THE GUARANTEED FILM**

# Home is the Sailor

*Continued from page 8*

Mr. Paddon came out of his berth like an aroused St. Bernard dog out of his kennel; he grasped his visitor by the latter's shoulders, whirled him around and propelled him violently through the door. Just before his victim was out of range he planted a vigorous kick in the neighborhood of the man's sacroiliac joint; then he closed the door and leaped back into his berth, where he sat muttering mean words, rubbing his toes and watchfully waiting. He told himself there should be a law to prevent bill collectors and peddlers from coming aboard ships.

A knock sounded on the door. "Who is it?" Mr. Paddon boomed.

"J. P. Comstock, president of the Oriental-Pacific Line, Mr. Mate."

Mr. Paddon leaped out of bed, donned slippers and dressing gown and opened the door. Before him stood the man he had just evicted. "I am Mr. Paddon, the chief officer, sir," he announced calmly. "Will you be pleased to come inside, Mr. Comstock, and tell me in what manner I can be of service to you?"

J. P. COMSTOCK came in and sat down on the settee. His eyes, small, dark, somewhat myopic, gleamed triumphantly. "Hum-m-m! Not quite so uppity now, I observe. Where is Captain Dyke?"

Mr. Paddon glanced at his watch. "Probably a couple of thousand feet over the Siskiyou Mountains by now, sir. He was summoned to San Francisco by the very serious illness of his wife and left me in command."

"He should have asked my permission. I'd fire him for his failure to do so if your doggoned owners hadn't stipulated retention of the certificated officers."

Mr. Paddon smiled blandly. "How fortunate for us," he murmured, "that the owners appreciate good men."

"Why ain't you on the job?"

Patiently Mr. Paddon explained that he was off watch. "As actin' master you ain't supposed to be off watch," J. P. Comstock reminded him. "We're payin' a stiff price for this steamer an' I want to know why she ain't takin' on cargo."

"Because it's raining, sir."

"Oh, you poor darlings! I suppose it would be just too bad if your crew and you got your little tootsy-wootsies wet in the nasty, nasty rain. Damned Communists!"

Mr. Paddon resisted an impulse to commit murder, but remembered in time that he had been warned about J. P. Comstock, in spite of which he had already, as the saying goes, spilled the beans. So he said soothingly:

"I regret exceedingly, Mr. Comstock, that you did not see fit to announce your identity before proceeding to exercise your privilege, as charterer, to rawhide me. Had I known who you are I would not, of course, have manhandled you. Regrettable error, very."

"Shut up. You talk like a sea lawyer. Nice lot of wasters, I must say. Skipper off on a joy ride, chief officer in bed, second and third not visible. Get up, you, an' start workin' cargo."

"Of course, if you insist—"

"I do insist."

"We could scarcely start now, sir. It lacks five minutes of twelve o'clock and the crew and the longshoremen would be knocking off for lunch before we could get one slingload aboard. Promptly at one o'clock, however, cargo will commence dropping into this ship at a rate that will knock your eyeballs out."

"That's the talk I like to hear."

"I have to take orders from my skipper, sir. On the other hand, I am well aware that, in the matter of cargo, he is, impliedly at least, bound to take orders from the charterer. As acting master I have not worked cargo because, in my judgment, that would not have benefited the charterers or the shippers. Consequently, since you override my judgment, I must insist on a written order."

"Write it out."

So Mr. Paddon sat in at his desk and wrote:

Aboard S. S. Western Rover, At Dock,
Portland, Oregon, U. S. A.
12 o'clock noon,
December 5th, 1935.

Lebbeus J. Dyke,
Master S. S. Western Rover, and/or
Gerald Paddon,
Chief Officer, S. S. Western Rover.
Sirs:

This letter will confirm verbal orders given you this morning to commence loading immediately all cargo consigned by our shippers for transportation via the S. S. Western Rover and for discharge at Shanghai, China. You will commence working cargo at 1 o'clock P.M., this date, and work cargo continuously during the hours which customarily constitute a day's work in this port, until all of said cargo has been loaded. The same instructions cover the working of cargo destined for other Oriental ports on the same voyage of S. S. Western Rover.

ORIENTAL-PACIFIC
STEAMSHIP COMPANY,
By................
*President.*
Charterers S. S. Western Rover.

J. P. Comstock read and signed this letter, Mr. Paddon blotted his signature and carefully placed the letter in the drawer of his desk. Then he bowed to J. P. Comstock. "Your slightest wish, sir," he said, "is to me tantamount to an order."

"That doesn't square your gross incivility when I first entered, Mr. Paddon. I shall report you to your owners."

"Pshaw, I thought you were going to let bygones be bygones, Mr. Comstock," Mr. Paddon pleaded.

"Bah!" said J. P. Comstock. "Well, it's lunch time and inasmuch as the Oriental-Pacific Steamship Company pays the wages of the cook and steward and supplies the food I'll just have luncheon aboard." With a final glare at the hapless Paddon he disappeared.

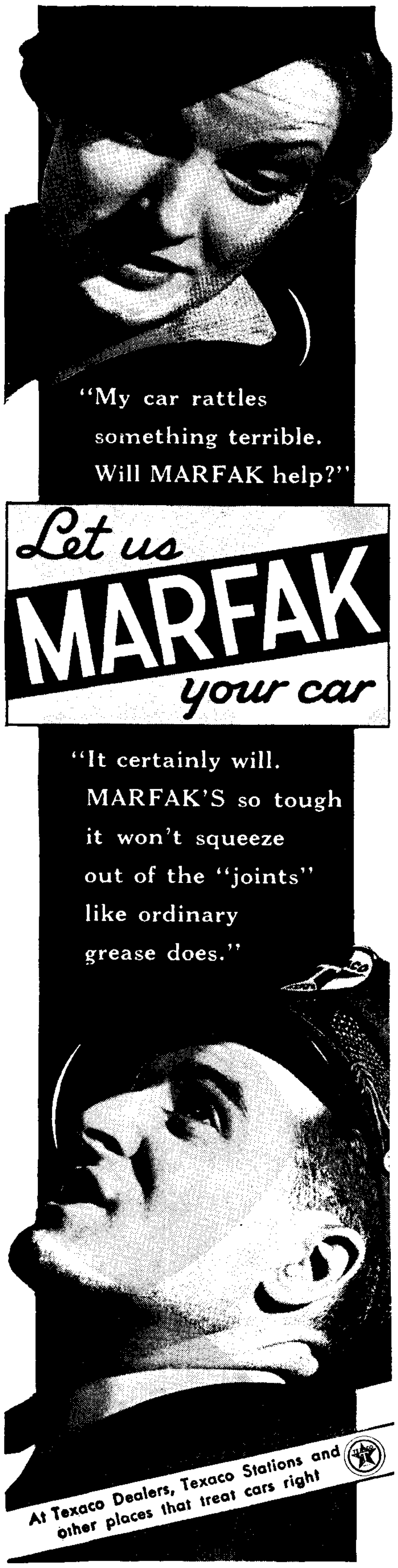
MR. PADDON dressed and went down to the dock office of the Oriental-Pacific Steamship Company, where he telephoned to Mr. Fitzpatrick. "Paddon, chief mate of the Western Rover, talking. How about my tarps?"

"Mr. Comstock refused to honor your requisition. Says it's up to the owners of the Western Rover to furnish those tarps."

"It isn't. Usually we do furnish them, however, but for some reason I do not find any aboard. However, rather than kick up a row about it, send down the tarps and instruct the sellers to bill them to my owners. I'll write them the circumstances under which I ordered the purchase and I'm sure they'll pay without question."

"I'll have to take that up with Mr. Comstock."

"The hell with Mr. Comstock," said Mr. Paddon. "And you, too, you worm," he added, and hung up. For a moment he was tempted to go back aboard the vessel and argue the matter with J. P. Comstock, but decided finally that he wouldn't. After all, who was he to attempt to teach J. P. Comstock the fine points of steamship operation? So he



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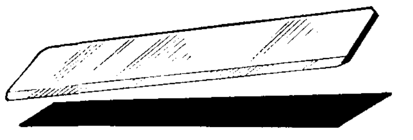

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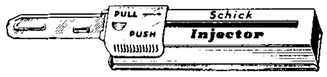

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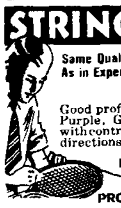

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had the steward serve him luncheon in the privacy of his stateroom, in order to avoid another meeting with J. P. Comstock in the dining saloon.

At the tick of one o'clock cargo began pouring into the Western Rover and, fortunately, the rain had ceased at quarter to one and the sun was struggling to shine . . . well, perhaps he wouldn't need those tarps after all . . . he entertained a feeling of rectitude, however, because he had asked for them.

AT FOUR o'clock a youth from the dock office came aboard and informed Mr. Paddon that somebody in San Francisco wanted to talk to him on the telephone. He went down to the dock office and lo, it was Captain Dyke who was calling him:

"Mr. Paddon," Dyke demanded, "what on earth have you been doing to J. P. Comstock? He telephoned the owners this afternoon, stating that you had insulted him, kicked him and thrown him bodily out of your stateroom. I don't believe that. Comstock is fifty-five and too old for you to—"

"He doesn't look it, sir. I figured he was forty-five, so I merely thrust him out and gave him a kick on the tail to help him along. It wasn't much of a kick. I was barefooted at the time, so the grief was all mine. I telescoped my toes. Had he been a man of my age the coroner would have him now."

And Mr. Paddon went on to relate in detail the story of his unfortunate collision with J. P. Comstock. Captain Dyke sighed. "Don't blame you, son, but I'm sorry for you."

"Did he demand my scalp?"

"Not only demanded it but got it. It seems his company is dickering to buy the Western Rover. She's a ten-thousand-tonner and their other steamers are all seventy-five-hundreds. The Western Rover is right for their Oriental trade but too big for the intercoastal trade her owners have been running her in recently. Fully loaded with lumber, she draws too much water to get in and out of those shallow southwestern Washington harbors—and she can't always pick up a cargo in deep water in Puget Sound. So they'd like to sell her and, failing that, they'd like to keep her chartered to Comstock's company in the transpacific trade. Comstock stated flatly he wouldn't consider further the purchase of the Western Rover or a recharter of her until you and your sea bag had gone over the rail. So you're being fired as soon as I can get back on the job with a mate to relieve you."

"Thank you for this timely information, sir. I'll beat them to it with a telegram of resignation."

"You stay put until I get back, son. Mrs. Dyke is to be operated on in a day or two and I want to stay here until she's out of danger. When you get that general cargo aboard you're to drop down to the Empire Lumber Company's mill dock at Knappton and take on a deckload of lumber. You'll have to have a river pilot, of course. After loading the lumber, drop down the Columbia to Astoria and lay her alongside the oil dock for fuel and supplies. I'll come aboard there and you can go ashore. Sorry, mister. You're a first-class mate and if I ever get another command you know I'll send for you. Don't kill J. P. Comstock."

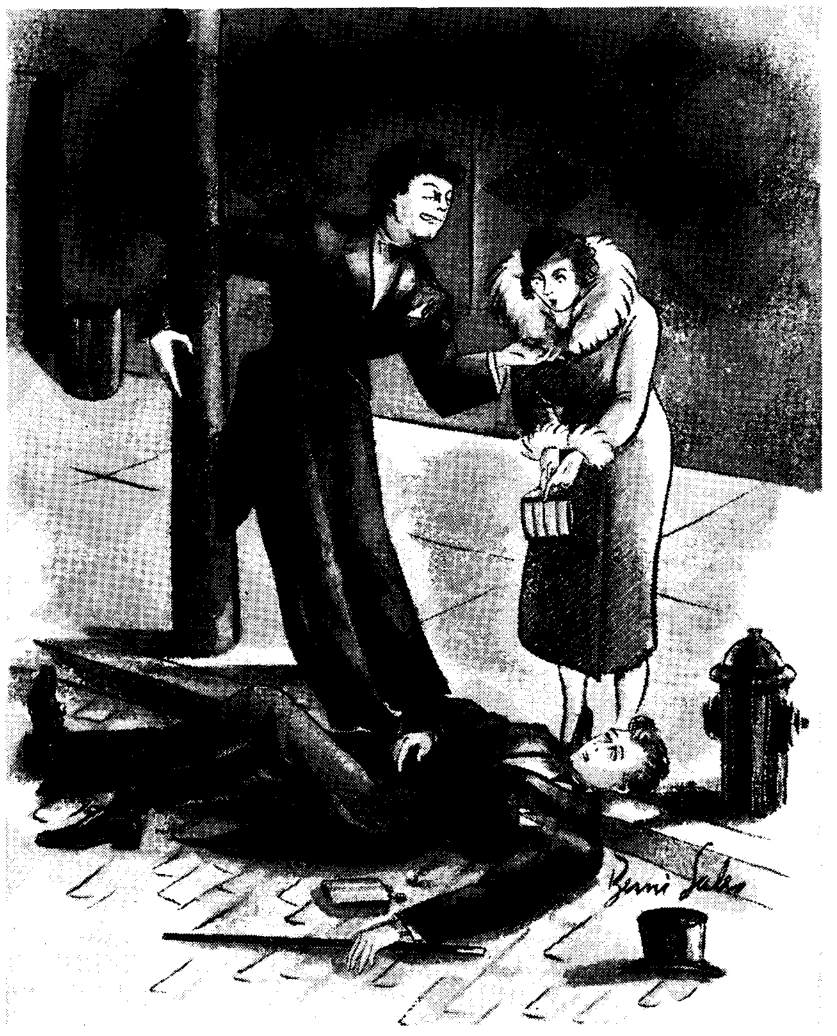
"I can take it, sir."

WHEN Mr. Paddon got back to the Western Rover he found a girl leaning against the rail just outside his quarters. He supposed she was a friend of one of the other mates, but he was scarcely inside his room before she came to the door.

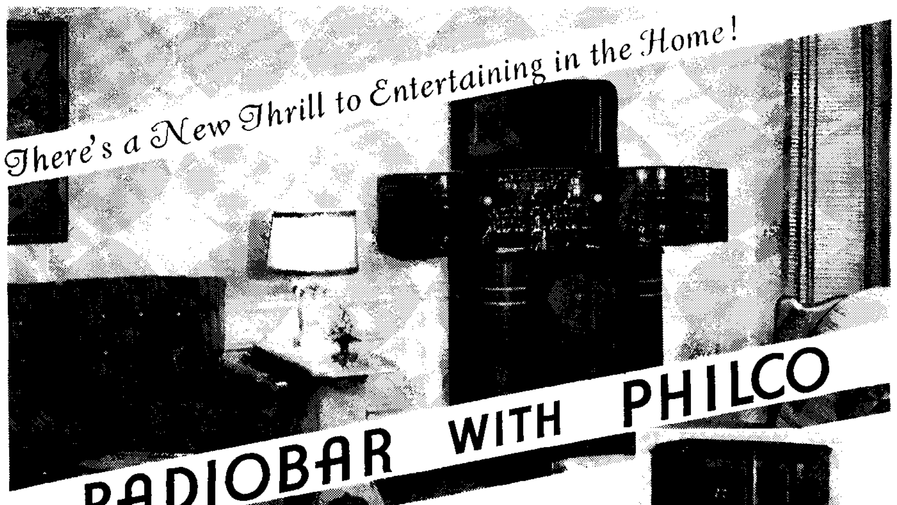
"You are Mr. Paddon?" she queried.

At the sound of her voice Mr. Paddon said: "Hello, somebody's playing bass on a bull fiddle," and turned around. He bowed. "Yes, I'm Mr. Paddon, the

(Continued on page 104)



"S'all right, Lady, he's only trying to break up a cold" BENNIE SALES



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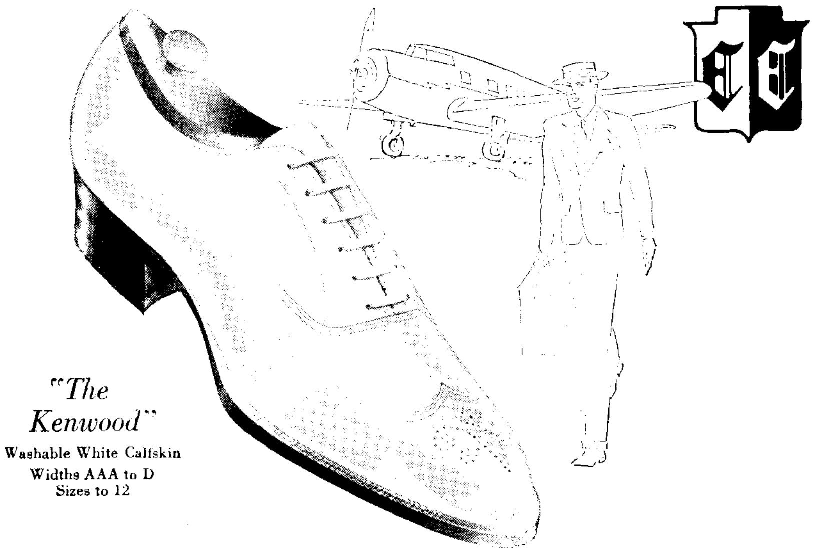

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**CORN ON LEFT FOOT STILL SORE**

"Wore (.....) Corn Plaster as usual. Made such a bulk that my shoe hurt. When I removed the plaster it tore a piece of skin from my toe."

● You'll feel the difference the minute you slip on a Red Cross Corn Plaster. All pain stops instantly. No bulk to make shoes tight. Corn removed without irritation. Separate medicated centers for greater efficiency. Slip-proof tabs. And waterproof! *Send 10¢ for trial package. Write Dept. D-2.*

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FOR PROFESSIONAL FOOT TREATMENT SEE A CHIROPODIST

**CORN ON RIGHT FOOT GONE! NO PAIN**

"The pain stopped as soon as I put on a Red Cross Corn Plaster. No bulk to crowd my shoe. And the corn came out without a bit of soreness."

(*Continued from page* 103)

first mate and temporarily in charge of the ship."

"I'm Mr. Comstock's secretary, Mr. Paddon. He sent me down with a note to you."

Mr. Paddon cocked his uniform cap on the back of his head and rubbed his forehead. "You're his secretary, eh? Then, of course, you wrote the note. Bet you a new hat I know the contents. In general the note runs: Mr. Paddon, First Officer, S. S. Western Rover, City. Sir: It gives me great pleasure to inform you that you will be out of a job as soon as Captain Dyke can secure a man to relieve you. Yours, etc., J. P. Comstock."

THE girl gazed upon him with profound curiosity. "You're clairvoyant, Mr. Paddon," she said—and tossed the envelope into the Willamette River. "I'm sorry he has succeeded in securing your dismissal. He's a dirty little squirt."

Mr. Paddon gazed upon her now with alert interest. She had golden hair and eyes as blue as anemones and she was as beautiful as the dawn on the coast of Arabia.

"Of course he's a dirty little squirt," he agreed. "Only a dirty little squirt would have dictated that letter. Half-portion men are frequently like that. They never miss an opportunity to exercise their power and exalt their cheap triumphs over those they can hurt with impunity. He works you from eight till six and then, without considering the time belongs to you after that hour, he sends you down here with that fool note. It's dark at five-thirty at this time of the year and you've had to prowl along the docks and ask your way and you've been frightened, I dare say—all because, by sending you, he saved the cost of a telegraph company messenger or a special delivery stamp."

The girl nodded. "You know him rather well, it seems."

"Five minutes after I meet a squirt, I know the fellow as well as I'm ever going to know him.... Well, I've admitted my identity. Are you willing to admit yours?"

"I'm Jane Wellbank," she said.

"Miss Wellbank, it's nearly seven o'clock. Would you consider an invitation to dinner aboard the fast and commodious packet Western Rover? You can sit in the captain's place at the head of the table. It's my place temporarily, but I'll yield it to you. The engineers and the second and third will chaperon you."

"I think I should go home, Mr. Paddon."

"Perhaps. But I wish you wouldn't. I am attracted to you by a certain ferocity and wide sympathy apparent in your nature. Moreover, we have a community of interest. We both despise J. P. Comstock. I believe it would please you to know that this morning I threw Mr. Comstock out of my quarters here and accelerated his flight by spurning him swiftly on his southern elevation. Unfortunately, I was in my stocking feet so I had to bear down easy on him, although at that I practically ruined my toes more or less on his bony little tail."

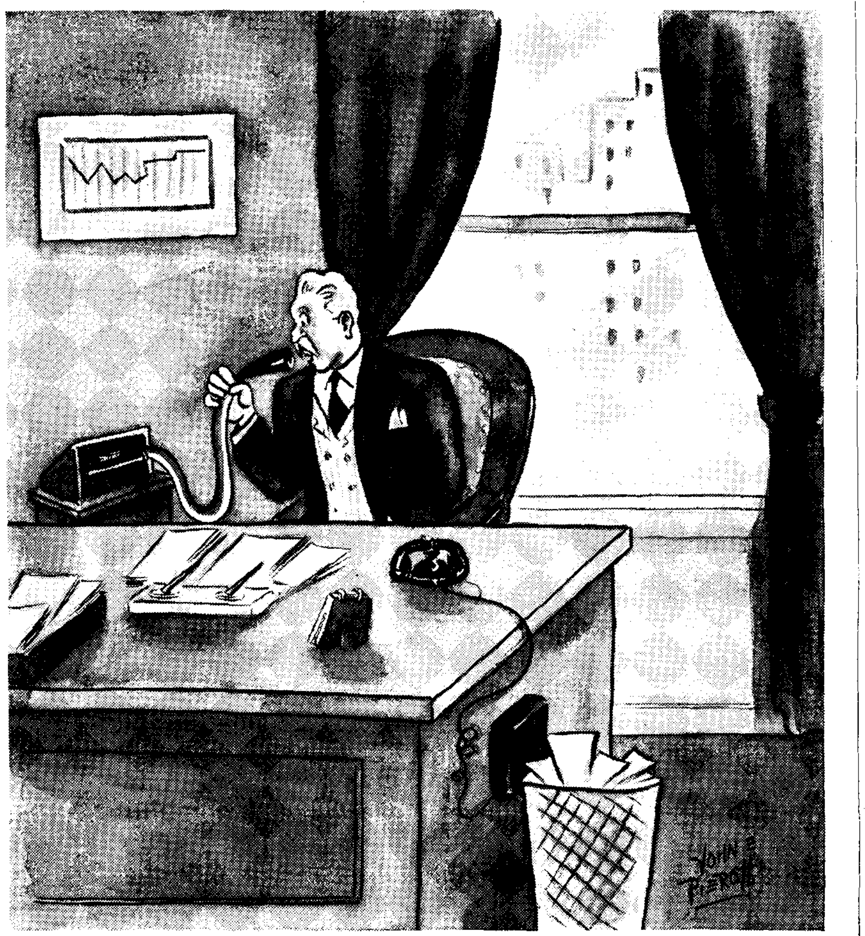
She stepped inside and held out her hand. "Shake! You're beyond price and it would be wholly contemptible of me to decline your invitation."

"If you'll give me your telephone number I'll run down on the dock and telephone your mother. She might be worried if she's expecting you home for dinner."

"You're very kind and thoughtful, but I have no mother. In fact, I have no kin. I live in a boardinghouse and nobody cares whether I come home to dinner or not. Thanks for your invitation. I accept."

JANE WELLBANK could not remember having had a pleasanter dinner than that one aboard the Western Rover. The cook was a jewel and Mr. McTeague, the chief engineer, broke out a couple of quarts of good French wine, a stock of which he had laid in while the vessel had been in Bordeaux a year previous. Her companions, with the exception of Mr. McTeague, were all young men, and about them was an atmosphere of seriousness

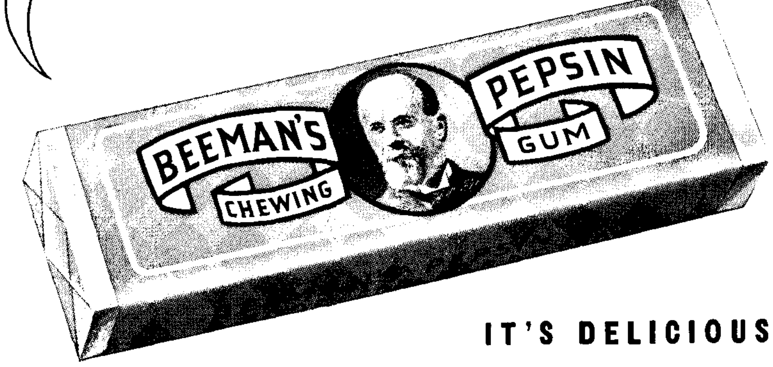
(*Continued on page* 106)



"Is my occasional humming distracting you, Miss Masters?"

JOHN PIEROTTI

DAYS LOOK BRIGHTER WHEN YOU CHEW BEEMAN'S . . . IT'S A TASTY TREAT . . . AND IT AIDS DIGESTION



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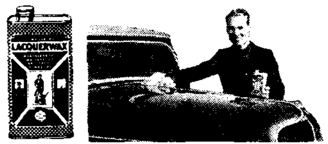

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Particular new car buyers should insist that their new cars be Climateproofed with LACQUERWAX. Dealers gladly do this at $3.50 to $10.00, depending upon wheelbase and body type.

★Resolve now to ask for LACQUERWAX. If your dealer cannot supply, order direct. 16 oz. can $1.00, postpaid. Or generous sample 25¢.

WRITE TO MINUTE MAN PRODUCTS COMPANY, DEPARTMENT C5—HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

*Jane Darwell featured in 20th Century-Fox production "The First Baby." Flowers styled by the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association.*

# May 10th is Mother's Day

## . . . . remember her with FLOWERS-BY-WIRE

Your Mother's thoughts, hopes and prayers are ever for *your* welfare and happiness. She glories in your triumphs, sorrows with you in adversity . . . her love and understanding surround you always.

On Mother's Day pay homage to her devotion . . . send flowers! If you are far from her—*telegraph* them. What a glorious tribute flowers-by-wire are, what happiness they bring . . . yet they are *so* inexpensive.

Any F. T. D. florist will be glad to serve you. As a bonded member of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association (International) he displays the Winged Mercury Emblem on his shop window—your guarantee of prompt, satisfactory delivery of fresh flowers, artistically styled, *anywhere, anytime.* Over 10,000 florists—leaders in their profession—are members of this speedy and efficient world-wide service.

*Say it with Flowers*

LEARN THE FLOWER SECRETS OF THE "STARS"

*. . . . Discover how screen beauties accent their personalities, enhance their charms by wearing fresh flowers styled to their types. Send 3 cents in postage to Headquarters F. T. D. A., 485 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Mich., and get your copy of this fascinating booklet!*

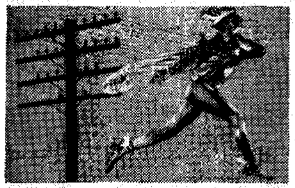
FLOWERS BY WIRE ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD
PROMPT DELIVERY AND QUALITY GUARANTEED
Flowers and Personality
BONDED MEMBER
FTD

HOW TO SEND FLOWERS BY WIRE

. . . . **1**—All you need to do is telephone any local F. T. D. florist, or

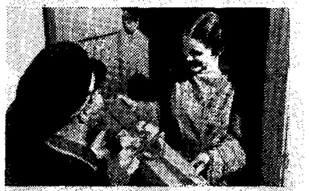
. . . **2**—Go to a florist's shop displaying the Winged Mercury Emblem

. . **3**—Place your order and delivery instructions with the F. T. D. florist member



. . **4**—Association teamwork, bonded to give you satisfaction, does the rest

. . **5**—Your order speeds to an equally prominent F. T. D. florist member and



. . . **6**—Fresh, fragrant flowers are promptly delivered as directed by you.

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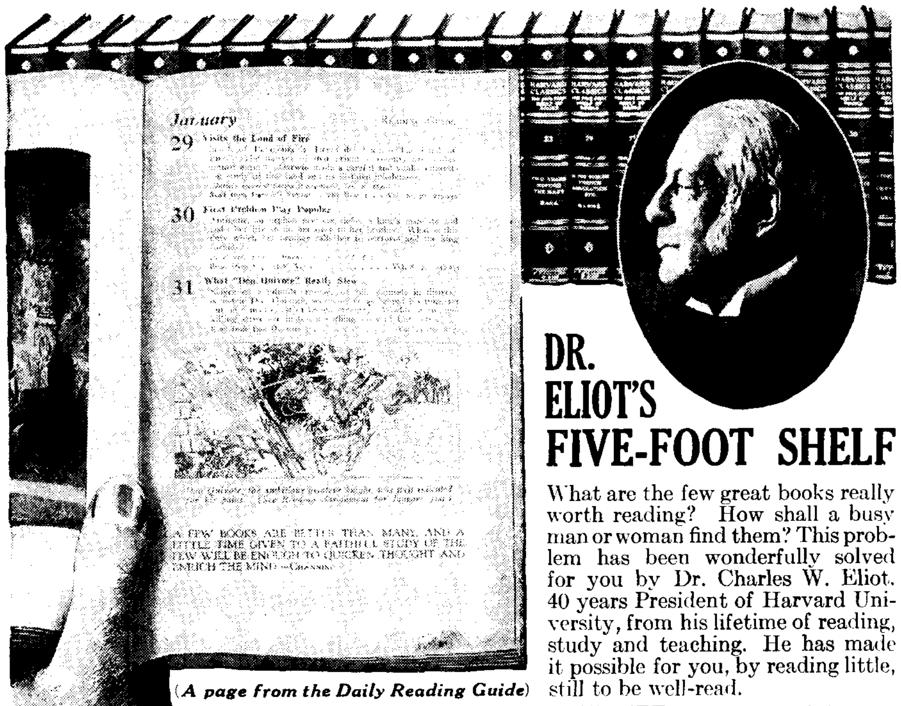

(A page from the Daily Reading Guide)

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OWN THIS FAMOUS LITTLE BOOK —FREE!

# Home is the Sailor

Continued from page 104

and solidarity not noticeable in landlubbers of the same age. Nor were they proficient with shore wisecracks and small talk. They had a sense of humor and were very polite.

After dinner they all repaired to the little social hall. The Western Rover had excellent accommodations for twenty passengers, and inasmuch as her rates were much lower than those of regular passenger lines, an offshore voyage always found the ship sold out. There was a piano in the social hall, but, like all seafaring pianos, it was sadly out of tune. Nevertheless, Jane Wellbank played it for a very appreciative audience, after which she, Mr. McTeague, Mr. Paddon and the second sat down for a game of contract. At eleven o'clock Mr. Paddon escorted her home in a taxicab; when he left he had her home address and telephone number and for the first time in his life felt that a man should never harbor resentment. He could have kissed J. P. Comstock for having had him fired out of the Western Rover. The man had done him a tremendous favor even if he hadn't intended it.

"THAT," said Mr. Paddon to himself, as he snuggled down in his berth, "is the girl for me. Working girl. Solid, intelligent, sense of humor and lovely. A good girl. A girl without any relatives. A well-educated girl. A girl who has had to take life over the bows. In short, the wife of a sailor."

Always a creature of impulse, he decided that for a long time he had needed a vacation. Did any reason exist why he should not have a three months' vacation and spend it in Portland, Oregon? None whatsoever. He had five thousand dollars in three savings banks . . . never put all the eggs in one basket . . . he'd get some snappy new shore clothes . . . he would dine nightly with Jane Wellbank and take her to shows . . . he would buy a good secondhand cheap car so they could motor out into the country on Sundays . . . when he went back to sea Jane could use the car . . . bet that skinflint J. P. Comstock paid her a pitiful wage. . . .

She had told him all about J. P. It seems the latter used to be a harness maker in the Middle West. The third generation of wholesale harness makers, in fact. The Comstock Harness Corporation had been slowly dying of inanition, coincident with the retirement of horses in favor of motor-drawn vehicles, when the Great War gave it a blood transfusion. The United States Army, unlike the United States, did not dwell in the machine age. It still clung to horse-drawn artillery and supply wagons. So some fool in Washington had given the Comstock Harness Corporation a contract for sufficient harness to last the Army forever; the war over, J. P. Comstock had sold out and escaped with two million dollars and the belief that he was destined to become another Henry Ford, only his taste ran to ships rather than automobiles. Automobiles carried no house flags.

So J. P. Comstock had purchased from the government for two hundred thousand dollars each six steamers that had been built at a cost of over a million each by the Emergency Fleet Corporation. He had paid a quarter down and was carrying the remainder on mortgage at four per cent. He lived for but one objective, i.e., to see his steamers pay for themselves. Of course, he knew nothing of the operating of steamers, but of that he was blissfully unaware. He was a businessman so he took command and held it. Reconditioning his steamers and putting new boilers in them had now cost him about a hundred thousand dollars each and it was considered, in the office, that one day J. P. Comstock would rise, moaning and gibbering, from his desk and, presently, be led away by men in white suits to what, in maritime circles, is referred to as the booby hatch.

Mr. Paddon had allocated to himself, from his life expectancy of hard labor, three months of idleness, but found himself powerless to go down to San Francisco and start the weary search for a new berth, for, since meeting Jane Wellbank, the sea, which formerly he had loved, had become repulsive to him. To be separated for sixty or ninety days from Jane was a prospect he could not face, so, to while away the barren days he commenced the study of admiralty law.

One evening when Jane Wellbank joined him outside the office building she announced that she had good news for him. J. P. Comstock, it appeared, had been dictating to her when suddenly he had slid down his swivel chair to the floor in a most undignified position. Jane had stretched him out and he had been, seemingly, a very dead ship operator. She had then telephoned for a doctor and while awaiting the doctor's arrival had doused J. P. Comstock with ice water and chafed his wrists. Presently he regained consciousness and commenced to weep, and when Jane had asked him why he wept he had shouted: "Damnation, I don't know why myself, so how in the hell can I tell you?" He had then commenced to laugh horribly, alternating with weird cries—the result, Jane assumed, of his distress—about steamers, false friends, no friends at all, Communist sailors, impudent mates, stupid skippers, Conference rates, longshoremen's unions and maritime federations.

"What did the doctor say?" Mr. Paddon queried. He felt, strangely, a little sorry for J. P. Comstock.

"The doctor said there was more to the case than overwork and removed him to a hospital. The last thing I heard Mr. Comstock say as they carried him into the elevator was: 'Oh, Lord, Doc, I got a bellyache and now I'll have a lawsuit because that damned mate didn't have the guts to insist on his point and make me buy those tarps!' What are tarps, Gerry?"

"Tarps are tarpaulins and a tarpaulin is a heavy oiled and waterproofed canvas sheet. Somebody must have sent him in a whooping bill for loss and spoilage on perishable cargo."

"How smart you are, Gerry. Somebody did—for upwards of twenty-two hundred dollars on some flour shipped ex Western Rover to Shanghai."

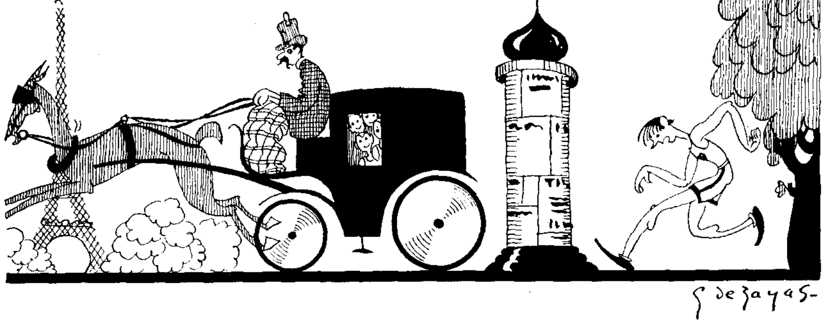
MR. PADDON smiled—like a fox nibbling the entrails of a goose!

The following evening he ascertained from Jane that J. P. Comstock had been relieved of a perfectly terrible appendix that had gone quite bad at one end and had, for a long time, been suppurating into his system. "The doctor told me," Jane said, "that the poor man must have been neurasthenic and half crazy for a long time; his nerves were quite gone and he couldn't help being irritable and mean. With all that pus in his system he just wasn't quite himself. The doctor says he has some terrible fangs that will have to come out, and when that's done he must have a long rest from business—six months at least. When he returns he will be a different man."

"So may it be, darling. There's room for a change."

When J. P. Comstock was able to sit

(Continued on page 108)



# Keep Up with the World

## By Freling Foster

***Of*** all the unsportsmanlike tricks that have been played in the Olympic games, the most amusing took place in Paris in 1900. An American won the marathon but, much to his astonishment, was awarded fifth place. Later he learned that the first four prizes had been given to a quartette which had come in ahead of him, having traveled most of the 26 miles hidden in a hack.—*By Louis A. Rauh, Jr., Springfield, Massachusetts.*

***Despite*** China's anti-opium law, at least 75,000,000 of her citizens use this narcotic daily; many war lords use it regularly to pay their armies; countless business houses and banks maintain opium-smoking rooms for their customers and even the Nationalist government holds the monopoly on its production and sale in a number of provinces.

***In*** the Antarctic during days when a heavy, milk-white fog settles over the land, explorers sometimes so lose their sense of distance and perspective that a small match box, only a few feet from them in the snow, looks like a barn a mile away.—*By Ellen Bowen, Forest Park, Illinois.*

***The*** seriousness of the Japanese mind is typically illustrated by a recent incident in Tokyo. The assassin of a late premier was so idolized for ridding the country of the "traitor" that the court received millions of petitions for mercy, thousands of which were written with the petitioners' blood.

***The*** Australian lyrebird is believed to be the best imitator of sound in the animal kingdom. With incredible fidelity it can mimic, for example, the bark of the dog, the crow of the cock, the cry of a child, the hum of a saw and the whistle of a locomotive.—*By Allen Fiske, Chicago, Illinois.*

***Paradoxically,*** the funeral of Abraham Lincoln was the most pompous and his burial one of the most casual in American history. The 14 cities in which his body lay in state vied with one another in final tributes to him. But from 1865 to 1901, his body was moved 17 times, once being hidden—for a period of two years—under a pile of scrap lumber in the cellar of a monument in Springfield. —*By Mrs. Kerr Forman, Rochester, Minnesota.*

***Almost*** up to the 19th century in Massachusetts, penniless widows were rented out as servants for a year at a time to the highest bidder, sometimes for as little as 18 cents a year, their only compensation being room and board, because the state could not afford a poorhouse.—*By R. C. Dickey, Nashua, New Hampshire.*

***A unique*** wedding-ring custom, which reveals the matrimonial history of the wearer, still exists among both the women and men of Norway. While the mate is alive, the ring is worn on the right hand and, when he or she dies, it is transferred to the left. Consequently in that country today, one may see women and men with one, two and even three "past" rings on the left hand and a "present" one on the right.

***Once*** epitaphs on tombstones and memorial tablets were engraved in shorthand so the family could freely express unkind opinions of the deceased—and still keep them from the public. One such tablet, hanging today in St. Mary's Church in Sculcoates, England, states that the lady, who died in 1761, "was a poor sinner but not wicked, and ungodly but not unrighteous."

**Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.**

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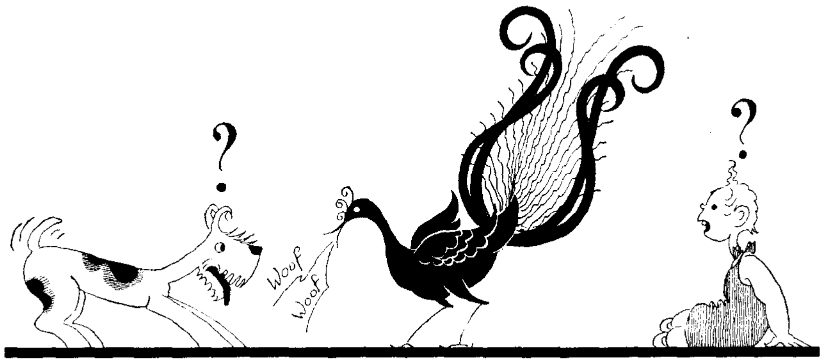

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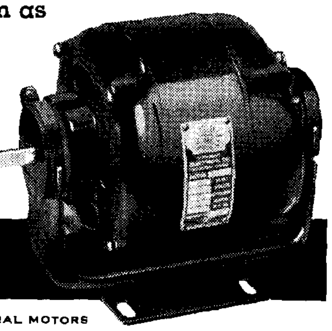
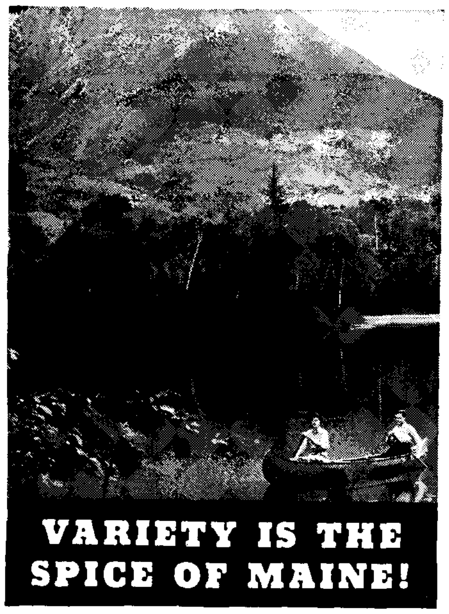


SUNLIGHT ELECTRICAL COMPANY
WARREN, OHIO

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



You can do almost *anything* and *everything* in Maine! In the morning, you can breathe the salty tang of sea-winds; fish, swim, and sail on Maine's coast . . . in the afternoon, you can be deep in the fragrant woods; sleep in the shadow of a mighty mountain, lulled by the soft *lap-lap* of a lake.

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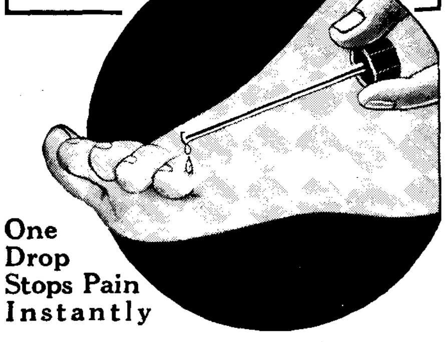

One Drop Stops Pain Instantly

Just one little drop of FREEZONE on that aching corn will stop all pain instantly and for good. Then a few more drops of this safe liquid and corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, core and all! It's the quickest way known to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Get a bottle from your druggist and try it.

FREEZONE

# Home is the Sailor

*Continued from page* 106

up in bed, naturally his thoughts turned to business. His legs, however, resolutely remained on strike, so, with a resourcefulness born of desperation, he decided to conduct the affairs of the Oriental-Pacific Steamship Company through Jane Wellbank. Each day Jane reported to him with yesterday's mail; to her he dictated the answers and his orders to his underlings at the office. Jane noticed that as time passed he worried less about the business, that he was far less irritable and far more tolerant than he had been. One day he amazed her by announcing that thereafter she would draw five dollars a month more salary.

His magnificence had an effect the direct opposite of what he had expected. Instead of thanking him Jane flew into a rage.

"Mr. Comstock," she said tartly, "I think you had better keep that five for your old age. Something tells me you're going to need it. I'm resigning. If you had a drop of sporting blood in you, you'd give me a twenty-dollar raise. I'm worth it and you know it."

"Miss Wellbank, Miss Wellbank—"

There was a note of anxiety in his voice, so, spurred by the triumph this elicited, she went to pieces on him and told him everything about himself that Gerry Paddon had told her about him. And Mr. Paddon was a very shrewd judge of men. She told him he was deluding himself with the thought that he was efficient; she told him he was as inefficient as a broken-down lawn mower. She told him he had no friends—and why. She told him that nothing on earth could keep the Oriental-Pacific Steamship Company from going into bankruptcy if he continued to direct its destinies. "As a ship operator," she wound up, "you're a howling success as a harness manufacturer."

He took her tirade in silence; when she had finished she was a little ashamed of her rage (as a matter of fact she was rawhiding him because of his treatment of Gerry Paddon), so she wept.

J. P. Comstock stared at her and finally said:

"Miss Wellbank, you're a smart young woman. Everything you have said is true. A month ago I would have fired you for saying it, but today it doesn't seem to matter what you say, provided you speak the truth. I've been lying here doing some thinking. Never had time to do much solid thinking before . . . My dear girl, have I been difficult to get along with?"

"YOU'VE been terrible. Everybody fears and hates you. You've been a bully, a crank, a snarly-yow; ungenerous, vindictive, suspicious—"

"That's a sufficient indictment. Well, take a twenty-five-dollar-a-month raise, with my apology for not having had sense enough to give such a courageous, honest secretary that raise long ago. Don't quit me now, please. I'm pretty helpless—as I deserve to be . . . that man Fitzpatrick is no help . . . ahem, take memo. Instruct general counsel to engage detective agency to locate one Gerald D. Paddon, formerly chief mate S. S. Western Rover—"

"Why?" Jane interrupted.

"Got to subpoena him as a witness in a suit I'm going to bring against the S. S. Western Rover and Owners. They chartered us that vessel with a guarantee that she was tight and worthy, and banking on that guarantee we loaded thirty thousand sacks of flour in her hold for discharge at Shanghai. But evidently she was NOT tight and seaworthy, for the flour got wet and the bags rotted and broke during discharge and the Chinese stevedores stole the spilled flour and the consignees deducted a claim of twenty-two hundred odd dollars from the shipper's invoice. The shipper allowed the claim and asked us to reimburse him. I referred him to the owners of the Western Rover for settlement of his claim and they have referred him back to us, so we've paid the claim and now we're going to enter suit against the owners of the Western Rover and get the money back again from them."

"No hope, Mr. Comstock. Mr. Paddon is the mate you induced the owners of the Western Rover to dismiss because you flew at him in an ill-natured and contemptible manner and he, being a man, rough-housed you a little. He'll make a poor witness for you."

"Oh, Lord! That's too bad. But he'll make a poor witness for his late owners, also. They fired him."

"But up until they did he was loyal to them. It was his duty to protect them while he was on their pay roll. Even though they fired him he will continue to protect them. He has to. It's the code of his profession."

"How do you know?"

"Because I know Gerry Paddon. In fact, I'm going to marry him. He lives in Portland."

"Get him up here in ten minutes," J. P. Comstock commanded.

GERRY arrived in fifteen minutes. He entered the room smiling, walked to the bed and extended his hand to J. P. Comstock, who took it gingerly. "Sorry you're having such a rough time of it, Mr. Comstock," said Gerry. "I understand you're in a tangle with my late owners about that claim for loss and spoilage on flour. I suppose that's why you requested this interview. Sorry, but I can't do a thing for you. If you sue them on the ground that the Western Rover was not tight and seaworthy the skipper and three mates will prove she was."

"I didn't expect to prove any such thing, Mr. Paddon. I had a hope I might, with a suit, scare them into a compromise."

How naïve the man was in the expression of his peculiar business code! "I couldn't permit it, Mr. Comstock," Gerry assured the amazing man. "That flour was loaded in a perfectly tremendous rainfall and you gave me a written order to load it and keep on loading it. You also gave me some verbal hell for my failure to start loading it on account of the rain. I tried to get you to approve my requisition for tarps and you refused, so I got along without them. You will recall the *modus operandi* of loading that flour, I trust. The longshoremen pushed over to the piles of flour on the dock platform dollies. Over the platform they spread the cargo net and into the cargo net they loaded say thirty sacks of flour. The dollies were then pushed out to the apron of the dock to within reach of the ship's tackles, the cargo hooks were slipped under the ends of the net and the sling-load hoisted aboard. I suppose each of those dollies was exposed to the rain for from a minute to two minutes on the apron and while being hoisted aboard. When those wet sacks were stowed in the hold they heated and rotted, and the bags broke when they were being discharged in Shanghai.

"I knew that would happen so I planned to spread a tarp over each cargo net after the cargo net had been spread over the platform dollies preparatory to receiving the cargo. Then the longshoremen would have folded the loose ends of the tarps up over the flour and thus it would have been protected from the rain. I thought you'd understand why I wanted those tarps, but I'm very much afraid you were penny wise and pound foolish. You do not know very much about the shipping business—so you thought you knew everything. You'll learn, of course, if you live long enough and your money holds out."

J. P. Comstock said to Jane Wellbank: "Cancel those orders to our general counsel. I'm an ass, but don't take that down. Mr. Paddon, I do not think you were quite loyal to the Oriental-Pacific Steamship Company. We were the charterers; we rated protection from you, too."

"I tried to give it to you."

"You didn't try hard enough. You should have persisted. You should have cornered me and forced me to see your point of view."

"I had intended to, sir, but unfortunately, before I got around to that, you had me fired. After that all I owed you was a sock on the nose—and I'm too young and you're too old for such a mix-up."

"Still grouched at me?"

"Of course not. A grouch interferes with business. You turn the corners of your mouth down, but I turn mine up, even when I'm fighting. When the fight's over I forget it."

"You are a remarkable young man, Mr. Paddon. How would you like to be presented with a bear?"

"You mean the one you have by the tail and can't let go because, if you do, he'll claw you to death, sir?"

"That's the animal."

"It'd be plain old pie for me to handle the critter, sir. Miss Jane and I are going to be married and I've been thinking I'd like a good job ashore, provided I found something I could work at intelligently."

"Sold," J. P. Comstock yelled. "Miss Wellbank, take memo. Meeting Board of Directors Oriental-Pacific Steamship Company in this room 2 P. M. tomorrow to accept my resignation as president and elect Mr. Paddon president and general manager. I'll retire—chairman of the board. *Would ten thousand a year* be enough for you to start with, young man?"

"Too much. Your business cannot afford it. I'll start with six. That's a lot of money for a sailor. But I'll know when I have a raise coming and if I ask for it and do not get it—"

"I'm through fighting with you, mister. I've got religion. A man may not be able to help being a fool part of his days but can help being one all of his days. Now, get the hell out of here. Something tells me I'm going to have the first good sleep I've had in years."

THE hospital corridor was deserted when Gerry Paddon and Jane Wellbank emerged into it, so they traded kisses swiftly.

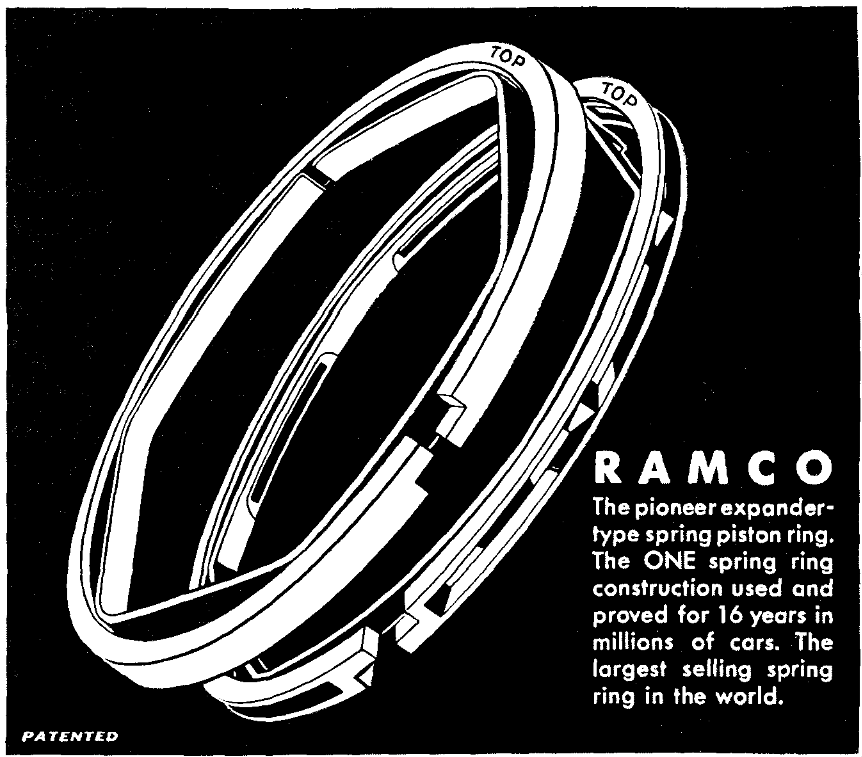
"Isn't J. P. Comstock the darling?" Jane breathed.

"Salt of the earth, honey. All he needed was a good thrashing. I've got the jump on him and I'll never let him get the jump on me. So we'll get along together beautifully."

Jane smiled a prescient little smile, but said nothing. But to herself she whispered: "Huh! Big boy thinks he's the only athlete in the family, doesn't he? Well, I'm some little socker myself, but why brag about it?"

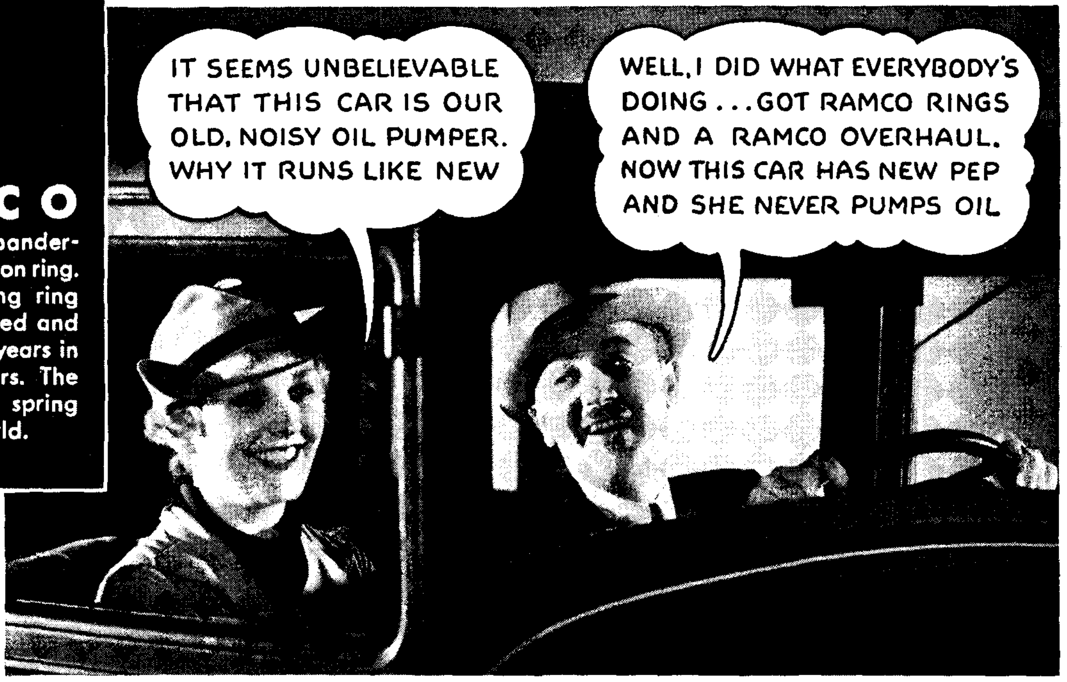
# FOR 16 YEARS THIS AMAZING OVERHAUL HAS GIVEN MILLIONS OF CARS NEW PEP AND POWER

*Here is the PROVED WAY to end oil pumping and piston slaps . . . to restore new car pep and power . . . without a costly rebore job or motor exchange*



**RAMCO**

The pioneer expander-type spring piston ring. The ONE spring ring construction used and proved for 16 years in millions of cars. The largest selling spring ring in the world.


IT SEEMS UNBELIEVABLE THAT THIS CAR IS OUR OLD, NOISY OIL PUMPER. WHY IT RUNS LIKE NEW
WELL, I DID WHAT EVERYBODY'S DOING . . . GOT RAMCO RINGS AND A RAMCO OVERHAUL. NOW THIS CAR HAS NEW PEP AND SHE NEVER PUMPS OIL

## Millions of Delighted Car Owners State RAMCO OVERHAUL Is Quickly Paid For in Saving of Oil Alone

AN amazingly simple and INEXPENSIVE way has been perfected to restore new car pep and power—end knocking and piston slap—and stop oil pumping. A way automotive engineers now admit is as effective as a rebore job or motor exchange—at a fraction of the cost—even though your car has gone from 50,000 to 100,000 miles. A way proved for over 16 years in millions of cars.

Motorists everywhere state that savings in oil and gas alone more than pay for this new-type overhaul. Mr. R. P. Shawaker of Toledo says: "My car was using a quart of oil every 80 miles. Since having a Ramco Overhaul, I never add oil, driving 1000 miles between oil changes."

### What It Is—How It Works

This revolutionary type overhaul is called—the RAMCO OVERHAUL. Based on a totally different principle, it produces the most amazing results. Wheezy, asthmatic cars become imbued with life and pep, and purr along with new car smoothness and power. Blow-by is completely eliminated. Oil pumping stops instantly. And this is all you have to do to make the same startling change in your car—no matter how far it has been driven.

Simply have *patented* Ramco Spring Piston Rings and Ramco Piston Skirt Expanders installed. These rings *expand* to fit the cylinder walls, even though badly worn and "out of round." The motor is sealed tightly—as tightly as when new—*even at highest speeds.* Thus oil pumping ends. Piston slaps vanish. Compression increases. Full pep and power are restored.

### Proved In Millions of Cars Over a 16 Year Period

Ramco is the *only* spring ring construction with a PROVED RECORD for 16 years in millions of cars. Today, Ramco is by long odds the largest selling spring ring in the world.

So get a Ramco Overhaul—AND GET 20,000 to 50,000 MORE MILES OF POWERFUL, ECONOMICAL AND CAREFREE SERVICE FROM YOUR CAR. But, above all things, *don't have untried spring piston rings put in your car.* Insist upon RAMCO. Accept no substitute. The sensational success of Ramco has caused the market to be flooded with untried, unproved imitations.

Write today for our FREE booklet, which gives the complete story of the Ramco Overhaul that has been so successful with millions of car owners. We will also give you the name of the Ramco Repairman near you. Mail the coupon for this FREE booklet, which will show you the way to save many dollars on overhaul costs . . . and get new car pep, power and economy. Mail coupon today!

RAMSEY ACCESSORIES MANUFACTURING CORP.
3736 Forest Park Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

*Pioneers, and By Far the Largest Manufacturers of Spring-Type Piston Rings in the World*

**RAMCO MOTOR OVERHAUL**

CORRECTS PISTON ROCK THE MAJOR CAUSE OF MOTOR DEPRECIATION

**RAMCO PISTON RINGS** **RAMCO PISTON SKIRT EXPANDERS**

PATENTED IN UNITED STATES AND CANADA, OTHER PATENTS PENDING

**FREE BOOK GIVES AMAZING MONEY-SAVING STORY**

RAMSEY ACCESSORIES MFG. CORP.
3736 Forest Park Blvd., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.
Send me your FREE booklet which shows how a Ramco Overhaul is as effective as a rebore job or motor exchange—at a fraction of the cost.

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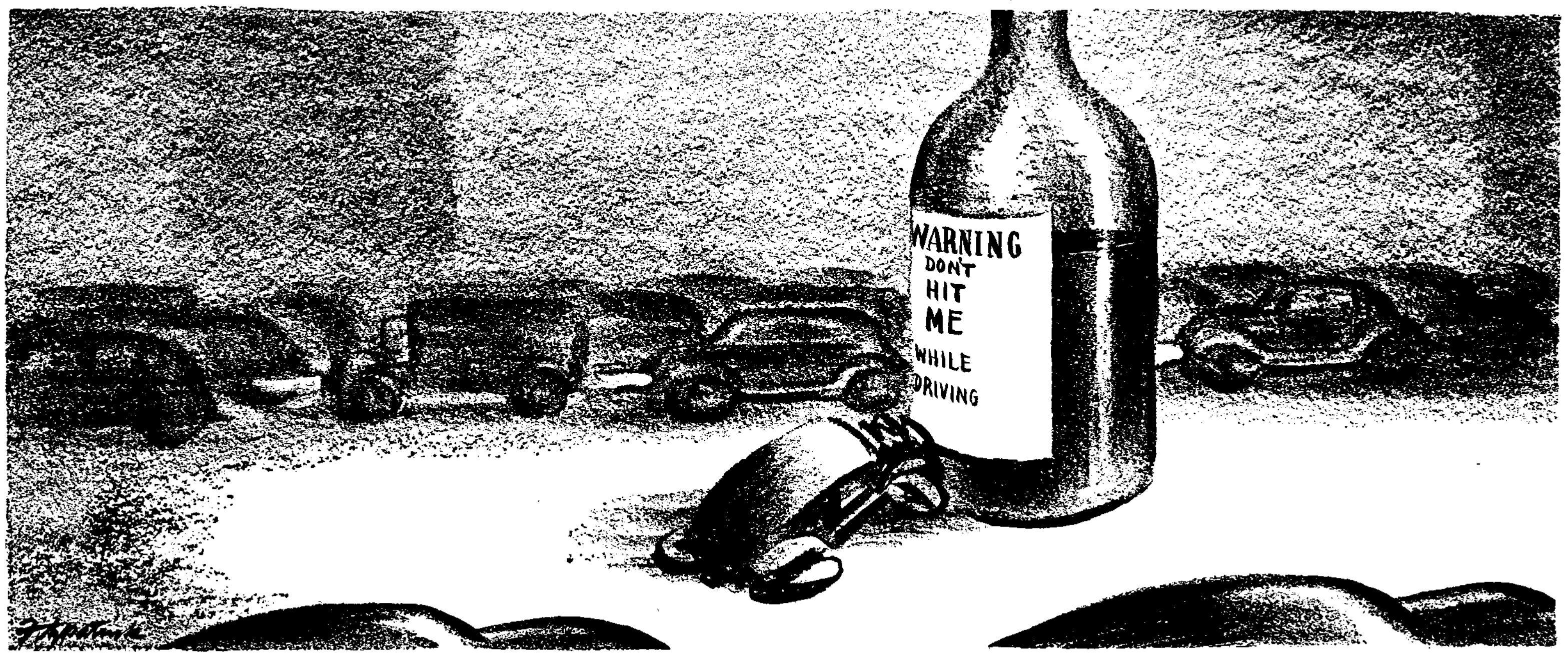


# Don't Drink and Drive

PUBLIC patience with drunken drivers is exhausted. Alcoholic driving is not the chief cause of motorcar accidents, nor even one of the most important factors. It is, however, an utterly inexcusable cause of many highway accidents and deaths.

Of all the drivers in road accidents reported in 1935 figures assembled by the Travelers Insurance Company, 3.1 per cent were reported to have been under the influence of liquor. But, as the insurance statisticians point out, of all drivers in fatal accidents, 6.8 per cent were found to have been under the influence of liquor. The fatal accident experience of drunken drivers was thus 118 per cent worse.

Drunken pedestrians also had a bad record. Of all pedestrians involved in accidents 4.9 per cent were reported to have been under the influence of liquor. But of all pedestrians killed in motor accidents 9.4 per cent were classed as drunk.

It is obvious to anyone capable of thought that the present loss of life, of health and property due to motor accidents must and will be stopped. Public opinion is slow to act but if evils are allowed to accumulate finally action is taken. The danger now is that public anger will lead to drastic measures which will not improve the situation.

Remember the outstanding facts. Last year 36,100 people were killed and 895,280 are known to have been injured in motor accidents.

Of those injured 12,530 had broken skulls. Fractured spines were suffered by 1,790. Other broken bones were involved in 74,310 accidents. Concussion of the brain was inflicted upon 14,320 people.

The mere lists of injuries due to motor accidents make appalling reading. This sacrifice and suffering will not endlessly be accepted as the unavoidable price to be paid for motor transportation. Most accidents are avoidable. They will be avoided by drivers or prevented by public authority.

All of the information which is being collected by various agencies concerned with motor accidents goes to show that the behavior of the driver is the most important factor. Unquestionably some skillful, cautious drivers and some careful pedestrians are hurt through no fault of their own. In most cases, however, the driver shares the responsibility for whatever accident he happens to encounter.

The driver under the influence of liquor is not fit to operate a powerful motor vehicle capable of high speed. Driving and drinking simply do not mix.

If a man or woman wants to drink, the law in most states raises no objection. Thanks to our disastrous experiment with prohibition, the consumption of alcoholic beverages has more legal and social approval now than at any previous time during the last fifty years.

So long as drinking is temperate and results in no public nuisance, the present inclination is to say that the consumption of liquor is a purely private matter. But the operation of a motorcar on a highway is distinctly a public affair. In most states the driver is licensed before he may enjoy the privilege of using the public roads. This privilege may at any time be withdrawn for cause. The operation of a motorcar while under the influence of liquor is a sufficient cause.

Up to the present the control exercised over drivers has been very loose. It will be tightened. The actual records of drivers must be kept accurately. If a driver is caught operating a car while under the influence of liquor, the license to drive will unquestionably be lost.

Many honest, respectable and ordinarily considerate citizens drink at the present time. Many of them also drive. Prudence suggests that drinking and driving be kept distinctly separate. If it seems desirable to drink on a particular occasion, don't drive. If driving is essential, don't drink.

The driver who has partaken even moderately of alcohol has to prove his innocence if he is involved in any kind of accident. Regardless of actual culpability, he or she is the object of suspicion. If serious personal injury or death results, the drinking driver is publicly and permanently disgraced.

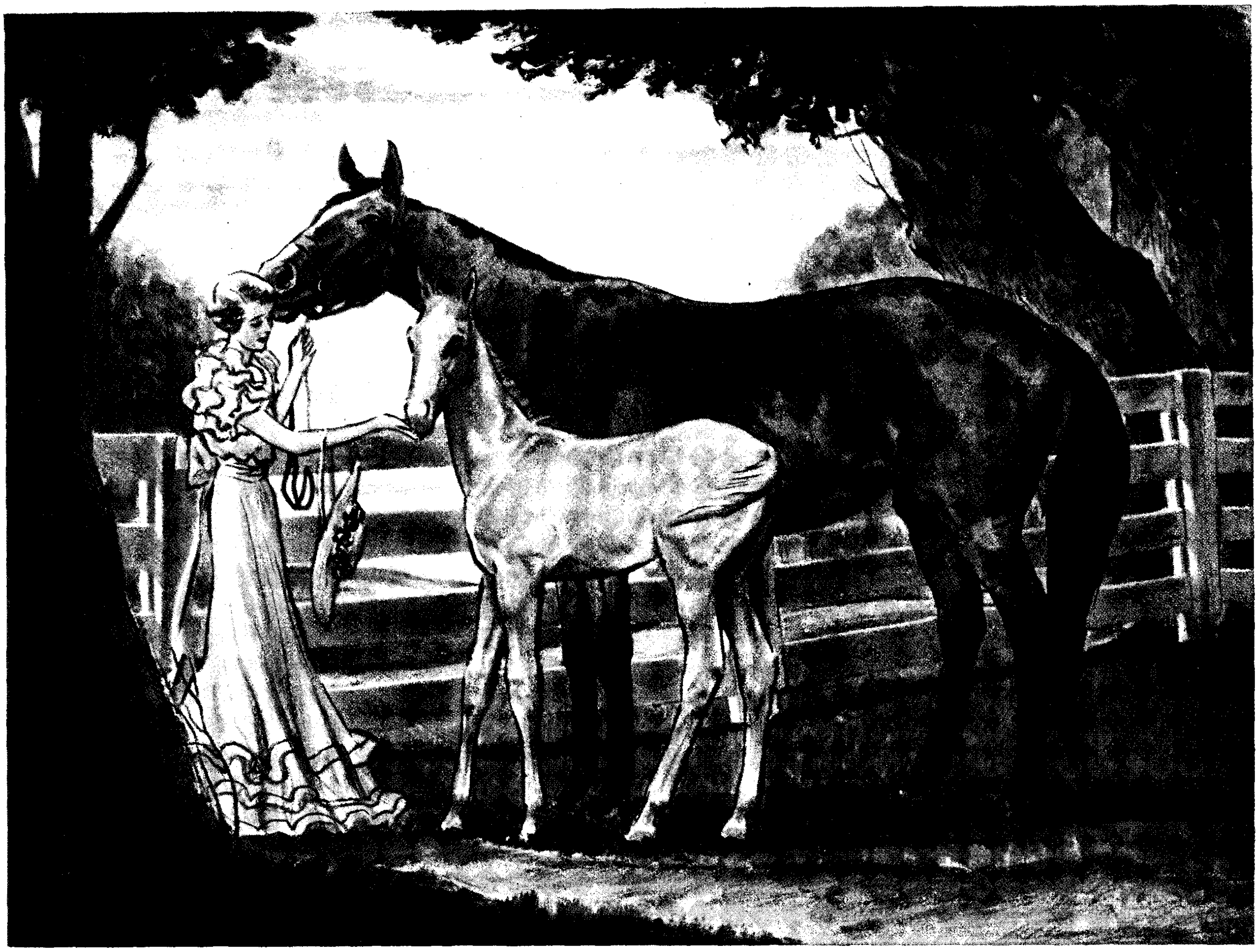
The next important step in the reduction of motor deaths and injuries will be taken by increasing the personal responsibility of those drivers involved in accidents. Human failure is the chief known factor, and carelessness rather than a lack of skill is the principal cause of the failure of drivers to avoid accidents.

Such carelessness is exhibited in various ways. Excessive speed for the time and place, disregard of the rights of others, disregard of road conditions, ignoring the rules of the road; these are some of the manifestations of incompetent driving. If the motorist is even slightly under the influence of liquor he is incompetent regardless of what happens to him or what he does to others.

Legislation now under consideration in various states provides much more drastic penalties. One such group of measures demands the fingerprinting of drivers even slightly under the influence of liquor. The purpose of this is to create an accurate record of drivers' habits and behavior.

Injustice may be done individuals by more severe laws but beyond all doubt public opinion demands harsh treatment of such offenders. More than that, any intelligent effort to reduce the number of deaths and injuries due to motor accidents must be centered on the actual records of those involved.

Once the incompetent or careless drivers who are involved in accidents, whether drunk or sober, are removed from the road, it will be practicable to undertake other remedial measures.



## Presenting the Kentucky Derby winner of 1939

SOMEWHERE in the Blue Grass of Kentucky or the rolling fields of Maryland, a weanling colt is romping.

In 1939, at the age of three, this colt will win the Kentucky Derby. For he is the result of generations of careful selection and mating. In him is blended the blood of many champions—*and so blended as to bring out the best qualities of each.*

We don't know the name of this coming champion—but we do know the name of another thoroughbred champion of today. *Its name is Four Roses.* It, too, hails from Kentucky and Maryland. *And it, too, is a blend.* For Four Roses is not just one straight whiskey, but a combination of several. Each is a noble whiskey in its own right. But each has some *special* characteristic, some outstanding virtue.

And, blended as only Frankfort knows how, these whiskies combine to give their best qualities to Four Roses. Together, they produce a whiskey of surpassing richness, silken-smooth and mellow—a whiskey we sincerely believe is superior to any other you can buy, regardless of type, age or price. That's a big statement—*but a single sip of Four Roses will prove it!*

To obtain a free enlargement of the above painting (suitable for framing) write to Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Dept. A, Louisville, Ky.

Frankfort Distilleries, Louisville and Baltimore, makers of Four Roses, 94 proof; Paul Jones, 92 proof; Old Oscar Pepper, Mattingly & Moore, both 90 proof—and all blends of straight whiskies.

FOUR ROSES WHISKEY

*A perfect blend of all straight, all American whiskies—blended as only Frankfort knows how*

# FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE—SMOKE CAMELS

**A RARE PLEASURE.** At the left—leisurely diners enjoying the continental *cuisine* at Jacques French Restaurant, a nationally famous *café* in Chicago. Here it is that soft lights and impeccable service give the perfect setting for such dishes as Baked Oysters *à la Jacques* and other specialties of the house. And Camels add the final touch to dining. "Camels are most popular here," Jacques himself (*above*) observes. "They are clearly the favorite with those who know fine living."

## Smoking Camels a Pleasant Way to Ward Off Effects of Worry and Strain on Digestion. Camels Set You Right!

Modern days are tense and trying. So much to do. So little time. So many annoyances and worries. Nerves get "wound up." Digestion slows up. Hurry, worry, and strain tend to interfere with normal processes of digestion.

It is a scientific fact that smoking Camels helps to keep digestion on its proper course, restoring and increasing the flow of fluids so necessary to good digestion. You sense a comforting "lift" and feeling of well-being as you enjoy the delicate fragrance of your Camel.

Camels open a new world of pleasure. The finer, more expensive tobaccos in Camels insure a superb mildness, a flavor known by connoisseurs to be unequaled.

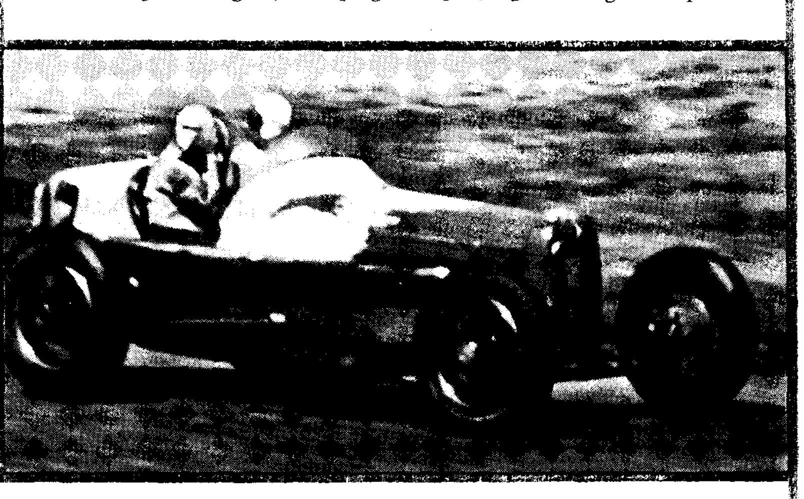
You can smoke Camels steadily. The matchless blend of Camel's costlier tobaccos never gets on your nerves or tires your taste.

**MRS. HAL LEE,** pictured here in the kitchen, says: "When telephone, doorbell, housework, and planning stretch my nerves taut—it's hard on digestion. I smoke Camels to help keep my digestion in healthful working order."

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

**THE FLARE** of the welding arc climbs to a temperature of 8700° Fahrenheit! Dan Rafferty, master welder, says: "Smoking Camels during and after meals helps my digestion. Camels taste mild and rich."

**THE WINNER!** Kelly Petillo (*below*) takes the 500-mile Indianapolis Speedway classic. Petillo says: "Smoking Camels—during and after meals—goes a long way in helping to keep my digestion in good shape."



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## COSTLIER TOBACCOS

**Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.**